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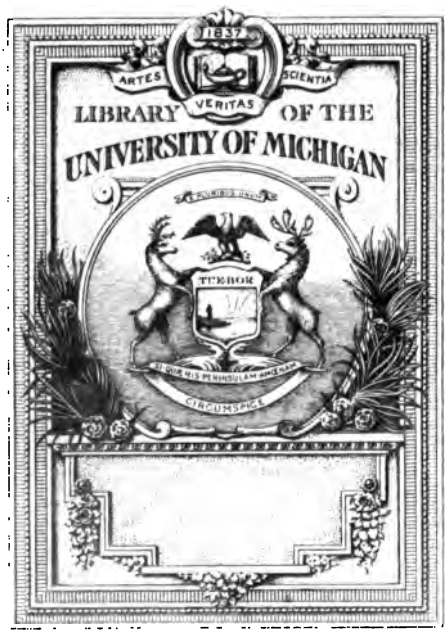
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WRITING OF TODAY

WRITING OF TODAY:

MODELS OF JOURNALISTIC PROSE

Selected and Discussed by
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THIRD AND REVISED EDITION

NEW YORK
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1923

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

Why does the teaching of English composition, to which modern schools and colleges give so much time and energy, yield unsatisfactory results? The main reason is, in our judgment, that it seems to be out of touch with reality; the pupil sees in his appointed tasks no connection with his life as it is or as it is likely to be. Accordingly, he treats his themes as intellectual 'stunts' that have to be gone through simply because they are part of the course, and he fails to apply in his every-day speech and writing the lessons he has learnt in the classroom. This sense of artificiality is partly due to the subjects he is asked to write about and the literally models set before him for imitation. Stevenson acknowledges that he 'played the sedulous ape' to Hazlitt, Lamb, Sir Thomas Browne, Montaigne, and other great writers of prose, but it does not follow that the average American youth can learn to write by the study of Newman, Pater, and Stevenson, even when their essays are elaborately analyzed and interpreted for him. He finds the subjects outside of his every-day interests and the mode of treatment altogether beyond his reach. The result is lassitude and discouragement.

Enterprising teachers have striven to overcome these difficulties by setting exercises on subjects of immediate interest and by the use of current periodicals as models of style. The present volume is an effort in the same direction, with the additional advantage of carefully selected examples, classified for ease of reference under general headings, with such comments on the separate types as seem likely to be of advantage in classroom instruction or private study. The technique of news reporting having been adequately discussed in more than one recent text book, we have given the space at our disposal to those forms of newspaper and magazine writing which offer more opportunity for individual treatment. A youth who cannot be sent out to gather news may be interested in the discussion of some present-day issue, and willing to observe how the masters of the craft exercise their art. The first step in the problem is to win the student's attention and good will. With this in mind we have endeavored to choose papers which from their subject or mode of presentation are likely to attract and stimulate intelligent young people. To disregard the element of literary charm would be even more absurd than to offer the youthful mind the subtleties of the skilled dialectician or the last refinements of a mannered style.

We wish to acknowledge most gratefully the generosity with which authors and publishers have granted us permission to reprint. Some of the articles have been already republished in book form, and in such cases we have adopted the revised text when the author has requested it; in the other cases, the

original form of the article as it appeared in newspaper or magazine has been retained, save for an occasional correction, again at the author's request. The complete text of the selections is reprinted, except in a very few instances, where omissions are indicated by asterisks. Where the author's name is given below the title in square brackets, the article was originally published anonymously, and the name of the writer is now added by authority.

Our first aim has been to select examples likely to be of service to the young student of the art of writing; but the volume will, we hope, also interest the general public as an illustration of the variety and excellence of the articles published day by day in the newspapers and periodicals of the United States and Great Britain.

July, 1915.

PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION

The generous welcome given to the first two issues of 'Writing of Today' has prompted the preparation of a third edition with such improvements as have been suggested by our own and others' experience in using the book for teaching purposes. We wish again to express our gratitude to those who have found time, amid the heavy responsibilities of teaching English composition, to send us not only words of approval and encouragement, but criticisms whereby the book has been made more effective for the purpose for which it was designed. Some sections have been entirely recast, and none has been left without alteration. Considerable changes were necessitated by the publication of new and more timely material from which selections could be made. We wish to renew our thanks to the authors and publishers whose generosity has made it possible to combine variety of topic and treatment with a high standard of literary excellence.

April, 1922.

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A. DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLES

The essential merits of descriptive writing are (1) accuracy; (2) clearness; (3) vividness. The first depends upon the writer's power of observation, the last upon his power of presentation, and the second on both. A good piece of description should put the ordinary reader in a position to see things not merely with his own eyes, but with the keener eyes of the skilled observer. It is therefore necessary that young people who are learning to write should be trained to observe, and that they should cultivate their faculties of observation by practice. The ambitious student should look with understanding eyes upon the district in which he lives and the country through which he travels. Whether his home is in a great city or in a country town, in a village or on a farm, the place has individual characteristics which he should not fail to note, salient features which the majority of the inhabitants pass with unseeing eyes. It is a useful exercise for him to endeavor to put down in writing his impressions of what he has seen, and to compare his efforts with those of the craftsmen whose work is included in this section. If he has traveled, abroad or in his own country, let him compare the record of his memories with Mr. Arthur Symons's account of Constantinople. If he has lived almost continuously in one place, let him strive to emulate Mr. Will Irwin's description of San Francisco. The result will probably be somewhat disheartening, but it will be salutary if it convinces him that his undertaking involves qualities in addition to the skill of the ready writer. This last is of obvious importance, and there is no need to stress it. The young student is more likely to overlook the importance of an orderly arrangement of his material and the selection for his picture of those features, which, presented in due proportion, will give the impression he is seeking to convey. The ability to do these things is seldom innate and often needs to be cultivated by assiduous practice, but the task is not an impossible one, granted a sufficient degree of native intelligence to start with, and an education which has enabled the student to master the rudiments of English composition. At first, he can only admire from a distance the skill and power with which the modern masters of the craft bring home to the reader's mind a definite and vivid impression or series of impressions. If he realizes appreciatively that the thing is done, he may come to understand how, and, according to his own capacity and in his own way, learn to describe for others life as he sees it himself—but he must first see it.

I

KANSAS CITY

HENRY J. HASKELL

Of the Kansas City Star

[*World's Work*, January, 1921. By permission.]

At a recent conference of life insurance officials to discuss mortgage loans, one of the leading speakers urged the adoption of an inflexible rule not to lend money on any residence more than ten years old. It was a striking recognition of the instability of residence neighborhoods in American cities. A house worth twenty-five thousand dollars this year, ten years hence may sell for ten thousand, not because the building has depreciated but because the neighborhood has changed. With every decade residence neighborhoods in the average city undergo transformation. Business encroaches. A public garage or an undertaking establishment may be erected next to a fine residence. Then population streams away. The home districts are thus driven hither and thither in baffling and apparently haphazard fashion.

These changes in residence centers entail a terrific waste and economic loss. It is impossible to estimate how much

the national investment is impaired by shifts that ought to be needless. The amount must run into hundreds of millions annually.

The loss is not merely economic. It falls on citizenship and on the family life as well. It is axiomatic that a city of home owners is more substantial and better managed than a city of renters. Any obstacle thrown in the way of home owning is an obstacle to good citizenship. The economic hazard that a man assumes in building a home, through the instability of residence districts, is one of the great drawbacks to home building. Men hesitate to make a large investment that is not within their power to protect. In every city of any size there are thousands of families that have had the experience of losing the value of their homes. What must be their attitude toward the municipality that permits such injustices? What must be the effect of such an experience on a man's civic pride and citizenship?

Here is the story of a typical American city that has made a certain contribution toward the solution of the problem of home making through the stabilizing of residence centers. Kansas City is situated at the great bend of the Missouri River, where it sweeps in from the north, at the mouth of the Kansas River, and turns east to the Mississippi. Here great bluffs rise from the Kansas and Missouri bottoms. The bottoms, on water grade, naturally became the site of a maze of railroad yards and manufacturing plants. The business and residence sections climbed the bluffs to the highlands south of the Missouri, between the Kansas River on the west and the Blue River on the east. Here it found itself on a rolling plateau gashed east and west by two minor streams, O. K. Creek and Brush Creek, each with its tributary valleys. Thus the town site was spread over a series of hills and vales. This topography partly solved the zoning problem for Kansas City. Railroads, for instance, are apt to enter a flat city haphazard, putting it unnecessarily to immense inconvenience. They could reach Kansas City only by the water level of the Missouri and Kansas Rivers, and by the O. K. Creek valley just south of the heart of the business district. These valley entrances solved the question of grade crossings as soon as the city was rich enough to join with its sister city across the Kansas line and the railroads in building adequate viaducts. Manufacturing establishments needing switch tracks kept with the railroads in the bottoms of the Missouri, the Kansas, and the Blue. So the difficult problem of the grade crossing and the manufacturing district was solved by the natural features of plateau and valley.

The better homes naturally began to cluster on the hilltops. But difficulties arose in the grades resulting from the arbitrary application of the characteristic American gridiron plan of rectangular streets, and in the undesirable houses and small industries that covered the waste lands of the valleys or draws, as the West calls them. These impossible buildings were constantly encroaching on the better homes. They menaced residence property values and they were hopelessly ugly and inadequate for modern needs.

In the early '80's, just as the town was beginning to realize vaguely and uneasily that something was wrong, the miracle of a creative mind appeared in Kansas City. William Rockhill Nelson, founder, and for thirty-five years editor, of the Kansas City *Star,* was that rare combination, a dreamer and idealist who was at the same time an aggressive, resourceful, practical man of affairs. Going to Kansas City from Fort Wayne, Ind., in 1880, he found an overgrown country village, without a mile of paved street. Mr. Nelson at once recognized the possibilities of beauty in the hills on which the city was built. Three months after his newspaper was established he began urging a park system. The campaign lasted for fifteen years before it ended in success. The outcome was the adoption of a charter amendment that permitted the city to acquire land for park and boulevard purposes through benefit districts; imposing the expenses of the improvement on the property benefited. At the same time the city was fortunate to find in A. R. Meyer and George E. Kessler a president for the park board and a landscape architect who comprehended the problem and were sufficiently imaginative and resourceful to deal with it in a broad way. They outlined the scheme for "tieing together" the scattered residence groups on the hilltops by

means of boulevards through the draws. They also perceived that certain salient features of topography were inevitable parts of a park and boulevard system. The north bluffs presented wonderful scenic opportunities. Here was carved Cliff Drive, overlooking the Missouri Valley for miles. At the southeast corner of the city, ten miles from the bluffs, was Swope Park, a tract about two miles long by a mile wide, the gift of a citizen, Thomas H. Swope. Obviously there was reason for a belt line boulevard around the city, including Cliff Drive and reaching Swope Park from the north and west. Valleys within the city contributed boulevard feeders to the trunk system. These valley boulevards were particularly beautiful, for they gave picturesque park areas almost in the heart of the city. Perhaps for this reason they exerted a profound influence on the districts through which they ran. In many instances hovels were cleared away to make room for the boulevard. The houses that took their place, while not remarkable and often commonplace, at least were infinitely better than their predecessors. As a result Kansas City has miles of small homes fronting on boulevards, and these homes have given character to whole neighborhoods. The boulevards thus did much to stabilize residence districts.

Reference has been made to the fact that the boulevards were constructed on the Henry George system of taxing the costs against the property benefited. A few years ago a park board had a careful study made of the effect of boulevard construction on residence values. This showed that property fronting on the boulevards, after paying the cost of construction, had reaped an appreciation of from 45 to 500 per cent. above the appreciation of other property in the neighborhood.

The boulevards thus helped to zone the city, to prevent the establishing of slum districts, to provide ample areas for low price homes, to create attractive vistas, and to furnish water grade thoroughfares of enormous importance with the growth of motor traffic. They did not solve the problem of giving the security necessary to a permanent anchorage for residence districts, or of developing the individual home atmosphere and the community pride that contribute toward keeping families settled. The matter of building restrictions had not yet been carried to a satisfactory conclusion. Homes were still subject to the menace of business advance. Moreover, individual home builders proved insufficiently socialized to provide the harmonious development required for the attractive residence district. It was hardly possible that such deficiencies could be met at that time by municipal action. Individual initiative was needed. Fortunately it was at hand.

While the park and boulevard system was being worked out by the municipality, Mr. Nelson's restless mind was busy with the possibilities of the territory immediately about his home. This he had built in the late '80's considerably beyond the southern limit of the residence district. In order to protect his place and give scope to his plans he acquired two hundred acres in the neighborhood and began, as he said, to play with it. He found relaxation in designing and building houses and putting them in harmonious groups. Often he treated the block as the unit instead of the individual house. Each house in the block might be of identical design, but the block harmonized with the blocks adjacent. He used shrubbery profusely, and where his first winding drive, Rockhill Road, crossed Brush Creek, he set an example by constructing a charming two arch stone bridge. The town had been accustomed to crossing its streams with what he derisively called 'tin bridges.' By the time he had constructed something like one hundred houses it was apparent that he had achieved a new thing, so far as Kansas City was concerned, in city building. He had made a district of homes, provided by restrictions in the deeds against business invasions, given the residents a new sense of security, and created a community atmosphere.

His work was destined to have a wider influence than he could have imagined when he began. Toward the end of the completion of this development a dozen years ago, another practical dreamer settled in Kansas City. He was J. C. Nichols, a country boy from Kansas, who had been graduated from the University of Kansas, and then had taken a year at Harvard. Commencing to deal in real estate in as big a way as unlimited enthusiasm and strictly limited capital

would permit, he was impressed by what had been accomplished in Rockhill. He believed it would be possible to repeat the achievement on a commercial scale.

Adjoining the Rockhill district on the south was an indefinite expanse of waste land, covered with dairy barns, hog lots, rubbish dumps, stone quarries, slaughter pens, pastures, and truck gardens. It was accessible only by roads that were impassable a large part of the year. This territory, Mr. Nichols became convinced, had possibilities. Here could be obtained the large area which he saw it would be necessary to control in order to maintain the character of the district. Charming blocks here and there, with ugly blocks between, would not do. A wide sweep of territory was essential to a harmonious development. With the help of men who believed in him and his plans the young college graduate gradually obtained control of a thousand acres which he later increased to two thousand. In this area he set out to create a district of homes.

His achievement was so remarkable that it became much more than a mere private enterprise. The Country Club district, as it was called because of its inclusion of the pioneer country club of Kansas City, in conjunction with Rockhill, has become almost as distinctive a feature of the city as the boulevard system itself. Its contributions to the science of city planning are recognized by engineers throughout the country. When it is understood that this neighborhood community already has a population of fifteen thousand and that it is planned for a population of fifty thousand, it is evident that the very magnitude of the experiment gives it more than local significance.

The first question Mr. Nichols had to consider in the district was a rational street plan. More than a quarter of the entire area of Kansas City is devoted to streets. The cost of paving and maintaining them is very great. A large share of the trouble from excessive street areas is due to the stupid application of the conventional checkerboard scheme which involves streets, with all their improvements, of uniform width at uniform intervals, without regard to grades or traffic needs. One of the principles of the new district was to lay out streets in accordance with the requirements of topography and traffic. All main thoroughfares were made broad, with one double boulevard and parkway from two hundred and twenty-five to five hundred feet across. Residence streets were reduced from the conventional width of sixty feet to fifty, forty and finally to thirty, except under unusual conditions that made even narrower ways desirable. Twenty-four feet of paving on the average residence street was decided on as giving room for three automobiles abreast in the hands of nervous drivers; or as permitting the parking of a car on each side of the street with room for a third car to pass between. In certain places, where parallel streets lay on each side of a ridge, a footpath was permitted to take the place of a cross street. It was found that prospective purchasers preferred the seclusion and privacy of the narrower streets, and that the absence of a wide street area reflecting the heat of a Kansas City summer appealed to them. Turf is much cooler than pavement.

The length of the blocks in the Country Club district varied from 500 to 1200 feet to meet the needs of the particular local situation. Alleys were glaringly superfluous and were abolished at the outset. Sidewalks were laid on only one side of the street where such an arrangement was convenient. Garden fronts for homes were encouraged as making for privacy and as likely to help the general appearance of the neighborhood by doing away with the temptation for unsightliness from the ordinary backyard. The sixty miles of paved street in the district were constructed in accordance with these principles, with the result that the expense of waste street area, together with the inevitable dust and heat, was reduced to a minimum. Ampler lots were thus made possible, with a larger proportion of free space. When every lot is built on, it is calculated that 94 per cent. of the whole area of the district will remain free from building.

By permitting the contour of the ground to determine the location of streets, lots of irregular shape were carved out that invited the construction of unusual types of homes in a charming diversity.

Once the street scheme was under way the problem of the individual home forced itself on the attention. Mr. Nichols provided that the plans for every

house must be approved by the central office. The main question was not what a house would cost, but whether it was adapted to its lot and to the surroundings. Even its color must be passed on. The detached garage is a problem everywhere, and this supervision was made to cover all outbuildings as to location, design, and color.

Neighborhoods were set aside for particular types of houses that seemed especially adapted to them. One secluded little valley was devoted to the Old English type. Another district was restricted to Colonial houses, another to Italian. The architectural styles were emphasized with appropriate benches, vases, and other decorative features in the parkways. Street names were selected with a view to their fitness, such as Pembroke Lane, Mission Drive, Santa Fé Road.

In order to promote the sale of property and to encourage good architectural standards, it was determined to build groups of small houses for sale. One group, in Greenway fields, was in English village style. Another was of Cape Cod cottages; another of Dutch Colonial design. As soon as the harmonious beauty of the groups developed, a demand for these houses set in.

A problem came up in arranging for the necessary restrictions. Mr. Nichols made a forward step by proposing a plan that the restrictions be made automatically renewing, except on a protest of a majority of the property owners filed five years before the term of expiration, and so effective only at the end of twenty-five year periods. This provision made the restrictions elastic and subject to modification. But it remained easy to continue the essential safeguards to the neighborhood. The five year clause gave both property owners and the handlers of mortgages ample opportunity to protect themselves in the event of a proposed change.

Business centers now had to be taken into the account. While the encroachment of business on residence districts may ruin them, it is equally apparent that a residence district from which business service is barred is bound to languish. A careful survey was made of the possible needs of a population of fifty thousand in the Country Club district, and eight centers were set aside for business. In half of these, development work already has been done. The others are still reserved. The center at Sixty-third and Brookside is typical. The first building there was a Standard Oil filling station. Up to this time such stations had been bare and ugly. The Standard Oil management permitted the Nichols staff to design and erect a charming brick building surrounded by shrubbery. A fire and police station came next. It was constructed in the Old English style of architecture and looks like a dwelling, not a fire and police station. Then a large building of half timber construction in English design was erected to house shops on the first floor, and a community hall seating five hundred persons on the second. The building was set back from the sidewalk to afford lawn and free space, the shops were decorated as carefully as a home, large signs and gaudy show windows were forbidden. Office space was provided on the second floor and the hall was available for clubs, lectures, music, dancing classes, and entertainments of every sort.

At another center a quaint coffee shop was provided. At another, at the entrance to the district was established an elaborate greenhouse, with landscape and nursery service, and a riding academy in the Spanish style.

The greenhouse was intended to be part of the community work to encourage planting and the care of grounds. It was believed that the existence of an adequately equipped riding academy would promote the growth of a fine and wholesome sport. One country club with a polo field as well as golf course was within the district when it was established. A second one was soon added and ground was reserved for two more. A nine-hole community golf course was laid out, available to every resident of the district for a nominal membership fee. Provision was made for sites for future churches, schools, playgrounds, and swimming pools. Cabins were built for headquarters for boys and girls who wanted to take hikes into the country beyond.

It gradually became evident that a district of this sort, to realize its possibilities, needed a much more intensive community service than was possible from an ordinary municipal government. Part of the district had overflowed into a wooded

and broken country on the Kansas side of the state line in the direction of the first white mission to the Indians in Kansas, whose buildings were still standing. It took its name, Mission Hills, from this historic fact. In order to provide city facilities it was necessary to establish a corporation whose members were the property owners of the district. This corporation collected its own taxes and administered its affairs through trustees. The plan proved so successful that it was extended to the Missouri district in a modified form. Residence associations were formed to look after the odds and ends of maintenance that so often make the difference between slovenliness and attractive order. These maintenance societies were of varying size, with a maximum of perhaps two hundred families. They elected their trustees, and the deeds of sale of the property were made to provide the collection of a maintenance tax up to one mill a square foot to be used at the discretion of the trustees. Thus was provided a fund to remove snow from the streets, to keep the parkings neatly mown, to cut the grass on vacant lots, to collect trash, to spray trees, to enforce building restrictions, and to handle the thousand community interests that might arise. The maintenance tax, while not a municipal levy, was made collectible by providing that if it were unpaid it should become a lien on the property.

Later a community secretary was employed and all sorts of activities were undertaken for the purpose of promoting the community spirit and so of indirectly stabilizing the neighborhood. A description of the activities undertaken and projected would go beyond the limits of this article. They include a campaign by which two thousand bird houses were erected in one season, for a lawn pageant by nine hundred children, the annual singing of Christmas carols through the streets of the district, a flower show, supervised play, the publishing of a monthly neighborhood bulletin, community dinners, and community vegetable gardens.

A decade ago any such elaborate community scheme would have been sneered at by "practical" men as beautiful but impossible. It would have been regarded as an appropriate plaything for a rich philanthropist, but as out of the question as a commercial proposition. The success of the Country Club district is the final answer to these sneers. It is a vital going concern, one of the solidly established institutions of the city.

By this combination of topography, municipal planning in parks and boulevards, and the initiative of men of imagination and practical genius in developing home districts, Kansas City has accomplished much for itself and has made distinct contributions to the science of city building. Its ninety miles of boulevards and park drives, its twenty-seven hundred acres of parks and parkways, and its thousands of garden homes, are the fruits of this work.

II

THE STREET

SIMEON STRUNSKY

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It is two short blocks from my office near Park Row to the Subway station where I take the express for Belshazzar Court. Eight months in the year it is my endeavor to traverse this distance as quickly as I can. This is done by cutting diagonally across the street traffic. By virtue of the law governing right-angled triangles I thus save as much as fifty feet and one-fifth of a minute of time. In the course of a year this saving amounts to sixty minutes, which may be profitably spent over a two-reel presentation of *The Moonshiner's Bride*, supplemented by an intimate picture of *Lumbering in Saskatchewan*. But with the coming of warm weather my habits change. It grows more difficult to plunge into the murk of the Subway.

A foretaste of the languor of June is in the air. The turnstile storm-doors in our office building, which have been put aside for brief periods during the first deceptive approaches of spring, only to come back triumphant from Elba, have been definitely removed. The steel-workers pace their girders twenty floors high almost in mid-season form, and their pneu-

matic hammers scold and chatter through the sultry hours. The soda-fountains are bright with new compounds whose names ingeniously reflect the world's progress from day to day in politics, science, and the arts. From my window I can see the long black steamships pushing down to the sea, and they raise vague speculations in my mind about the cost of living in the vicinity of Sorrento and Fontainebleau. On such a day I am reminded of my physician's orders, issued last December, to walk a mile every afternoon on leaving my office. So I stroll up Broadway with the intention of taking my train farther up-town, at Fourteenth Street.

The doctor did not say stroll. He said a brisk walk with head erect, chest thrown out, diaphragm well contracted, and a general aspect of money in the bank. But here enters human perversity. The only place where I am in the mood to walk after the prescribed military fashion is in the open country. Just where by all accounts I ought to be sauntering without heed to time, studying the lovely texts which Nature has set down in the modest type-forms selected from her inexhaustible fonts,—in the minion of ripening berries, in the nonpareil of crawling insect life, the agate of tendril and filament, and the 12-point diamond of the dust,—there I stride along and see little.

And in the city, where I should swing along briskly, I lounge. What is there on Broadway to linger over? On Broadway, Nature has used her biggest, fattest type-forms. Tall, flat, building fronts, brazen with many windows and ribbed with commercial gilt lettering six feet high; shrieking proclamations of auction sales written in letters of fire on vast canvasses; railway posters in scarlet and blue and green; rotatory barber-poles striving at the national colors and producing vertigo; banners, escutcheons, crests, in all the primary colors—surely none of these things needs poring over. And I know them with my eyes closed. I know the windows where lithe youths in gymnasium dress demonstrate the virtue of home exercises; the windows where other young men do nothing but put on and take off patent reversible near-linen collars; where young women deftly roll cigarettes; where other young women whittle at sticks with miraculously stropped razors. I know these things by heart, yet I linger over them in flagrantly unhygienic attitudes, my shoulders bent forward and my chest and diaphragm in a position precisely the reverse of that prescribed by the doctor.

Perhaps the thing that makes me linger before these familiar sights is the odd circumstance that in Broadway's shop-windows Nature is almost never herself, but is either supernatural or artificial. Nature, for instance, never intended that razors should cut wood and remain sharp; that linen collars should keep on getting cleaner the longer they are worn; that glass should not break; that ink should not stain; that gauze should not tear; that an object worth five dollars should sell for $1.39; but all these things happen in Broadway windows. Williams, whom I meet now and then, who sometimes turns and walks up with me to Fourteenth Street, pointed out to me the other day how strange a thing it was that the one street which has become a synonym for 'real life' to all good suburban Americans is not real at all, but is crowded either with miracles or with imitations.

The windows on Broadway glow with wax fruits and with flowers of muslin and taffeta drawn by bounteous Nature from her storehouses in Parisian garret workshops. Broadway's ostrich feathers have been plucked in East Side tenements. The huge cigars in the tobacconist's windows are of wood. The enormous bottles of champagne in the saloons are of cardboard, and empty. The tall scaffoldings of proprietary medicine bottles in the drug shops are of paper. 'Why,' said Williams, 'even the jewelry sold in the Japanese auction stores is not genuine, and the sellers are not Japanese.'

This bustling mart of commerce, as the generation after the Civil War used to say, is only a world of illusion. Artificial flowers, artificial fruits, artificial limbs, tobacco, rubber, silks, woolens, straws, gold, silver. The young men and women who manipulate razors and elastic cords are real, but not always. Williams and I once stood for a long while and gazed at a young woman posing in a drug-shop window, and argued whether she was alive. Ultimately she winked and Williams gloated over me. But how do I know her wink was real? At any rate the great mass of human life in the windows is artificial. The ladies who smile out of charming morning costumes are

obviously of lining and plaster. Their smug herculean husbands in pajamas preserve their equanimity in the severest winter weather only because of their wire-and-plaster constitution. The baby reposing in its beribboned crib is china and excelsior. Illusion everywhere.

But the Broadway crowd is real. You only have to buffet it for five minutes to feel, in eyes and arms and shoulders, how real it is. When I was a boy and was taken to the circus it was always an amazing thing to me that there should be so many people in the street moving in a direction away from the circus. Something of this sensation still besets me whenever we go down in the Subway from Belshazzar Court to hear Caruso. The presence of all the other people on our train is simple enough. They are all on their way to hear Caruso. But what of the crowds in the trains that flash by in the opposite direction? It is not a question of feeling sorry for them. I try to understand and I fail. But on Broadway on a late summer afternoon the obverse is true. The natural thing is that the living tide as it presses south shall beat me back, halt me, eddy around me. I know that there are people moving north with me, but I am not acutely aware of them. This onrush of faces converges on me alone. It is I against half the world.

And then suddenly out of the surge of faces one leaps out at me. It is Williams, whose doctor has told him that the surest way of fighting down the lust for tobacco is to walk down from his office to the ferry every afternoon. Williams and I salute each other after the fashion of Broadway, which is to exchange greetings backward over the shoulder. This is the first step in an elaborate minuet. Because we have passed each other before recognition came, our hands fly out backward. Now we whirl half around, so that I who have been moving north face the west, while Williams, who has been traveling south, now looks east. Our clasped hands strain at each other as we stand there poised for flight after the first greeting. A quarter of a minute perhaps, and we have said good-by.

But if the critical quarter of a minute passes, there ensues a change of geographical position which corresponds to a change of soul within us. I suddenly say to myself that there are plenty of trains to be had at Fourteenth Street. Williams recalls that another boat will leave Battery Place shortly after the one he is bound for. So the tension of our outstretched arms relaxes. I, who have been facing west, complete the half circle and swing south. Williams veers due north, and we two men stand face to face. The beat and clamor of the crowd fall away from us like a well-trained stage mob. We are in Broadway, but not of it.

'Well, what's the good word?' says Williams.

When two men meet on Broadway the spirit of optimism strikes fire. We begin by asking each other what the good word is. We take it for granted that neither of us has anything but a chronicle of victory and courage to relate. What other word but the good word is tolerable in the lexicon of living, upstanding men? Failure is only for the dead. Surrender is for the man with yellow in his nature. So Williams and I pay our acknowledgments to this best of possible worlds. I give Williams the good word. I make no allusion to the fact that I have spent a miserable night in communion with neuralgia; how can that possibly concern him? Another manuscript came back this morning from an editor who regretted that his is the most unintelligent body of readers in the country. The third cook in three weeks left us last night after making vigorous reflections on my wife's good nature and my own appearance. Only an hour ago, as I was watching the long, black steamers bound for Sorrento and Fontainebleau, the monotony of one's treadmill work, the flat unprofitableness of scribbling endlessly on sheets of paper, had become almost a nausea. But Williams will know nothing of this from me. Why should he? He may have been sitting up all night with a sick child. At this very moment the thought of the little parched lips, the moan, the unseeing eyes, may be tearing at his entrails; but he in turn gives me the good word, and many others after that, and we pass on.

But sometimes I doubt. This splendid optimism of people on Broadway, in the Subway, and in the shops and offices

—is it really a sign of high spiritual courage, or is it just lack of sensibility? Do we find it easy to keep a stiff upper lip, to buck up, to never say die, because we are brave men, or simply because we lack the sensitiveness and the imagination to react to pain? It may be even worse than that. It may be part of our commercial gift for window-dressing, for putting up a good front.

Sometimes I feel that Williams has no right to be walking down Broadway on business when there is a stricken child at home. The world cannot possibly need him at that moment as much as his own flesh and blood does. It is not courage; it is brutish indifference. At such times I am tempted to dismiss as mythical all this fine talk about feelings that run deep beneath the surface, and bruised hearts that ache under the smile. If a man really suffers he will show it. If a man cultivates the habit of not showing emotion he will end by having none to show. How much of Broadway's optimism is—But here I am paraphrasing William James's *Principles of Psychology,* which the reader can just as well consult for himself in the latest revised edition of 1907.

Also, I am exaggerating. Most likely Williams's children are all in perfect health, and my envelope from the editor has brought a check instead of a rejection slip. It is on such occasions that Williams and I, after shaking hands the way a locomotive takes on water on the run, wheel around, halt, and proceed to buy something at the rate of two for a quarter. If any one ever is inclined to doubt the spirit of American fraternity, it is only necessary to recall the number of commodities for men that sell two for twenty-five cents. In theory, the two cigars which Williams and I buy for twenty-five cents are worth fifteen cents apiece. As a matter of fact they are probably ten-cent cigars. But the shopkeeper is welcome to his extra nickel. It is a small price to pay for the seal of comradeship that stamps his pair of cigars selling for a single quarter. Two men who have concluded a business deal in which each has commendably tried to get the better of the other may call for twenty-five cent perfectos or for half-dollar Dreadnoughts. I understand there are such. But friends sitting down together will always demand cigars that go for a round sum, two for a quarter or three for fifty (if the editor's check is what it ought to be).

When people speak of the want of real comradeship among women, I sometimes wonder if one of the reasons may not be that the prices which women are accustomed to pay are individualistic instead of fraternal. The soda fountains and the street cars do not dispense goods at the rate of two items for a single coin. It is infinitely worse in the department stores. Treating a friend to something that costs $2.79 is inconceivable. But I have really wandered from my point.

'Well, be good,' says Williams, and rushes off to catch his boat.

The point I wish to make is that on Broadway people pay tribute to the principle of goodness that rules this world, both in the way they greet and in the way they part. We salute by asking each other what the good word is. When we say good-by we enjoin each other to be good. The humorous assumption is that gay devils like Williams and me need to be constantly warned against straying off into the primrose paths that run out of Broadway.

Simple, humorous, average American man! You have left your suburban couch in time to walk half a mile to the station and catch the 7:59 for the city. You have read your morning paper; discussed the weather, the tariff, and the prospects for lettuce with your neighbor; and made the office only a minute late. You have been fastened to your desk from nine o'clock to five, with half an hour for lunch, which you have eaten in a clamorous, overheated restaurant while you watched your hat and coat. At odd moments during the day the thought of doctor's bills, rent bills, school bills, has insisted on receiving attention. At the end of the day, laden with parcels from the market, from the hardware store, from the seedman, you are bound for the ferry to catch the 5:43, when you meet Smith, who, having passed the good word, sends you on your way with the injunction to be good—not to play roulette, not to open wine, not to turkey-trot, not to joy-ride, not to haunt the stage door. Be good, O simple, humorous, average suburban American!

I take back that word suburban. The Sunday Supplement has given it a meaning which is not mine. I am speaking only of the suburban in spirit, of a simplicity, a meekness which is of the soul only. Outwardly there is nothing suburban about the crowd on lower Broadway. The man in the street is not at all the diminutive, apologetic creature with side whiskers whom Mr. F. B. Opper brought forth and named Common People, who begat the Strap-Hanger, who begat the Rent-Payer, and the Ultimate Consumer. The crowd on lower Broadway is alert and well set up. Yes, though one hates to do it, I must say 'clean-cut.' The men on the sidewalk are young, limber, sharp-faced, almost insolent young men. There are not very many old men in the crowd, though I see any number of gray-haired young men. Seldom do you detect the traditional signs of age, the sagging lines of the face, the relaxed abdominal contour, the tamed spirit. The young, the young-old, the old-young, but rarely quite the old.

I am speaking only of externals. Clean-cut, eager faces are very frequently disappointing. A very ordinary mind may be working behind that clear sweep of brow and nose and chin. I have known the shock of young men who look like kings of Wall Street and speak like shoe clerks. They are shoe clerks. But the appearance is there, that athletic carriage which is helped out by our triumphant, ready-made clothing. I suppose I ought to detest the tailor's tricks which iron out all ages and all stations into a uniformity of padded shoulders and trim waistlines and hips. I imagine I ought to despise our habit of wearing elegant shoddy where the European chooses honest, clumsy woolens. But I am concerned only with externals, and in outward appearances a Broadway crowd beats the world. Æsthetically we simply are in a class by ourselves when compared with the Englishman and the Teuton in their skimpy, ill-cut garments. Let the British and German ambassadors at Washington do their worst. This is my firm belief and I will maintain it against the world. The truth must out. ***Ruat cœlum. Ich kann nicht anders. J'y suis, j'y reste.***

Williams laughs at my lyrical outbursts. ough. I still have to speak of the women in the crowd. What an infinitely finer thing is a woman than a man of her class! To see this for yourself you have only to walk up Broadway until the southward-bearing stream breaks off and the tide begins to run from west to east. You have passed out of the commercial district into the region of factories. It is well on toward dark, and the barracks that go by the unlovely name of loft buildings, are pouring out their battalions of needle-workers. The crowd has become a mass. The nervous pace of lower Broadway slackens to the steady, patient tramp of a host. It is an army of women, with here and there a flying detachment of the male.

On the faces of the men the day's toil has written its record even as on the women, but in a much coarser hand. Fatigue has beaten down the soul of these men into brutish indifference, but in the women it has drawn fine the flesh only to make it more eloquent of the soul. Instead of listlessness, there is wistfulness. Instead of vacuity you read mystery. Innate grace rises above the vulgarity of the dress. Cheap, tawdry blouse and imitation willow-plume walk shoulder to shoulder with the shoddy coat of the male, copying Fifth Avenue as fifty cents may attain to five dollars. But the men's shoddy is merely a horror, whereas woman transfigures and subtilizes the cheap material. The spirit of grace which is the birthright of her sex cannot be killed—not even by the presence of her best young man in Sunday clothes. She is finer by the heritage of her sex, and America has accentuated her title. This America which drains her youthful vigor with overwork, which takes from her cheeks the color she has brought from her Slavic or Italian peasant home, makes restitution by remolding her in more delicate, more alluring lines, gives her the high privilege of charm—and neurosis.

Williams and I pause at the Subway entrances and watch the earth suck in the crowd. It lets itself be swallowed up with meek good-nature. Our amazing good-nature! Political philosophers have deplored the fact. They have urged us to be quicker-tempered, more resentful of being stepped upon, more inclined to write letters to the editor. I agree that only in that way can we be rid of political bosses, of brutal policemen, of ticket-speculators,

of taxicab extortioners, of insolent waiters, of janitors, of indecent congestion in travel, of unheated cars in the winter and barred-up windows in summer. I am at heart with the social philosophers. But then I am not typical of the crowd. When my neighbor's elbow injects itself into the small of my back, I twist around and glower at him. I forget that his elbow is the innocent mechanical result of a whole series of elbows and backs extending the length of the car, to where the first cause operates in the form of a station-guard's shoulder ramming the human cattle into their stalls. In the faces about me there is no resentment. Instead of smashing windows, instead of raising barricades in the Subway and hanging the train-guards with their own lanterns about their necks, the crowd sways and bends to the lurching of the train, and young voices call out cheerfully, 'Plenty of room ahead.'

Horribly good-natured! We have taken a phrase which is the badge of our shame and turned it into a jest. Plenty of room ahead! If this were a squat, ill-formed proletarian race obviously predestined to subjection, one might understand. But that a crowd of trim, well-cut, self-reliant Americans, sharp-featured, alert, insolent as I have called them, that they should submit is a puzzle. Perhaps it is because of the fierce democracy of it all. The crush, the enforced intimacies of physical contact, the feeling that a man's natural condition is to push and be pushed, to shove ahead when the opportunity offers and to take it like a man when no chance presents itself—that is equality. A seat in the Subway is like the prizes of life for which men have fought in these United States. You struggle, you win or lose. If the other man wins there is no envy; admiration rather, provided he has not shouldered and elbowed out of reason. That godlike freedom from envy is passing today, and perhaps the good nature of the crowd in the Subway will pass. I see signs of the approaching change. People do not call out, 'Plenty of room ahead,' so frequently as they used to.

Good-natured when dangling from the strap in the Subway, good-natured in front of baseball bulletins on Park Row, good-natured in the face of so much oppression and injustice, where is the supposed cruelty of the 'mob'? I am ready to affirm on oath that the mob is not vindictive, that it is not cruel. It may be a bit sharp-tongued, fickle, a bit mischievous, but in the heart of the crowd there is no evil passion. The evil comes from the leaders, the demagogues, the professional distorters of right thinking and right feeling. The crowd in the bleachers is not the clamorous, brute mob of tradition. I have watched faces in the bleachers and in the grand-stand and seen little of that fury which is supposed to animate the fan. For the most part he sits there with folded arms, thin-lipped, eager, but after all conscious that there are other things in life besides baseball. No, it is the leaders, the baseball editors, the cartoonists, the humorists, the professional stimulators of 'local pride,' with their exaggerated gloatings over a game won, their poisonous attacks upon a losing team, who are responsible. It is these demagogues who drill the crowd in the gospel of loving only a winner—but if I keep on I shall be in politics before I know it.

If you see in the homeward crowd in the Subway a face over which the pall of depression has settled, that face very likely is bent over the comic pictures in the evening paper. I cannot recall seeing any one smile over these long serials of humorous adventure which run from day to day and from year to year. I have seen readers turn mechanically to these lurid comics and pore over them, foreheads puckered into a frown, lips unconsciously spelling out the long legends which issue in the form of little balloons and lozenges from that amazing portrait gallery of dwarfs, giants, shrilling viragos and their diminutive husbands, devil-children, quadrupeds, insects,—an entire zoölogy. If any stimulus rises from these pages to the puzzled brain, the effect is not visible. I imagine that by dint of repetition through the years these grotesque creations have become a reality to millions of readers. It is no longer a question of humor, it is a vice. The Desperate Desmonds, the Newlyweds, and the Dingbats, have acquired a horrible fascination. Otherwise I cannot see why readers of the funny page should appear to be memorizing pages from Euclid.

This by way of anticipation. What the doctor has said of exercise being a habit which grows easy with time is true. It is the first five minutes of walking that are

wearisome. I find myself strolling past Fourteenth Street, where I was to take my train for Belshazzar Court. Never mind, Forty-second Street will do as well. I am now on a different Broadway. The crowd is no longer north and south, but flows in every direction. It is churned up at every corner and spreads itself across the squares and open places. Its appearance has changed. It is no longer a factory population. Women still predominate, but they are the women of the professions and trades which center about Madison Square—business women of independent standing, women from the magazine offices, the publishing houses, the insurance offices. You detect the bachelor girl in the current which sets in toward the home quarters of the undomesticated, the little Bohemias, the foreign eating-places whose fixed *table d'hôte* prices flash out in illumined signs from the side streets. Still farther north and the crowd becomes tinged with the current of that Broadway which the outside world knows best. The idlers begin to mingle with the workers, men in English clothes with canes, women with plumes and jeweled reticules. You catch the first heart-beat of Little Old New York.

The first stirrings of this gayer Broadway die down as quickly almost as they manifested themselves. The idlers and those who minister to them have heard the call of the dinner hour and have vanished, into hotel doors, into shabbier quarters by no means in keeping with the cut of their garments and their apparent indifference to useful employment. Soon the street is almost empty. It is not a beautiful Broadway in this garish interval between the last of the matinée and shopping crowd and the vanguard of the night crowd. The monster electric sign-boards have not begun to gleam and flash and revolve and confound the eye and the senses. At night the electric Niagara hides the squalid fronts of ugly brick, the dark doorways, the clutter of fire-escapes, the rickety wooden hoardings. Not an imperial street this Broadway at 6:30 of a summer's afternoon. Cheap jewelry shops, cheap tobacconist's shops, cheap haberdasheries, cheap restaurants, grimy little newspaper agencies and ticket-offices, and 'demonstration' stores for patent food, patent waters, patent razors.

O Gay White Way, you are far from gay in the fast-fading light, before the magic hand of Edison wipes the wrinkles from your face and galvanizes you into hectic vitality; far from alluring with your tinsel shop-windows, with your puffy-faced, unshaven men leaning against door-posts and chewing pessimistic toothpicks, your sharp-eyed newsboys wise with the wisdom of the Tenderloin, and your itinerant women whose eyes wander from side to side. It is not in this guise that you draw the hearts of millions to yourself, O dingy, Gay White Way, O Via Lobsteria Dolorosa!

Well, when a man begins to moralize it is time to go home. I have walked farther than I intended, and I am soft from lack of exercise, and tired. The romance of the crowd has disappeared. Romance cannot survive that short passage of Longacre Square, where the art of the theater and of the picture-postcard flourish in an atmosphere impregnated with gasoline. As I glance into the windows of the automobile salesrooms and catch my own reflection in the enamel of Babylonian limousines I find myself thinking all at once of the children at home. They expand and fill up the horizon. Broadway disappears. I smile into the face of a painted promenader, but how is she to know that it is not at her I smile but at the sudden recollection of what the baby said at the breakfast-table that morning? Like all good New Yorkers when they enter the Subway, I proceed to choke up all my senses against contact with the external world, and thus resolving myself into a state of coma, I dip down into the bowels of the earth, whence in due time I am spewed out two short blocks from Belshazzar Court.

III

CONEY ISLAND AT NIGHT

JAMES HUNEKER

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It was the hottest night of the summer at Coney Island. All day a steaming curtain of mist hid the sun from the eyes of men and women and children; yet proved

no shield against the blasting heat. Humidity and not the sun-rays had been the enemy. And when a claret-colored disk showed dully through the nacreous vapors just before setting, we knew that the night would bring little respite from the horror of the waking hours. It was a time to try men's nerves. The average obligations of life had faded into the abyss of general indifference, one that had absorbed the exactions of daily behavior —politeness, order, sobriety, and decency. Add a few notches upward on the thermometer, and mankind soon reverts to the habits and conditions of his primitive ancestors. The ape, the tiger, and the jackal in all of us come to the surface with shocking rapidity. We are, in a reasonable analysis, the victims of our environment, the slaves of temperature. Heat and cold have produced the African and the Laplander. At Coney Island during a torrid spell we are very near the soil; we cast to the winds modesty, prudence, and dignity. Then, life is worth living only when stripped to the skin.

Three seasons had I passed without a visit to this astonishing bedlam, yet I found the place well-nigh unrecognizable. Knowing old Coney Island, the magnitude of its changes did not so much amaze and terrify me. One should never be amazed in America. After an hour's hasty survey, Atlantic City seemed a normal spot. Broad stretches of board walk, long, sweeping beaches, space to turn about—these and other items might be added. But at Coney Island the cramped positions one must assume to stand or move, the fierce warfare of humanity as it forces its way along the streets or into the crazy shows—surely conceived by madmen for madmen—the indescribable and hideous symphony of noise running the gamut from shrill steam-whistles to the diapasonic roar of machinery; decidedly the entire place produced the sensation of abnormality, of horrible joys grabbed at by a savage horde of barbarians, incapable of repose even in their moments of leisure. Some one has said that the Englishman takes his pleasures sadly; then we must take ours by rude assault. All Coney Island reminded me of a disturbed ant-heap, the human ants ferocious in their efforts to make confusion thrice confounded, to heap up horrors of sound and of sight.

There must be in every one, no matter how phlegmatic, a residuum of energy which may boil over when some exciting event knocks at the door of our being. It is, psychologists assure us, the play-instinct of the animal in us that delights in games innocent and dangerous. If forty thousand people assemble to see a game of baseball, how many more would gather with feverish gaiety if there were a surety of the umpire's death at every game? The Romans daily witnessed men and women destroyed in the arena of their circus—witnessed it with a satisfaction æsthetic and profound. The reason was not that they were less civilized than the moderns, but only more frank. Their play-instinct was more fully developed and the classical world was not hampered by our moral prejudices.

As cruelty is proscribed among highly civilized nations today—the game of life being so vilely cruel that the arena with its bulls and tigers is unnecessary—our play-instinct finds vent in a species of diversion that must not be examined too closely, as it verges perilously on idiocy. Coney Island is only another name for topsyturvydom. There the true becomes the grotesque, the vision of a maniac. Else why those nerve-racking entertainments, ends of the world, creations, hells, heavens, fantastic trips to ugly lands, panoramas of sheer madness, flights through the air in boats, through water in sleds, on the earth in toy trains! Unreality is as greedily craved by the mob as alcohol by the dipsomaniac; indeed, the jumbled nightmares of a morphine eater are actually realized at Luna Park. Every angle reveals some new horror. Mechanical waterfalls, with women and children racing around curving, tumbling floods; elephants tramping ponderously through streets that are a bewildering muddle of many nations, many architectures; deeds of Western violence and robbery, illustrated with a realism that is positively enthralling; Japanese and Irish, Germans and Indians, Hindus and Italians, cats and girls and ponies and—the list sets whirring the wheels of the biggest of dictionaries.

In Dreamland there is a white tower that might rear itself in Seville and cause no comment.[1] Hemming it about are

1 This was so before fire destroyed the place.

walls of monstrosities—laughable, shocking, sinister, and desperately depressing. In the center flying boats cleave the air; from the top of a crimson lighthouse flat, sled-like barges plunge down a liquid railroad, while from every cavern issue screams of tortured and delighted humans and the hoarse barking of men with megaphones. They assault your ears with their invitations, protestations, and blasphemies. You are conjured to 'go to Hell-gate'; you are singled out by some brawny individual with threatening intonations and bade enter the animal show where a lion or a tiger is warranted to claw a keeper at least once a day. The glare is appalling, the sky a metallic blue, the sun a slayer.

And then the innumerable distractions of the animated walks, the dwarfs and the dogs, the horses and the miniature railway. Inside the various buildings you may see the cosmos in the act of formation, or San Francisco destroyed by fire and quake; the end of life, organic and inorganic, is displayed for a modest pittance; you may sleigh in Switzerland or take a lulling ride in Venetian gondolas. But nothing is real. Doubtless the crowd would be disappointed by a glimpse of the real Venice, the real Switzerland, the real hell, the real heaven. Everything is the reflection of a cracked mirror held in the hand of the clever showman, who, knowing us as children of a larger growth, compounds his mess, bizarre and ridiculous, accordingly. There is little need to ponder the whys and wherefores of our aberrancy. Once en masse, humanity sheds its civilization and becomes half child, half savage. In the theaters the gentlest are swayed by a sort of mob mania and delight in scenes of cruelty and bloodshed—though at home the sight of a canary with a broken wing sets stirring in us tender sympathy. A crowd seldom reasons. It will lynch an innocent man or glorify a scamp politician with equal facility. Hence the monstrous debauch of the fancy at Coney Island, where New York chases its chimera of pleasure.

Nevertheless, with all its perversion, its oblique image of life, is Coney Island much madder than the Stock Exchange, the prize-ring, roller-skating, a fashionable cotillion, a political mass-meeting, or some theatrical performances? Again I must bid you to remember that everything is relative; that the morals of one age are the crimes of another; that I am, comparatively speaking, a stranger to our summer cities and perhaps not peculiarly well fitted to judge of such an astounding institution as Coney Island.

The madness converges below Brighton, reaching its apex on Surf Avenue, jammed with pleasure-seekers, fringed by 'fakers' and their utterly abominable wares. Farther up the beach order reigns, men and women are clothed in their right mind, walk, talk, and act rationally. At the Oriental dignity prevails. Few people are to be seen. The place slumbers. You feel that in such a hotel you may live as you wish. Manhattan, no longer queen of the beaches, has its interests. The bathing attracts. The wide porches and the dining couples are pleasing to see. A theater there is for those to whom the ocean is not a stimulating spectacle. Walk farther. We reach Brighton. There the pot begins to bubble. A smaller Coney confronts you. You pass on. Stopping before what was once Anton Seidl's music pavilion, you indulge, more sadly than sentimentally, in memories of those evenings, over two decades ago, when the sound of the waves formed a background for the dead master's music-making—Beethoven and Wagner and Liszt.

Instead of Brünhilde and her sisters' wild ride, we hear the wooden horse orchestrion screeching 'Meet Me at the Church.' Move on? Has public musical taste moved with the years? Meet me at the madhouse! We reach the Boulevard and note its agreeable vastness. The sun has set and the world is become suddenly afire.

Then Coney Island, with its vulgarity, its babble and tumult, is a glorified city of flame. But don't go too near it; your wings will easily singe on the broad avenue where beer, sausage, fruit, pop-corn, candy, flapjacks, green corn, and again beer, rule the appetites of the multitude. After seeing the aerial magic of that great pyrotechnic artist Pain, a man who could, if he so desired, create a new species of art, and his nocturnes of jeweled fire, you wonder why the entire beach is not called Fire Island. The view of Luna Park from Sheepshead Bay suggests a cemetery of fire, the tombs, turrets, and towers,

illuminated, and mortuary shafts of flame. At Dreamland the little lighthouse is a scarlet incandescence. The big building stands a dazzling apparition for men on ships and steamers out at sea. Everything is fretted with fire. Fire delicately etches some fairy structure; fire outlines an Oriental gateway; fire runs like a musical scale through many octaves, the darkness crowding it, the mist blurring it. Fire is the god of Coney Island after sundown, and fire was its god this night, the hottest of the summer.

At ten o'clock the crowds had not abated. Noise still reigned over the Bowery, and the cafés, restaurants, dens, and shows were full of gabbling, eating, drinking, cursing, and laughing folk. I had intended to return either to my hotel or to New York, but the heat pinioned my will. In company with thousands, I strolled the beach near the Boulevard. An amiable policeman told me that few people would go back to the city, that, hot as it was at Coney, the East Side was more stifling. The sight of cars coming down crowded at eleven o'clock and returning half-full at midnight determined my plan of action. I went to my hotel, put on a sweater and a cap, changed a bill into silver, and with a stick for company I returned to the West End. There were more people than before, though it was nearly one o'clock and the lights were beginning to dim. I searched for the friendly policeman, but instead found a surly one, who warned me that it would be a risk to venture upon the beach if I had a watch or money. I longed for a Josiah Flynt who would pilot me through this jungle of humanity. The heat was depressing and mosquitoes made us miserable. They knew me for a fresh comer and exacted a sorry toll from my hands, neck, and face. I wavered in my resolution to spend the night on the beach. I had left my rake at home, and as I am not a socialist I could not emulate the performances of the 'white mice,' as the East Side names the good, well-dressed young men and women of means who make sociological calls on them, notebooks in their hands, curiosity in their eyes, and burning enthusiasm in their hearts.

All the lights of the pleasure palaces were extinguished. Across at Riccadonna's there was still a light, and peering over the Brighton pavilion there was a pillar of luminosity that looked a cross between a corn-cob and a thermometer afire. I sat down on the sand. I would stay out the night. And then I began to look about me. In Hyde Park, London, I had seen hundreds of vagabonds huddled in the grass, their clothes mere rags, their attitudes those of death, but nothing in England or America can match what I saw this particular night. While the poorer classes predominated, there was little suggestion of abject pauperism. Many seemed gay. The white dresses of the women and children relieved the somber masses of black men, who, though coatless for the most part, made black splotches on the sand. In serried array they lay; there was no order in their position, yet a short distance away they gave the impression of an army at rest. The entire beach was thick with humanity. At close range it resolved itself in groups, sweethearts in pairs, families of three or four, six or seven, planted close together. With care, hesitation, and difficulty I navigated around these islets of flesh and blood. Sometimes I stumbled over a foot or an arm. Once I kicked a head, and I was cursed many times and vigorously cursed. But I persisted. Like the 'white mice,' I was there to see. Policemen plodded through the crowds, and if there was undue hilarity warned the offenders in a low voice. But it was impossible for such a large body of people to be more orderly, more decent. I determined to prowl down the lower beach, between the Boulevard and Sea Gate.

My sporting instinct came to the surface. Here was game. Not in the immemorial mob, joking and snoring, shrieking and buzzing, would I find what I sought. I tried to pass under the bathing-houses, but so densely packed were the paths that I was threatened by a dozen harsh voices. So I pursued a safer way, down Surf Avenue. It was still filled with people—men and women, battered, bleary, drunk or tired, dragged their weary paces, regarding each other as do wolves, ready to spring. We all felt like sticky August salt. Reaching the beach again, I was too fatigued to walk farther. I propped my head against the wooden pillar of an old bath-house and my eyes began to droop. I heard without a quiver of interest the sudden scream of a woman followed by ominous bass laughter. Some

one plucked a banjo. Dogs barked. A hymn rose on the hot air. Around me it was like a battle-field of the slain. A curious drone was in the air; it was the monster breathing. A muggy moon shone intermittently over us, its bleached rays painting in one ghastly tone the upturned faces of the sleepers. The stale, sour, rank smell of wretched mankind poisoned the atmosphere, thick with sultry vapors. I wished myself home.

Then a gentle voice said—the accent was slightly foreign:

'What a sight the poor make in the moonlight!' I did not turn, but answered that I had thought that same thing. The voice proceeded. It was not strong, though a resonant baritone:

'You are alone, good sir; but look at my brood, and don't wonder at people dying without asking the world's permission.'

I half arose, expecting that it was a beggar who addressed me. A child began whimpering. I saw a woman on her side holding with relaxed grasp this crying infant—the wail was hardly perceptible above the swish of the surf. Near her were two older children. The man who had spoken to me was sitting, his head plunged almost between his knees, his skinny hands supporting his head. He was exceedingly poor, wearing only a ragged shirt and trousers. His head was large and curly with thick hair. He could not have been more than forty. When he lifted his head his eyes in the moonshine were like two red cinders. A wild beast—and with a gentle, even cultivated, voice. I went over to him. The child still moaned as the fingers of the exhausted woman opened farther. I forgot sociology and wondered if here was a case of starvation—a hungry family in all the Gargantuan feast of Coney Island. The idea was horrible.

'What's the matter, Batiushka?' I asked, adopting a familiar form of Russian salutation. He fell on his knees.

'Brother,' he panted, 'are you a Russian? A Jew? Help us. We have not eaten since yesterday morning.' I confess I shuddered. I confess also that I did n't believe him. A man, a Jewish man with a family, in New York and starving! New York, with its rich charitable institutions! And this fellow tried to make me think that he needed food; that his wife and children needed food! I had eaten my dinner at the Manhattan, and I enjoyed that selfish credulity which an able-bodied gourmand feels when he is approached by some one who has tasted no food for days.

And this miserable being came nearer to me, feebly, supplicatingly. His eyes were like red dots in the head of a famished animal. His hot breath issued as from an open grave. The child sobbed louder, and the mother, half awake, clutched it. She sat up. The other two children arose, alarmed, silent. It was too much for my pampered nerves. Bidding the man remain where he was, I ran across the beach to the Bowery and into a little saloon full of half-drunken, vicious people. Ten minutes later we sat at an improvised supper of pretzels, cold fish, and beer. I knew this family would n't touch anything else. Starvation itself would not force them to break their tribal law. I have an idea that I was thirsty myself, for I enjoyed the flat beer, and I enjoyed the subdued ferocity with which the family ate and drank. The baby did not stir. It had fallen asleep. The mother, a worn-out woman, still young, mechanically put the food into her mouth, not looking at us, not speaking to the two girls. She was numbed by hunger and heat.

'See here, what 's your name?' I asked.

'My name,' he stammered, 'is Hyman.'

'I mean your family name,' I demanded; 'Hyman is your first name.'

He gave me a keen glance. Then he quietly replied: 'You are right. My full name is Hyman Levin.'

'Have you a home?' I pursued. I felt my importance. I was playing the rôle of benefactor, and what philanthropist, great or small, does not desire the worth of his money? Besides, it is good policy to cross-examine a starving man. He appreciates your interest at such a time. (Oh, what smiling villains are we all!)

'I live in an alley near Oliver Street. Usually we go to the recreation pier near Peck Slip, but the child was so sick that I came down here last night.'

'Last night?'

'Yes, I pawned my coat to get the car fare.'

This is a truthful report of the man's conversation. He was out of work—sickness—and he had pawned, piece by

piece, bit by bit, everything in the house. His wife went to the pawnhouse, while he, scarcely able to hold up his head, watched the baby. The children lived in the streets, feeding at the garbage cans, thankful for such a chance. Is this exaggeration? If you think so, then you don't know your own city. Such things happen every day. The neighbors were kind, especially the Irish. But they, too, could scarcely boast more than one meal a day. Hyman coughed; he evidently was marked for the death of a consumptive. Yet he fought on. The charities were available —for a time. But funds ran low; public interest also ran low. The Levins found themselves within five days of rent time in their room, a musty, dirty garret. Life from heat and insufficient food became intolerable, and, half crazed with fever, on that hot Monday, they contrived to reach the seashore. With only a few pennies, yet they were happier; they could at least breathe fresh air, see the water. But so forbidding was the appearance of this unhappy family that they were warned off the board walk and frightened away from the crowd of pleasure-seekers. We do not care to see these death's-heads at our feasts. Finally they found refuge under the bath-house, and there I met them.

Worse remains. When the dawn came up softly like the vanguard of an army without banners I shook the sleeping Hyman. I awoke the woman. I had heard queer sounds in the throat of the child, noises like water slowly dripping into a well. Why should I go on? The child was dead, and I was not surprised. Nor were the parents. They made no outcry, but covered the little thing with the mother's old pelisse. Stunned by their cumulative misfortunes, this death was accepted with the fatalism of a Russian. I told a policeman the story, and a half-hour later the entire family was carted away with the promise that they would be given food and shelter.

There was a bitter taste in my mouth. If a poor devil of a tramp or a working man had met me then I should not have been able to look either one in the eye. Oh, how cheap is charity! The silver I spent did not relieve the Levins. They had scarcely bade me good-by, so oppressed were they by their sorrow, their shame. They must have hated me. The man was not ignorant. His English betrayed a reader. He had conversed well about Gorky and Tolstoy, had read Karl Marx, and knew the names of all his saints of anarchy. A socialist? I do not know. I only know that your bookish theories go to smash when you hear a man's voice thrill with anguish. A pauper, you say, a lazy good-for-nothing? Ay, perhaps he was—perhaps they all are; but drunkard, thief, even murderer, must they starve? Anarchs and infidels? So were the Americans of 1776, according to the English.

Remember what Richard Jeffries wrote: 'Food and drink, roof and clothes are the inalienable right of every child born into the light. If the world does not provide it freely—not as a grudging gift, but as a right, as a son of the house sits down to breakfast—then is the world mad. . . . I verily believe that the earth in one year produces enough food to last for thirty. Why, then, have we not enough? . . . It is not the pauper—oh, inexpressibly wicked word!—it is the well-to-do who are the criminal classes.' Grant Allen said that all men are born free and unequal. True. But should they be allowed to want for bread?

Don't ask me the remedy. I am neither a professional prophet nor a socialist. Don't throw socialism at my head. Ready-made prophylactics smell suspiciously. The 'dismal science' scares me. Before the fatal words 'unearned increment' I retreat. And the socialist's conception of the state approaches singularly close to the old conception of monarchy. I know that there are many Levins in New York, of many nationalities. Starve in New York, the abundant city, where 'God's in the world today'? Impossible! cry the sentimentalists. I didn't believe it, either, until I met the Levins. That adventure has cured me of all foolish optimistic boasting. I have told the story plainly. I realized of how little account to people in such awful straits is the clangor of contending political parties. Of what interest to a man, his belly pinched by starvation, whether one Jack in office is ousted by another Jack who desires the place; whether this one is president, that one is governor? A flare of fireworks, a river of beer, on the East Side for a night, and the people are forgotten by their masters. It has been so always; for

eternity it will endure. Does not Campanella's sonnet sing:

The people is a beast of muddy brain
That knows not its own strength, and therefore stands
Loaded with wood and stone;
. . . . . .
Its own are all things between earth and Heaven;
But this it knows not, and if one arise
To tell this truth it kills him unforgiven.

Grunting, growling, spitting, coughing, the huge army of thousands began in maelstrom fashion to move cityward. Some stopped at the half-way house of whisky; many breakfasted, but the main body made a dash for the cars. The night had been a trying one, the new day did not promise; yet it was a new day, and with it a flock of fresh hopes was born. The crowd seemed rested; in its eyes was the lust of life, and it was absolutely good-humored. I heard a vague tale about a man-hunt during the night—how a thief had been chased with stones and clubs until, reaching Sea Gate, he had boldly plunged into the water and disappeared. His hawk-like features, the color of clay from fright, had impressed the old man who related the story. In return I told the Levins' heart-breaking tale, and he did not appear much interested. What signified to all those strong, bustling men and women the death of a tiny girl baby —dead and hardly clad in a wisp of blackened canvas?

'Better dead!' The mobs thickened. Policemen fought them into line. The hot sun arose, in company with the penetrating odors of bad coffee and greasy crullers. Another day's labor was arrived. Soon would appear the first detachment of women and children sick from the night in the city. Soon would be heard the howling of the fakers: 'Go to Hell, go to Hell-gate!'

I felt that I had been very near it, that I had seen a new Coney Island. I went home, after this, the most miserable night of my life—miserable because my nerves were out of gear. I was once more the normal, selfish man, thinking of his bed, of his breakfast. I had, of course, quite forgotten the Levins.

IV

THE BLACK FOG

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

[*Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1908. By permission of author and publisher.]

The black fog has come. Over all the city it lies intact and deep. An absolute midnight reigns. Almost material, almost tangible, almost massive, seems this envelope of sulphurous gloom. It invests the city like a flood; within the streets, within the houses, and within the lungs of all its denizens, it lies intrenched and pitiless. The chimneys pour forth their smoke, but the leaden air oppresses and repels it, and it sinks to the ground, making the darkness denser. The gloom seems to have risen from the shores of those streams of wailing and lamentation, baleful Acheron and Cocytus environing Tartarus, where the thin shades cluster and move, like those who are now pent in this city on the Thames.

The darkness is not black, but of a deep brown. It is as though one walked at the bottom of a muddy sea. The farther wall of this chamber is almost invisible—at ten o'clock in the morning. Above this dreadful pall that hides his rays, the life-giving sun, bursting with useless fire, now beats upon the surface of the sea of shadow, but his baffled light is repelled or smothered in the misty deeps. Difficult is it for him who walks in an unlifted night to believe that the sun still shines.

Let us forth into the streets so still and sorrowful. With our hands we grope our way past garden-railings, feeling with adventurous foot for the steps or curbs. A glowing patch appears above us; it seems incredibly far away. We put forth our hand and touch the dank iron of a lamp-post. Not even fire and light avail against the almighty fog. Footsteps resound about us, but they are the footsteps of ghosts, for one beholds no body. Now and then some human being brushes by—a woman, announced, perhaps, by rustling skirts or by some perfume cast from her clothes; perhaps a man, declared by the thud of a cane on the flagstones or the dull glow of a cigar.

Upon the main thoroughfares, a weird

and muffled pandemonium prevails. From out the heart of the yellow-reddish murk resounds the beat of horses' hoofs; now and then a spark flies close from their iron shoes. Hoarse warning cries are heard from everywhere, and sometimes, where the fog for a moment is thinned, exaggerated shapes and monstrous figures loom up and creep along, great trucks, wains, and omnibuses with lanterns lit and the drivers leading the horses. Then again strange man-shaped spots appear, like demons come from infernal corridors; they swell out of the darkness surrounded by faint red haloes. These are pedestrians preceded by link-boys, bearing their flaming torches to guide their patrons on their way. The lofty and powerful electric arc-lights, so keenly radiant when the air is clear, now sputter dismally, invisible save at a few yards. From directly below the iron standards, the fierce white arc is dimmed to the luminosity of a red-hot ember. Before some of the railway stations wave great gasoline flambeaux, and fires in iron cressets struggle with the fog—like beacons before the sea-castle of some medieval robber-lord. The detonators, placed upon the railway tracks in place of light signals, incessantly rend the air. The curbs are cumbered with useless hackney and hansom cabs, the horses unharnessed, the drivers disconsolate. The crawling omnibuses, blundering along the indistinguishable streets, often meet or mount upon the sidewalks amidst cries and wild confusion, and there they remain, like ships becalmed at night. Those huge Behemoths and cars of Juggernaut, the gigantic, double-decked motor-omnibuses, with their two lurid yellow eyes and little sparks of red and green, stand trembling and snorting with impatience, immersed and obliterated in the fog. Universal night enthralls the world-metropolis; its currents of commerce stagnate in its veins, its mighty plans and purposes are frustrated or delayed, and this central heart of the trade of the whole earth is standing still in a dark paralysis.

Onward into the night, into the mists, into the unknown! We see not and are not seen. We pass and repass, all of us shrouded in the all-enveloping gloom, along the daily walks where life roared in the sunlight of yesterday; we pass,—lovers may almost touch each other, each unknown to each, wives may pass their husbands and mothers their sons, mortal enemies may walk side by side and feel no stir of rage, the outcast and pariah may jostle with the peer of golden millions, for all are blind, helplessly blind! Eerie is this fog-life; London lies beneath its spectral pall like a doomed state whose hope and whose daylight are wrecked by the thick shadows of war or insurrection.

Swiftly we move along beside a stone wall surmounted by an iron rail which serves as a guide. We recoil as a vast apparition looms up before us and our hands touch its cold, graven sides. It is the Marble Arch, rising like a pale transparent stain out of the dunnest blankness of the fog. One might imagine it the vision of a cyclopean tomb of some long-buried Cæsar lifted up out of the vistas of fading time.

A great policeman stands before us not a yard away, yet ghostly and insubstantial to the eye. To him there comes a little girl, terror-stricken and in tears, who, straying from her mother, has been swallowed up in the mists.

'I 've lost my mother, where is my mother?' she cries.

'Where do you live, little girl?' asks the tall specter of the constable.

'I live in Fulham, sir,' she replies. 'Please, sir, which is the way to Fulham?'

The policeman points into the darkening wastes.

'You cannot find it now,' he says. 'Better wait here, then come to the station with me.'

'Where are you, little girl?' says a voice, and a bent figure with outstretched hands emerges through the walls of obscurity. 'Where are you? I 'll show you the way to Fulham. Come with me.'

It is an old man; his beard is white as snow; a placard glimmers faintly on his breast. He is blind. The little maid places her hand in his; they make two steps and the next instant are effaced in the fog. Only the blind know the way through this city that is blind.

Does the sun still move on overhead and the hours with him, or are time and the earth standing still? After a long time we at last wander along the Strand, which is smitten with an unusual silence. The close current of its traffic is stayed and disorganized; its thousands of pedestrians have shrunk to hundreds groping

through the choking miasma and the channels of tenebrous smoke.

How in the blindness that encompasses them do these dark-flitting shapes of men and women hurry on! They are as shadows lost and dissolved in night. They are the searchers and the symbols of the never-ending quest for light, for happiness, for peace. Something of the same feeling comes upon me as once came upon me when I walked through the empty streets of the dead Pompeii and only my footfall echoed on its sunswept stones. Here each is by and to himself complete, a little animated fire in the heart, a little light in the brain, in the veins a little warm red blood that keeps the breathing mechanism astir so long as the fire burns. Out of the darkness they came, in darkness they walk, into the darkness they shall go. The Black Fog, like Death itself, is a great leveler. All these beings are but phantoms to the eye, phantoms of human lives, dusky moths storm-driven to and fro on the gusts of existence, each on its own quest, which is that dream of the unattainable that will not come to pass.

Now we are close to Saint Paul's Churchyard. Here the mausolean night is lifted for a space, and out of the blankness of an umber-tinted vast swells forth a vague and mystic bulk of gray, a shadow without shading or relief. It is the immense cupola of the cathedral rising like a mountain above the streets. The sun does battle with the flying mists about the dome and melts them to a dull and sullen gold, wherein the star of day hangs like a quivering globe of blood. It is a spectacle of soft yet somber sublimity, such as only the towering imaginations of a Turner, a Doré, or a John Martin, expressed by brushes of opulent wealth and daring power, could conceive or execute. The drifting scud grows thinner and ever thinner in the upper air, and unfolds to him who gazes upward from the deep streets the gilded symbol of Christianity glowing softly in the golden haze, invested with a mild irradiance from the feeble light of the sun. There it lifts and gleams above the shadows like the sweet smile of the gentle Galilean whose sorrow and burthen it was and whose symbol it has remained. Below rolls the world, swart-black with its crime and misery; above, the titanic cross stretches wide its golden arms as with an imploring appeal from the Son of Man to the Love of Man. Pillars and cornices and angles of carven stone emerge faintly from the turbid chaos, like dim suggestions in a dream, or half-heard whispers out of midnight, all under the towering rood throbbing to the sky. It is high noon; a burst of bells suddenly breaks forth from the gossamer towers, a clanging chorus, loud, vibrant, and metallic. These violent voices are the chimes that utter every day with their iron tongues the beloved national hymn, 'God Save the King.' Now the strong glooms darken about the dome once more; the luster fades, and the great cross blurs dimly back into the crowding ocean of fog that overpowers it. Few of the thousands pressing along the paves have seen it, and had their eyes beheld it for a space, this apparition of the sign of human love, it would but have called forth ideas of the olden agony or a slight, subconscious tremble of reverence in those of religious blood. We repeat again the eternal interrogations: What is Truth? and—Where may Peace be found?

Is it here, perchance, where we now stand, upon the cold stone arches of London Bridge, above the ghostly rushing Thames whose clashing waves lap and swish against the stolid stone? Whence comes or goes this river, plunging out of darkness into darkness, broad and vast with the mystery of existence, and the constant cry of ever-recurrent life? Down from the hills to the sea, we say, up from the sea to the cloud, then down to the hills again, and again onward to the sea. It is the known and visible obedience to some iron law. But seldom we venture to pierce beneath the surfaces of semblance, lest we alight upon truths unknown, horrors negative to Hope, and see the old guides through life, blind and decrepit now, fall dead at our feet, or lest, cowering in our creeds, we fear, like savages in the storm-swept woods, that the hand that lifts the veil will be withered by some bolt from the furious heavens. Mantled in the palls of this everlasting ignorance, we stalk upon the highways of life like shadows drowned in shadow. Upon this ignorance the human heart builds its dreams as with inspiration, and draws hope from the very truth that this life seems so ill a recompense for all that tears and torments the baffled mind, adrift on the desert seas of mere conjecture.

Yet all nature about us is content, and the sojourn in the sunshine of all other living things is full of beauty and joy. But today the city mourns in sackcloth and ashes.

Darkly the waters gurgle through this murky night-in-day. Perhaps Peace is there, upon their bosom or within their depths, to be borne onward in some oarless, rudderless boat, past the muffled thunder of the metropolis, past fields filled with the mystery of things that live and grow and die, past the river's mouth where its lips of land speak a great farewell, out into the wastes of the infinite sea. Lovingly its breast would open and merge one again into the elements of its mighty vase, to be formed anew in the unceasing ferment of processes of creation.

Over the bridge the breathing specters move; below, indistinct and long-drawn shapes fare by, silent and immense, past all the pride of the city,—bearing what burthens? steered by what ghostly helmsman? So the barge of dolor must cross the lamenting currents of the infernal river. The shadow of another boat, with sweeps groaning in their locks, glides by beneath. Within its ribs lie piled

What merchandise? whence, whither, and for whom?
Perchance it is a fate-appointed hearse,
Bearing away to some mysterious tomb
Or Limbo of the scornful universe
The joy, the peace, the life-hope, the abortions
Of all things good which should have been our portions
But have been strangled by that City's Curse.

V

THE DAY OF GLORY

DOROTHY CANFIELD

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. . . if the armistice is signed, a salvo of cannon from the Invalides at eleven o'clock will announce the end of the war.

The clock hands crept slowly past ten and lagged intolerably thereafter. The rapid beating of your heart, telling off the minutes, brought eleven finally very near. Then the clock, your heart, all the world, seemed to stand still. The great moment was there. Would the announcing cannon speak? Such a terrible silence as the world kept during that supreme moment of suspense! It was the quintessence of all the moral torture of four nightmare years.

And then . . . like a shock within your own body it came, the first solemn proclamation of the cannon, shaking the windows, the houses, the very sky, with its news. The war was over. The accursed guns had ceased tearing to pieces our husbands and our sons and our fathers.

Of all the hundreds of thousands of women who heard those guns I think there was not one who did not feel instantly, scalding on her cheeks, the blessed tears—tears of joy! She had forgotten that there could be tears of joy. The horrible weight on the soul that had grown to be a part of life dissolved away in that assuaging flood; the horrible constriction around the heart loosened. We wept with all our might; we poured out once for all the old bitterness, the old horror. We felt sanity coming back, and faith and even hope, that forgotten possession of the old days.

When the first tears of deliverance had passed, and your knees had stopped shaking, and your heart no longer beat suffocatingly in your throat, why, then every one felt one common imperious desire, to leave the little cramping prison of his own walls, to escape out of the selfish circle of his own joy, and to mingle his thanksgiving with that of all his fellows, to make himself physically, as he felt spiritually, at one with rejoicing humanity.

And we all rushed out into the streets. I think there never can have been such a day before, such a day of pure thanksgiving and joy for every one. For the emotion was so intense that, during the priceless hours of that first day, it admitted no other. Human hearts could hold no more than that great gladness. The dreadful past, the terrible problems of the future, were not. We lived and drew our breath only in the knowledge that 'firing had ceased at eleven o'clock that morning,' and that those who had fought as best they could for the Right had conquered. You saw everywhere supreme

testimony to the nobility of the moment, women in black, with bits of bright-colored tricolor pinned on their long black veils, with at last a smile, the most wonderful of all smiles, in their dimmed eyes. They were marching with the others in the streets; every one was marching with every one else, arm in arm, singing:

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le Jour de Gloire est arrivé!

The houses echoed to those words, repeated and repeated by every band of jubilant men and women and children who swept by, waving flags and shouting:

Come, children of our country,
The Day of Glory is here!

Every group had at its head a permissionnaire or two in field uniform who had been pounced upon as the visible emblem of victory, kissed, embraced, covered with flowers, and set in the front rank to carry the largest flag. Sometimes there walked beside these soldiers working women with sleeping babies in their arms, sometimes old men in frock coats with ribbons in their buttonholes, sometimes light-hearted, laughing little munition workers still in their black aprons, but with tricolored ribbons twisted in their hair, sometimes elegantly dressed ladies, sometimes women in long mourning veils, sometimes ragged old beggars, sometimes a cab filled with crippled soldiers waving their crutches—but all with the same face of steadfast glowing jubilee. During those few blessed hours there was no bitterness, no evil arrogance, no revengeful fury. Any one who saw all that afternoon those thousands and thousands of human faces all shining with the same exaltation can never entirely despair of his fellows again, knowing them to be capable of that pure joy.

The crowd seemed to be merely washing back and forth in surging waves of thanksgiving, up and down the streets aimlessly, carrying flowers to no purpose but to celebrate their happiness. But once you were in it, singing and marching with the others, you felt an invisible current bearing you steadily, irresistibly, in one direction; and soon, as you marched, and grew nearer the unknown goal, you heard another shorter, more peremptory, rhythm mingling with the longer shout, repeated over and over:

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le Jour de Gloire est arrivé!

Now people were beginning to shout: 'To Strasbourg! To Strasbourg! To Strasbourg! To Strasbourg!' Then you knew that you were being swept along to the Place de la Concorde, to salute the statue of Strasbourg, freed from her forty years of mourning and slavery.

The crowd grew denser and denser as it approached that heart of Paris; and the denser it grew the higher flamed the great fire of rejoicing, mounting up almost visibly to the quiet gray skies:

Come, children of our country,
The Day of Glory is here!

'To Strasbourg! To Strasbourg! To Strasbourg!'

No evil epithets hurled at the defeated enemy, not one, not one in all those long hours of shouting out what was in the heart; no ugly effigies, no taunting cries, no mention even of the enemy—instead a fresh outburst of rejoicing at the encounter with a long procession of Belgians, marching arm in arm, carrying Belgian flags and pealing out like trumpets the noble Brabançonne! We made way for them with respectful admiration, we stopped our song to listen to theirs, we let them pass, waving our hats, our handkerchiefs, cheering them, pressing flowers upon them, snatching at their hands for a clasp as they went by, blessing them for their constancy and courage, sharing their relief till our hearts were like to burst!

We fell in behind them and at once had to separate again to allow the passage of a huge camion, bristling with American soldiers, heaped up in a great pyramid of brown. How every one cheered them, a different shout, with none of the poignant undercurrent of sympathy for pain that had greeted the Belgian exiles. These brave, lovable, boyish crusaders come from across the sea for a great ideal, who had been ready to give all, but who had been blessedly spared the last sacrifice—it was a shout of liesse which greeted them! They represented the youth, the sunshine; they were loved

and laughed at and acclaimed by the crowd as they passed, waving their caps, leaning over the side to shake the myriad hands stretched up to them, catching at the flowers flung at them, shouting out some song, perhaps a college cheer, judging by the professionally frantic gestures of a cheer leader, grinding his teeth and waving his arms wildly to exhort them to more volume of sound. Whatever it was, it was quite inaudible in the general uproar, the only coherent accent of which was the swelling cry repeated till it was like an elemental sound of nature:

The Day of Glory has arrived.

Now a group of English soldiers overtook us, carrying a great, red, glorious English flag, adding some hearty, inaudible marching song to the tumult. As they passed, a poilu in our band sprang forward, seized one of the Anglo-Saxons in his arms and kissed him resoundingly on both cheeks. Then there was laughter, and shouts and handshakings and more embracing, and they too vanished away in the waves of the great river of humanity flowing steadily, rapidly toward the statue of the lost city whose loss had meant the triumph of unscrupulous force, whose restitution meant the righting of an old wrong in the name of Justice. We were almost there now; the huge open place opened out before us.

Now we had come into it, and our songs for an instant were cut short by one great cry of astonishment. As far as the eye could reach, the vast public square was black with the crowd, and brilliant with waving flags, a band up on the terrace of the Tuileries, stationed between the captured German airplanes, flashed in the air the yellow sheen of their innumerable brass instruments, evidently playing with all their souls, but not a sound of their music reached our ears, so deafening was the burst of shouting and singing as the crowd saw its goal, the high statue of the lost city, buried in heaped-up flowers and palms, a triumphant wreath of gold shadowing the eyes which so long had looked back to France from exile.

Ah, what an ovation we gave her! Then we shouted as we had not done before, the great primitive, inarticulate cry of rejoicing that bursts from the heart too full. We shook out our flags high over our heads, as we passed, we cast our flowers up on the pedestal, we were swept along by the current—we were the current ourselves!

At the base of the statue a group of white-haired Alsatians stood, men and women, with quivering lips and trembling hands. Theirs was the honor to arrange the flowers which, tossed too hastily by the eager bearers, fell to the ground.

As they stooped for them, and reached high to find yet one more corner not covered with blooms, a splendid, fair-haired lad, sturdy and tall, with the field outfit of the French soldier heavy on his back, pushed his way through the crowd.

He had in his hand a little bouquet—white and red roses, and forget-me-nots. His eyes were fixed on the statue. He did not see the old men and women there to receive the flowers. He pressed past them and with his own young hands laid his humble offering at the feet of the recovered city. He looked up at the statue and his lips moved. He could not have been more unconscious if he had been entirely alone in an Alsatian forest. The expression of his beautiful young face was such that a hush of awe fell on those who saw him.

An old woman in black took his hand in hers and said: 'You are from Alsace?'

'I escaped from Strasbourg to join the French army,' he said, 'and all my family are there.' His eyes brimmed, his chin quivered.

The old woman had a noble gesture of self-forgetting humanity. She took him in her arms and kissed him on both cheeks. 'You are my son,' she said.

They all crowded around him, taking his hand. 'And my brother!' 'And mine!' 'And mine!'

The tears ran down their cheeks.

VI

CONSTANTINOPLE

ARTHUR SYMONS

[*Graphic*, London, Eng., October 19, 1918. By permission.]

Water, camels, sand, then broader water, boats, a little station, with a veiled woman standing in a doorway; then more

water and sandy grass, a few trees, then waste land, a long line of bullocks plowing; then, between the railway and the water, a cluster of colored houses, mostly of wood; then trees, more waste land, a little bay, with hills beyond; then fields, more clusters of mean houses, plowed land and water; at last, the wall, with its gaps and towers; a graveyard, gardens; then, between roofs and walls, the long curve of Constantinople. A dense smell, dogs, houses; then an actual sea-shore, with men wading bare-legged in the water, and boats coming in laden with melons; then streets of houses, with fragments of turreted walls, two birds on every turret; side-streets, cutting deeply between two lines of low red roofs; faces of many colors, strange clothes; then, over the roofs, but close, the water, houses, domes, minarets of the city, in a flash, veiled suddenly by the walls of the station, fastened about one.

The streets of Stamboul climb and zigzag; to walk in them is to crawl like a maggot in rotting cheese. A tram runs along one winding road, distracting it with a little civilization. Away from the tram-line, and even along a part of it, Stamboul is Eastern; the Thousand and One Nights are not yet over. The Bazaar lies in its midst, a center of leisurely and vehement life; around the Bazaar there are streets of shops, in which men live and work according to their trades; I remember best the street of the shoemakers and the street of the workers in iron. Markets spread outwards and downwards, and, level with the quays, there are more populous streets of shops, in which men make wooden and iron things for the ships, and clothes for those who come and go in the ships; and there is always a quayside bustle, smell, and filth; fierce men shouldering along, and sore dogs and men with red scarves round their heads, sitting on stools smoking cigarettes and drinking coffee out of tiny cups. Through openings between the sheds and houses you can see ships being loaded, mended, and painted; caiques wait to take passengers across, and the passengers sit in the caiques with umbrellas over their heads.

There is rest and peace by the Sea of Marmora, but for the Moslem the one harbor of peace, where he is wholly at home with himself, far from the mongrel crowds of Pera and Galata and Stamboul, is the little fierce, wind-swept suburb of Eyoub, conservatively alive among its graves. The Christian is unwelcome there; and why should he not be unwelcome? The mosque is the most sacred mosque in Constantinople, one of the two mosques which no Christian is allowed to enter; and is there anything unreasonable in this reticence? It is his association with other races, his struggle against the alien forces in his midst, that degrades the Turk; he learns craft from the Jew and greed from the Christian.

In Eyoub he has drawn himself aside, he lives the life of his forefathers; and you find yourself in another atmosphere as you land from the steamer at the last station on the Golden Horn. Beyond the water, low hills rise curved; dark cypresses climb the hillside in rigid lines; near the shore, rising out of trees, are the small white dome and the two minarets of the mosque. The streets are broad, well-paved, with none of the dirt and slime of Constantinople; on each side of the street are shops in which beads and rosaries are sold, and you see, for once, really appetizing pancakes being made, clean bread and clean fruit being sold. Men sit gravely in the cafés and at the doors of the shops; there is no noise, no bustle; every eye turns on you, without approval, but, as you walk quietly through their midst, without open hostility. The walls around the mosques are pierced by barred windows, through which you see bushy trees, and one huge plane-tree, gaping as if from a wound. As I passed, the outer doorway was being re-painted, and the black lettering above it was being carefully brightened. The inner court, through which men and women were passing, was well swept; there was none of the dust which lies thick about so many of the mosques; I caught a glimpse of the doorway into the mosque itself; the unadorned white marble was spotlessly white. But a little way beyond the mosque, a winding path begins uphill among the tombs, a kind of stairway with well-swept stairs, between the tombstones; around many of them are iron rails, freshly painted; even the tombs of women, with their flower-topped heads, are sometimes railed round. From the hilltop you look down on the Sweet Waters of Europe, a placid lagoon, with

its dim water and pale islands of grasses and barren shores.

Farther to the right, beyond the hill of graves and the mosques, is the curved course of the Golden Horn, with its shore of houses and its many masts shining under the sunlight. I sat long on the hill, looking down on this fierce and, as they call it, fanatical suburb, where I had expected to feel only a sense of peril and discomfort. Never had these enemies, the Turks, seemed to me so sympathetic, so reasonable; only, I could not help feeling that some apology was needed for my being there at all.

If you stand in the courtyard of the Suleimanie, just before the hour of prayer (you have but to turn, and you can see the water, Galata, and Scutari, in exquisite fragments), you will see men coming in one by one, and going up to the washing-place against the wall. They take off their coats and shoes, stand on the narrow foothold of stone in front of the tap, and wash hands and feet and head. The carter has tied his horse to a tree; the soldiers stroll in barefoot with their shoes; the many fez shine vividly against the straight white wall. The muezzins are waiting on the minarets; they lean over their balconies; then voice after voice, in the wailing Eastern tone, cries the salutation, one voice striking through another. They move round their balconies, crying to north and south and east and west. The men go in slowly at all the doors, pushing aside the heavy curtain.

It is this mosque, which is set on the highest hill and seems to crown the city, that Turkish poets have called 'splendor' and 'joy.' And, indeed, seen from the outside, it is the most beautiful mosque in Constantinople. Its admirable proportions, its severe and elegant bulk, its whole mass and height, stand out square and gray and uprising against the blue of the sky; a great gray building, with its flat surfaces, like the walls of a vast house, and great doorways, level with the wall, squared round by barred windows, and the long square lines of the harem, four five-sided minarets rising from its corners, with their elaborately carved balconies hung with little black lamps.

Women have no souls, say the Turks. Well, Turkish women have none. The soul in them sleeps, and without dreams. Their eyes are like lustrous oil, and shine without individual fire. Their eyes are like the conscious eyes of animals that have been taught coquetry; they have an instinct and artifice, and nothing between. They grow sleepy in captivity, and, not being wholly human, they paint their faces and dye their nails and their hair, that they may be more decorative than humanity. Their faces have the precise, not quite perfect, regularity of early painting and sculpture, in which men trimmed nature a little awkwardly. The nose is apt to be too long or too prominent, the chin too thickened. The mind has done nothing to model the lines of their faces finely; the lines are always in smooth curves, in which elegance sleeps. Beauty in them is an exterior thing, into which the individuality does not enter. They are as they were made in the beginning; they change only to fatten and to fade; they die children whom life has taught nothing but the taste of sweet and bitter.

The attraction of the East for the West is, after all, nostalgia; it is as if, when we are awakened by dreams, we remember that forgotten country out of which we came. We came out of the East, and we return to the East. All our civilization has been but an attempt at forgetting, and, in spite of that long attempt, we still remember. When we first approach it, the East seems nothing more than one great enigma, presented to us almost on the terrifying terms of the Sphinx. We are on the threshold of a mystery; a curtain trembles over some veiled image, perhaps the image of wisdom. The grave faces of worshipers look into our faces without curiosity; they come out into the light from behind the veil and go about their daily business, and they are as inscrutable to us as if they really were in communion with a wisdom which we do not know. Perhaps, after all, this secret with which they seem to go about is no more than certain ordinary and, of necessity, incommunicable thoughts. Here everything is incommunicable; there is a barrier between us and them, as narrow, perhaps, and as real as the barrier between Europe and Asia: you have only to cross the Bosphorus.

The true East, one imagines, might come ultimately to have its satisfaction for us, if only in our admiration before a complete, finished thing which we may not

understand. In Constantinople we meet the East half-way; it has all the finished barbarism of the West in conflict with its own fiercer elements. In that still hostile corner of Europe, the East still has to fight for foothold; it has never been let alone long enough to give itself up to its own leisure. Left to himself, the Turk's finest capacity is for an ironical repose, as he sits aside while the world goes by. He has settled now into a tragic, not satisfied, unstirred immobility; he desires no change, but things as they are do not give him happiness. Under his acceptance of them he has a few fierce ideas, held like swords. Religion which becomes fanaticism, fatalism which becomes inertia, pride which becomes a mask for ignorance, guide or station him. In his rejection of the West he has not been able to keep the West out of his city, and the West is beginning to soak into his soul.

VII

THE CITY THAT WAS

WILL IRWIN

[This is a recast of a newspaper article of the same title published in the New York *Sun*, April 21, 1906, three days after the Visitation came upon San Francisco. It is here reprinted by permission of the *Sun* and of Mr. B. W. Huebsch, who republished the revised article in book form. Two omitted passages are indicated by asterisks.]

The old San Francisco is dead. The gayest, lightest hearted, most pleasure loving city of the Western Continent, and in many ways the most interesting and romantic, is a horde of refugees living among ruins. It may rebuild; it probably will; but those who have known that peculiar city by the Golden Gate, have caught its flavor of the Arabian Nights, feel that it can never be the same. It is as though a pretty, frivolous woman had passed through a great tragedy. She survives, but she is sobered and different. If it rises out of the ashes it must be a modern city, much like other cities and without its old atmosphere.

San Francisco lay on a series of hills and the lowlands between. These hills are really the end of the Coast Range of mountains, which stretch southward between the interior valleys and the Pacific Ocean. Behind it is the ocean; but the greater part of the town fronts on two sides on San Francisco Bay, a body of water always tinged with gold from the great washings of the mountain, usually overhung with a haze, and of magnificent color changes. Across the Bay to the north lies Mount Tamalpais, about 3000 feet high, and so close that ferries from the waterfront take one in less than half an hour to the little towns of Sausalito and Belvidere, at its foot.

Tamalpais is a wooded mountain, with ample slopes, and from it on the north stretch away ridges of forest land, the outposts of the great Northern woods of Sequoia sempervirens. This mountain and the mountainous country to the south bring the real forest closer to San Francisco than to any other American city. Within the last few years men have killed deer on the slopes of Tamalpais and looked down to see the cable cars crawling up the hills of San Francisco to the south. In the suburbs coyotes still stole in and robbed hen roosts by night. The people lived much out of doors. There is no time of the year, except a short part of the rainy season, when the weather keeps one from the fields. The slopes of Tamalpais are crowded with little villas dotted through the woods, and these minor estates run far up into the redwood country. The deep coves of Belvidere, sheltered by the wind from Tamalpais, held a colony of 'arks' or houseboats, where people lived in the rather disagreeable summer months, coming over to business every day by ferry. Everything there invites out of doors.

The climate of California is peculiar; it is hard to give an impression of it. In the region about San Francisco, all the forces of nature work on their own laws. There is no thunder and lightning; there is no snow, except a flurry once in five or six years; there are perhaps half a dozen nights in the winter when the thermometer drops low enough so that in the morning there is a little film of ice on exposed water. Neither is there any hot weather. Yet most Easterners remaining in San Francisco for a few days remember that they were always chilly.

. . . . . .

So much for the strange climate, which invites out of doors and which has played its part in making the character of the people. The externals of the city are—

or were, for they are no more—just as curious. One usually entered San Francisco by way of the Bay. Across its yellow flood, covered with the fleets from the strange seas of the Pacific, San Francisco presented itself in a hill panorama. Probably no other city of the world, excepting perhaps Naples, could be so viewed at first sight. It rose above the passenger, as he reached dockage, in a succession of hill terraces. At one side was Telegraph Hill, the end of the peninsula, a height so abrupt that it had a one hundred and fifty foot sheer chiff on its seaward frontage. Further along lay Nob Hill, crowned with the Mark Hopkins mansion, which had the effect of a citadel, and in later years by the great, white Fairmount. Further along was Russian Hill, the highest point. Below was the business district, whose low site caused all the trouble.

Except for the modern buildings, the fruit of the last ten years, the town presented at first sight a disreputable appearance. Most of the buildings were low and of wood. In the middle period of the '70's, when a great part of San Francisco was building, the newly-rich perpetrated some atrocious architecture. In that time, too, every one put bow windows on his house to catch all of the morning sunlight that was coming through the fog; and those little houses, with bow windows and fancy work all down their fronts, were characteristic of the middle class residence districts.

Then the Italians, who tumbled over Telegraph Hill, had built as they listed and with little regard for streets, and their houses hung crazily on a side hill which was little less than a precipice. The Chinese, although they occupied an abandoned business district, had remade their dwellings Chinese fashion, and the Mexicans and Spaniards had added to their houses those little balconies without which life is not life to a Spaniard.

Yet the most characteristic thing after all was the coloring. The sea fog had a trick of painting every exposed object a sea gray which had a tinge of dull green in it. This, under the leaden sky of a San Francisco morning, had a depressing effect on first sight and afterward became a delight to the eye. For the color was soft, gentle and infinitely attractive in mass.

The hills are steep beyond conception. Where Vallejo Street ran up Russian Hill it progressed for four blocks by regular steps like a flight of stairs. It is unnecessary to say that no teams ever came up this street or any other like it, and grass grew long among the paving stones until the Italians who live thereabouts took advantage of this herbage to pasture a cow or two. At the end of four blocks, the pavers had given it up and the last stage to the summit was a winding path. On the very top, a colony of artists lived in little villas of houses whose windows got the whole panorama of the bay. Luckily for these people, a cable car scaled the hill on the other side, so that it was not much of a climb to home.

With these hills, with the strangeness of the architecture and with the green-gray tinge over everything, the city fell always into vistas and pictures, a setting for the romance which hung over everything, which has always hung over life in San Francisco since the padres came and gathered the Indians about Mission Dolores.

And it was a city of romance and a gateway to adventure. It opened out on the mysterious Pacific, the untamed ocean; and through the Golden Gate entered China, Japan, the South Sea Islands, Lower California, the west coast of Central America, Australia. There was a sprinkling, too, of Alaska and Siberia. From his windows on Russian Hill one saw always something strange and suggestive creeping through the mists of the Bay. It would be a South Sea Island brig, bringing in copra, to take out cottons and idols; a Chinese junk after sharks' livers; an old whaler, which seemed to drip oil, home from a year of cruising in the Arctic. Even the tramp windjammers were deep-chested craft, capable of rounding the Horn or of circumnavigating the globe; and they came in streaked and picturesque from their long voyaging.

In the orange colored dawn which always comes through the mists of that Bay, the fishing fleet would crawl in under triangular lateen sails; for the fishermen of San Francisco Bay are all Neapolitans who have brought their customs and sail with lateen rigs stained an orange brown and shaped, when the wind fills them, like the ear of a horse.

Along the waterfront the people of

these craft met. 'The smelting pot of the races,' Stevenson called it; and this was always the city of his soul. There were black Gilbert Islanders, almost indistinguishable from negroes; lighter Kanakas from Hawaii or Samoa; Lascars in turbans; thickset Russian sailors; wild Chinese with unbraided hair; Italian fishermen in tam o' shanters, loud shirts and blue sashes; Greeks, Alaska Indians, little bay Spanish-Americans, together with men of all the European races. These came in and out from among the queer craft, to lose themselves in the disreputable, tumble-down, but always mysterious shanties and small saloons. In the back rooms of these saloons South Sea Island traders and captains, fresh from the lands of romance, whaling masters, people who were trying to get up treasure expeditions, filibusters, Alaskan miners, used to meet and trade adventures.

There was another element, less picturesque and equally characteristic, along the waterfront. San Francisco was the back eddy of European civilization—one end of the world. The drifters came there and stopped, lingered a while to live by their wits in a country where living after a fashion has always been marvelously cheap. These people haunted the waterfront and the Barbary Coast by night, and lay by day on the grass in Portsmouth Square.

The square, the old plaza about which the city was built, Spanish fashion, had seen many things. There in the first burst of the early days the vigilance committee used to hold its hangings. There, in the time of the sand lot troubles, Dennis Kearney, who nearly pulled the town down about his ears, used to make his orations which set the unruly to rioting. In later years Chinatown lay on one side of it and the Latin quarter and the 'Barbary Coast' on the other.

On this square the drifters lay all day long and told strange yarns. Stevenson lounged there with them in his time and learned the things which wove into *The Wrecker* and his South Sea stories; and now in the center of the square there stands the beautiful Stevenson monument. In later years the authorities put up a municipal building on one side of this square and prevented the loungers, for decency's sake, from lying on the grass. Since then some of the peculiar character of the old plaza has gone.

The Barbary Coast was a loud bit of hell. No one knows who coined the name. The place was simply three blocks of solid dance halls, there for the delight of the sailors of the world. On a fine busy night every door blared loud dance music from orchestras, steam pianos and gramophones, and the cumulative effect of the sound which reached the street was chaos and pandemonium. Almost anything might be happening behind the swinging doors. For a fine and picturesque bundle of names characteristic of the place, a police story of three or four years ago is typical. Hell broke out in the Eye Wink Dance Hall. The trouble was started by a sailor known as Kanaka Pete, who lived in the What Cheer House, over a woman known as Iodoform Kate. Kanaka Pete chased the man he had marked to the Little Silver Dollar, where he halted and punctured him. The by-product of his gun made some holes in the front of the Eye Wink, which were proudly kept as souvenirs, and were probably there until it went out in the fire. This was low life, the lowest of the low.

Until the last decade almost anything except the commonplace and the expected might happen to a man on the waterfront. The cheerful industry of shanghaing was reduced to a science. A citizen taking a drink in one of the saloons which hung out over the water might be dropped through the floor into a boat, or he might drink with a stranger and wake in the forecastle of a whaler bound for the Arctic. Such an incident is the basis of Frank Norris's novel, *Moran of the Lady Letty*, and although the novel draws it pretty strong, it is not exaggerated. Ten years ago the police, the Sailors' Union, and the foreign consuls, working together, stopped all this.

Kearney Street, a wilder and stranger Bowery, was the main throughfare of these people. An exiled Californian, mourning over the city of his heart, has said:

'In a half an hour of Kearney Street I could raise a dozen men for any wild adventure, from pulling down a statue to searching for the Cocos Island treasure.' This is hardly an exaggeration. It was

the Rialto of the desperate, Street of the Adventurers.

These are a few of the elements which made the city strange and gave it the glamour of romance which has so strongly attracted such men as Stevenson, Frank Norris, and Kipling. This life of the floating population lay apart from the regular life of the city, which was distinctive in itself.

The Californian is the second generation of a picked and mixed ancestry. The merry, the adventurous, often the desperate, always the brave, deserted the South and New England in 1849 to rush around the Horn or to try the perils of the plains. They found there a land already grown old in the hands of the Spaniards—younger sons of hidalgo and many of them of the best blood of Spain. To a great extent the pioneers intermarried with Spanish women; in fact, except for a proud little colony here and there, the old, aristocratic Spanish blood is sunk in that of the conquering race. Then there was an influx of intellectual French people, largely overlooked in the histories of the early days; and this Latin leaven has had its influence.

Brought up in a bountiful country, where no one really has to work very hard to live, nurtured on adventure, scion of a free and merry stock, the real, native Californian is a distinctive type; as far from the Easterner in psychology as the extreme Southerner is from the Yankee. He is easy going, witty, hospitable, lovable, inclined to be unmoral rather than immoral in his personal habits, and easy to meet and to know.

Above all there is an art sense all through the populace which sets it off from any other population of the country. This sense is almost Latin in its strength, and the Californian owes it to the leaven of Latin blood. The true Californian lingers in the north; for southern California has been built up by 'lungers' from the East and Middle West and is Eastern in character and feeling.

Almost has the Californian developed a racial physiology. He tends to size, to smooth symmetry of limb and trunk, to an erect, free carriage; and the beauty of his women is not a myth. The pioneers were all men of good body; they had to be to live and leave descendants. The bones of the weaklings who started for El Dorado in 1849 lie on the plains or in the hill-cemeteries of the mining camps. Heredity began it; climate has carried it on. All things that grow in California tend to become large, plump, luscious. Fruit trees, grown from cuttings of Eastern stock, produce fruit larger and finer, if coarser in flavor, than that of the parent tree. As the fruits grow, so the children grow. A normal, healthy, Californian woman plays out of doors from babyhood to old age. The mixed stock has given her that regularity of features which goes with the blend of bloods; the climate has perfected and rounded her figure; out of doors exercise from earliest youth has given her a deep bosom; the cosmetic mists have made her complexion soft and brilliant. At the University of California, where the student body is nearly all native, the gymnasium measurements show that the girls are a little more than two inches taller than their sisters of Vassar and Michigan.

The greatest beauty-show on the continent was the Saturday afternoon matinée parade in San Francisco. Women in so-called 'society' took no part in this function. It belonged to the middle class, but the 'upper classes' have no monopoly of beauty anywhere in the world. It had grown to be independent of the matinées. From two o'clock to half-past five, a solid procession of Dianas, Hebes, and Junos passed and repassed along the five blocks between Market and Powell and Sutter and Kearney—the 'line' of San Francisco slang. Along the open-front cigar stores, characteristic of the town, gilded youth of the cocktail route gathered in knots to watch them. There was something Latin in the spirit of this ceremony —it resembled church parade in Buenos Ayres. Latin, too, were the gay costumes of the women, who dressed brightly in accord with the city and the climate. This gaiety of costume was the first thing which the Eastern woman noticed—and disapproved. Give her a year, and she, too, would be caught by the infection of daring dress.

In this parade of tall, deep bosomed, gleaming women, one caught the type and longed, sometimes, for the sight of a more ethereal beauty—for the suggestion of soul within which belongs to a New England woman on whom a hard soil has bestowed a grudged beauty—for the mo-

bility, the fire, which belongs to the Frenchwoman. The second generation of France was in this crowd, it is true; but climate and exercise had grown above their spiritual charm a cover of brilliant flesh. It was the beauty of Greece.

With such a people, life was always gay. If the fairly Parisian gaiety did not display itself on the streets, except in the matinée parade, it was because the winds made open-air cafés disagreeable at all seasons of the year. The life careless went on indoors or in the hundreds of pretty estates—'ranches' the Californians called them—which fringe the city.

San Francisco was famous for its restaurants and cafés. Probably they were lacking at the top; probably the very best, for people who do not care how they spend their money, was not to be had. But they gave the best fare on earth, for the price, at a dollar, seventy-five cents, a half a dollar, or even fifteen cents.

If one should tell exactly what could be had at Coppa's for fifty cents or at the Fashion for, say thirty-five, no New Yorker who has not been there would believe it. The San Francisco French dinner and the San Francisco free lunch were as the Public Library to Boston or the stockyards to Chicago. A number of causes contributed to this. The country all about produced everything that a cook needs and that in abundance—the bay was an almost untapped fishing pound, the fruit farms came up to the very edge of the town, and the surrounding country produced in abundance fine meats, game, all cereals, and all vegetables.

But the chefs who came from France in the early days and stayed because they liked this land of plenty were the head and front of it. They passed on their art to other Frenchmen or to the clever Chinese. Most of the French chefs at the biggest restaurants were born in Canton, China. Later the Italians, learning of this country where good food is appreciated, came and brought their own style. Householders always dined out one or two nights of the week, and boarding houses were scarce, for the unattached preferred the restaurants.

. . . . . .

The city never went to bed. There was no closing law, so that the saloons kept open nights and Sundays at their own sweet will. Most of the cafés elected to remain open until two o'clock in the morning at least.

This restaurant life, however, does not express exactly the careless, pleasure-loving character of the people. In great part their pleasures were simple, inexpensive, and out of doors. No people were fonder of expeditions into the country, of picnics—which might be brought off at almost any season of the year—and of long tours in the great mountains and forests.

Hospitality was nearly a vice. As in the early mining days, if they liked the stranger the people took him in. At the first meeting the San Francisco man had him put up at the club; at the second, he invited him home to dinner. As long as the stranger stayed he was being invited to week-end parties at ranches, to little dinners in this or that restaurant and to the houses of his new acquaintances, until his engagements grew beyond hope of fulfilment. Perhaps there was rather too much of this kind of thing. At the end of a fortnight a visitor with a pleasant smile and a good story left the place a wreck. This tendency ran through all grades of society—except, perhaps, the sporting people who kept the tracks and the fighting game alive. These also met the stranger —and also took him in.

Centers of man hospitality were the clubs, especially the famous Bohemian and the Family. The latter was an off-shoot of the Bohemian; and it had been growing fast and vying with the older organization for the honor of entertaining pleasing and distinguished visitors.

The Bohemian Club, whose real founder is said to have been the late Henry George, was formed in the '70's by newspaper writers and men working in the arts or interested in them. It had grown to a membership of 750. It still kept for its nucleus painters, writers, musicians, and actors, amateur and professional. They were a gay group of men, and hospitality was their avocation. Yet the thing which set this club off from all others in the world was the midsummer High Jinks.

The club owns a fine tract of redwood forest fifty miles north of San Francisco on the Russian River. There are two varieties of big trees in California: the Sequoia gigantea, and the Sequoia sempervirens. The great trees of the Mari-

posa grove belong to the gigantea species. The sempervirens, however, reaches the diameter of sixteen feet, and some of the greatest trees of this species are in the Bohemian Club grove. It lies in a cleft of the mountains; and up one hillside there runs a natural out of doors stage of remarkable acoustic properties.

In August the whole Bohemian Club, or such as could get away from business, went up to this grove and camped out for two weeks. On the last night they put on the Jinks proper, a great spectacle in praise of the forest with poetic words, music, and effects done by the club. In late years this has been practically a masque or an opera. It cost about $10,000. It took the spare time of scores of men for weeks; yet these 750 business men, professional men, artists, newspaper workers, struggled for the honor of helping out on the Jinks; and the whole thing was done naturally and with reverence. It would not be possible anywhere else in this country; the thing which made it possible was the art spirit which is in the Californian. It runs in the blood.

Who's Who in America is long on the arts and on learning and comparatively weak in business and the professions. Now some one who has taken the trouble has found that more persons mentioned in *Who's Who* by the thousand of the population were born in Massachusetts, than in any other State; but that Massachusetts is crowded closely by California, with the rest nowhere. The institutions of learning in Massachusetts account for her preeminence; the art spirit does it for California. The really big men nurtured on California influence are few, perhaps; but she has sent out an amazing number of good workers in painting, in authorship, in music, and especially in acting.

'High society' in San Francisco had settled down from the rather wild spirit of the middle period; it had come to be there a good deal as it is elsewhere. There was much wealth; and the hills of the western addition were growing up with fine mansions. Outside of the city, at Burlingame, there was a fine country club centering a region of country estates which stretched out to Menlo Park. This club had a good polo team, which played every year with teams of Englishmen from southern California and even with teams from Honolulu.

The foreign quarters are worth an article in themselves. Chief of these was, of course, Chinatown, of which every one has heard who ever heard of San Francisco. A district six blocks long and two blocks wide, housed 30,000 Chinese when the quarter was full. The dwellings were old business blocks of the early days; but the Chinese had added to them, had rebuilt them, had run out their own balconies and entrances, and had given the quarter that feeling of huddled irregularity which makes all Chinese built dwellings fall naturally into pictures. Not only this; they had burrowed to a depth of a story or two under the ground, and through this ran passages in which the Chinese transacted their dark and devious affairs—as the smuggling of opium, the traffic in slave girls, and the settlement of their difficulties.

In the last five years there was less of this underground life than formerly, for the Board of Health had a clean-up some time ago; but it was still possible to go from one end of Chinatown to the other through secret underground passages. The tourist, who always included Chinatown in his itinerary, saw little of the real quarter. The guides gave him a show by actors hired for his benefit. In reality the place amounted to a great deal in a financial way. There were clothing and cigar factories of importance, and much of the Pacific rice, tea, and silk importing was in the hands of the merchants, who numbered several millionaires. Mainly, however, it was a Tenderloin for the house servants of the city—for the San Francisco Chinaman was seldom a laundryman; he was too much in demand at fancy prices as a servant.

The Chinese lived their own lives in their own way and settled their own quarrels with the revolvers of their highbinders. There were two theaters in the quarter, a number of rich joss houses, three newspapers, and a Chinese telephone exchange. There is a race feeling against the Chinese among the working people of San Francisco, and no white man, except the very lowest outcasts, lived in the quarter.

On the slopes of Telegraph Hill dwelt the Mexicans and Spanish, in low houses, which they had transformed by balconies into a semblance of Spain. Above, and streaming over the hill, were the Italians.

The tenement quarter of San Francisco shone by contrast with those of Chicago and New York, for while these people lived in old and humble houses they had room to breathe and an eminence for light and air. Their shanties clung to the side of the hill or hung on the very edge of the precipice overlooking the Bay, on the verge of which a wall kept their babies from falling. The effect was picturesque, and this hill was the delight of painters. It was all more like Italy than anything in the Italian quarter of New York and Chicago—the very climate and surroundings, the wine country close at hand, the Bay for their lateen boats, helped them.

Over by the ocean and surrounded by cemeteries in which there are no more burials, there is an eminence which is topped by two peaks and which the Spanish of the early days named after the breasts of a woman. The unpoetic Americans had renamed it Twin Peaks. At its foot was Mission Dolores, the last mission planted by the Spanish padres in their march up the coast, and from these hills the Spanish looked for the first time upon the golden bay.

Many years ago some one set up at the summit of this peak a sixty foot cross of timber. Once a high wind blew it down, and the women of the Fair family then had it restored so firmly that it would resist anything. It has risen for fifty years above the gay, careless, luxuriant, and lovable city, in full view from every eminence and from every valley. It stands tonight, above the desolation of ruins.

The bonny, merry city—the good, gray city—O that one who has mingled the wine of her bounding life with the wine of his youth should live to write the obituary of Old San Francisco!

VIII

PUEBLO IN FLOOD

RAY HUMPHREYS

[*Denver Times*, June 6, 1921. By permission of author and publisher.]

Buffeting a terrific head wind and a mass of clouds that threatened at times to send the ship crashing to earth 2,000 feet below, the Oriole airplane, carrying a representative of the Associated Press and myself, sighted the smoking, flooded ruins of what was Pueblo soon after two o'clock on Saturday afternoon.

Swooping downward from the rain clouds into the sunlight, we flashed into view of the thousands of mud-bespattered hysterical men and women who lined the upper streets of the town. Thousands of arms shot skyward in salutation to us, the first of the outside world to reach the stricken city since the wall of water reached it on Friday night.

Circling over the city of Pueblo was much akin to circling over a ruined French village in wartime. From the airplane Pueblo looked like a mass of ruins. Thin columns of blue smoke curled skyward from a half dozen fires, water gushed and roared and eddied over more than a third of the city. Thin lines of khaki, with here and there the flash of a bayonet, showed the military lines. Back of these lines was massed the citizenry in every stage of fright.

Down in the yards lay two great trains —passenger trains—half buried in mud. Where the depot had been there was a nasty sea of water. Sixteen cars of cattle lay under water near the Nuckolls packing plant. Two bridges out of twelve were still standing. But they were swaying in the flood waters. A street car, afloat on the waters, bumped its nose against the second-story of the Vail Hotel like a battering ram. Timber, partly burned, floated down the streets. Dead livestock, battered automobiles, old wagons, houses, typewriters lay piled in heaps at every corner.

Banking down over the Congress Hotel we sailed back over the residential section of the city, over the Centennial High School, where relief stations were operating full blast, and everywhere the plane was greeted with a faint buzz from the thousands of upturned faces that watched our every move. It was a buzz when it reached us, but it was a wild roar, police told us after we landed.

With no trains, no telephones, no lights, no telegraph, a scarcity of food and no water, Pueblo greeted the plane as the first sign of an armistice after the battle she had waged single-handed for more than sixteen hours.

Circling again in great swoops, we righted ourselves and, climbing high above the ruined city, we took a huge,

sickening glide toward the State Fair Grounds and the landing field, only to find the field a lake of blue water. Again we climbed into the sky, circled the city 1,500 feet high, rushed through the rain clouds that hovered there, and then took another nose-dip for earth.

Far out toward the La Junta Road we spotted what appeared to be a dry field. After one minute's hesitation, 'We 'll risk it,' shouted the pilot. I nodded back consent and the airplane shuddered, spun, and dropped earthward like a yellow ball of fire in the faint rays of the sun. We glided above the ground for fifty yards, seeing that the field was muddy and bumpy. It looked like a certain spill. Then we struck. A moment's shock and we bounded across the field, coming to a halt within a few yards of a fence.

We climbed out and literally fell into the arms of a dozen men who came running from a pond nearby where they were fishing for bodies.

'Where are you from?' they cried.

'Denver,' we grunted, removing our helmets and goggles and thanking Providence we had landed on mother earth.

'Denver!' they cried. 'Is Denver wiped out? They said that Fifteenth Street was ruined and thousands killed and that the City Hall was gutted. What 's the news?'

'Denver 's fine,' I replied. 'How many are dead here?'

'A thousand won't do it,' replied one of the men. 'My wife is gone; I saw her go. This is hell, is n't it?'

'What 's doing?' asked the Associated Press man.

'Nothing,' said one onlooker. 'The soldiers won't let you cross to the other side. You 're in South Pueblo now. You 'll have to stay.'

On the tail of the Oriole, in the breeze of the giant propellor, was written the first dispatch out of Pueblo in eighteen hours. I handed it to the pilot, who was ready to start back to Denver.

'City Editor, *Times*,' I told him. He nodded.

Then, while we watched the plane soar away into the skies, another roar went up from the people. It was a roar this time; we were close enough to hear it in its volume. Then we started to walk, wade and swim into Bessemer. Great new rivers blocked the way and a man had to be a waterdog as well as a flier to make the grade. At length we struck a paved street. A military patrol halted us with a flourish of bayonets.

'Who are you?' asked a private.

The Sergeant—Sergeant Willoughby, Troop C—stuck out a finger, pointed to the army service pin I wore in my coat lapel, and grinned broadly.

'He 's all right,' he said. 'Where are you going?'

'I want to get to military headquarters,' I told him.

'Righto,' he answered, 'but it 'll be hard without a pass. Say, take this rifle and come with me. You 're with me, see? You 'll get through the lines that way.'

So, with a rifle for a passport, I entered Pueblo.

Downtown was chaos. No man living could describe this city of the dead. Armed guards stood in water waist high and caskets from an undertaking establishment were stacked on one corner. Ruin, havoc, reigned everywhere.

Upturned automobiles, with perhaps their passengers buried under them, lay on every side in the flooded district. Where the *Star-Journal* office used to be was a mass of wrecked machinery and a mountain of mud. Light poles down across the street made our progress difficult, and a thousand and one Special Deputy Sheriffs, American Legion men and volunteers, rendered our journey a series of halts and starts.

'Where are you going?' was the constant bawl.

'Military with feed for the horses,' shouted back Sergeant Willoughby at each challenge, and after the hindering official had eyed our heavy rifle equipment we were motioned to go ahead.

Time and again we sank into great holes, and the water, reaching up eagerly, slopped over the doors of the car, so that we had to hold our rifles chin-high, to prevent wetting them.

Up Main Street we went. There was no need for any man to say we were in a living—or, at least, what had been—a living hell. No adequate delineation is possible. Here was a breadwagon, jammed through a store window, there a dead horse; further on a bunch of mattresses tangled in a network of wires. Household furniture predominated in the

wreckage. Bedding lay in heaps, just as it was washed from the houses.

Troopers found a baby's body in a tangled blanket near Third and Main Streets, they said, just as the waters receded. So fast had come the hurricane of water that many families in bed were whirled out into the flood stream and drowned like rats.

Like sentinels of the dead, great trees, still lovely in summer foliage, stuck up here and there from piles of trunks, mattresses, carts and roofs. These trees had afforded a temporary refuge to many. One man, a Santa Fé brakeman told me, waited until his chin was on a level with the water and then suddenly placed a pistol he had held for hours to his head and pulled the trigger. His body splashed into the dark flood like a bag of flour. Troops took others from trees.

On many corners stood huge piles of charred lumber. It was this burning lumber that threatened Pueblo during the flood. Ignited by the explosions in the yards and then carried away on the crest of the flood, these burning firebrands bumped everywhere and carried death and destruction with them. Only the steady rain that marked the flood saved Pueblo from being gutted by this menace alone. Had it not been for the rain, Sergeant Willoughby said, it would not have been possible to save any portion of the town at all.

As we plodded through the mire we could see the high-water mark on the buildings, fourteen feet above the sidewalks. Innumerable automobiles stood with a ton of débris resting on their tops, showing that they had been completely submerged by the flood. It was a scene of desolation, of death, in which no human hand had a part.

And over all lay the filthy yellow slime that characterizes Pueblo this morning. None can tell how many crushed humans lie beneath this cloak of mud, as yet unsearched.

'There,' would point out Willoughby, 'is where we found a dead woman and a baby.'

A pace or two further, he would point out another gruesome detail, so that our journey up Main Street to the Elks' Hall was more like a funeral procession than a trip of military detail.

At length we reached the hall—four living, moving, mudmen. Here we found S. M. Pressy, Chairman of the Citizens' Safety Committee.

'So you 're the fellow that came in by airplane?' he asked, looking up. 'Is Denver gone? We heard so.'

Assured that Denver was not gone, he wrote out a pass good until seven o'clock in the evening. This pass, pinned beneath a Denver police badge, took me by the pickets, who sprang up, rifles in hands, on every corner as dusk came on.

Down to the devastated district the Sergeant led the way and, through oceans of slime, we plowed like so many truck horses, weighted down by mud and more mud.

Efforts to get a wire out to Denver were futile. The Western Union had tapped its wires at Mineral Park and, running in a few makeshift connections, was trying to get in touch with the outside world.

Meanwhile military automobiles were coming up Main Street with corpses lashed on the running boards, while thousands of whitefaced people lining the curbs wept, trembled, cursed—a bedlam of terror.

Darkness fell on the scene. It was necessary to go back for a new pass, which was promptly issued by Pressy. Meanwhile, however, Captain Dennis of Denver had arrived and ranger patrols from every direction were assembling. Quiet, unassuming, but with a demeanor that meant quick business, this troop, under Dennis, took charge of the town and relieved the Safety Committee.

'Here,' said Captain Dennis, 'here is a pass that will take you past every police line and military guard in Pueblo. You don't have to worry about any of them,' and he handed out the slip of paper.

Cavalry patrols dashing through the mud and throwing the spray high, torchlight processions of searchers for the dead, long lines of looters, or alleged looters, herded by troopers, weeping women and straggling lines of children—all these passed in the night.

Shortly before midnight a detachment of newspaper photographers from Denver and movie men reached town, having come in by handcar, auto and on foot from Colorado Springs. Two airplanes

followed ours into Pueblo, but refused to risk a landing.

The night grew darker, activities ceased.

IX

THE RETURN OF A NATIVE

P. W. WILSON

[*North American Review*, January, 1922. By permission.]

To revisit England after an absence of three years—and especially three years of the social turmoil that has followed the armistice—could not but be for an Englishman an experience at once fascinating and poignant. About the landscapes, so familiar, there was now a strange unfamiliarity, as if something—or some one—had changed—a change, not indeed in those fields, by comparison with the prairies so curiously green, or in the hedges that enclosed them, but in the eye itself which for the first time views them, as it were, from a distance, objectively. One realized why it is that Englishmen, after domicile abroad, whether in Asia, Africa or America,—for in this respect it makes no difference,—can never again be quite at home in England. These nomads have seen with their eyes what their people at home have not troubled as yet to imagine. They have looked over the hedges to the horizons beyond, and in their gaze these far horizons must ever be reflected. For every pilgrim who goes forth, the New World is a discovery, but for the American of seventy times seven generations the Old World remains, as Rome remained to the Celts of Cornwall, a sub-conscious memory—like a child's sense of the mother who died at his birth. The Old World can never know the New World as well as the New World knows the Old.

Take Fleet Street, the proverbial haunt of the press. Of her newspapers, dignified, accurate, and restrained, Britain has been justly proud. But in Fleet Street to-day there is a crisis. While the price of paper in the open market has fallen, many journals are tied to war contracts which have still a period to run. Labor is costly and the coal strike slumped advertisements, which source of revenue is only beginning to recover. All this means that newspapers are apt to be smaller than their normal size and that there is room for an ampler interpretation of life and events overseas. At the Foreign Office I found men like Sir William Tyrrell, who accompanied Lord Grey to Washington, and Sir Arthur Willert, who gained his experience in that city as correspondent of *The Times;* but even in the Foreign Office, though humanized out of all recognition, one was amused by the whimsical remark, 'The spirit of Lord North is not dead.'

One noticed first how large and crowded are the cities for so small a country. Here is population twice as dense per square mile as that of Japan. And for England, as for Japan, the fundamental problem is how to maintain and, still more, how to raise to a higher level the standard of life on an area so restricted. In the States, where poor men can and do constantly become rich or at least 'comfortably off,' you can talk plausibly to the wage-earner about production and output and an opportunity for all, but in Great Britain where, broadly speaking, the coal and mineral fields are under full development—and some approaching exhaustion—there is not this sense of limitless resources, still to be tapped. The English feel that for them there is so much and no more to be spent and enjoyed per head, and the question how the heritage is to be shared thus becomes vital to every household. When politicians call upon the workers to increase production, the workers have hitherto listened, if at all, with impatience. To them, output means export—commodities for others than themselves to enjoy—and export, so they think, means higher profits for the employer at stationary wages for the employed. Labor, thus arguing, is faced this winter by a sad disillusionment. The idea that the markets of the world will pay any price asked by British industry, whether Capital or Labor, for British coal, iron or cotton, is slowly but surely disappearing under the harsh stress of unemployment. France is getting her coal from Germany, and Germany is supplying finished steel at a figure which Britain must demand for pig-iron. Hence the great blast furnaces which I saw standing cold and silent—a spectacle all the more significant because it is reported as general. That the iron industry will re-

vive, every one believes. Railways, both in Britain and in India,—to give one factor,—must have metal. But the business has received, for the moment, a knockout blow, and at Mansfield, in the very heart of a prosperous mining area, I watched hundreds of men spending an idle day in the town square, where the only activity was displayed by a newspaper boy, selling a sheet called *The Early Bird,* entirely devoted to those sports which inspire betting. There is among the English a passion for glorious uncertainty which drives them into every quarter of the world, and when they remain at their own fireside, on humdrum money when Saturday comes round, they find an outlet either in religious emotion, as inspired by Wesleys and Whitefields and Moodys, or in games and races—football, pigeon flying, celery-shows, horses, dogs, fowls—any medium for competition with prizes. In many quarters, I heard regrets that the bookmaker should have so thriving a business. It was pointed out that mathematically his must be an undertaking which, on balance, draws money from the pocket of the wage-earner—money not to be spared with ease by the wage-earner's wife and family.

Unemployment has thus failed to limit expenditure—at any rate, to the extent one would have expected—or out of door recreation. Cricket and football are supported by a generous patronage. The famous games at Grasmere drew to that charming village among the Lakes of Westmoreland an amazing train of chara-bancs and motorcars, most of them hired by persons of small means. Agricultural shows, improvised in remote dales, gathered hundreds of pounds in an afternoon, at the gate. There are those who believe that it will take one more stern lesson this winter to teach the nation the duty of daily work; that with all the distress and anxiety, thrift has still to be learned. My impression is that a salutary awakening has already come. At the various Trade Union congresses the proceedings have been conducted in a very gentle tone. The miners, for example, are less than they used to be in the hands of their young and advanced rhetoricians, and in negotiations they now refrain from pressing demands which, as they rightly perceive, must imperil their own—and indeed all—industry. Railway men openly confessed to me that the time had come for everybody to settle down to his task, and in quarters where I should not have expected it I found a strong conviction that industry requires a complete liberation from the barbed-wire entanglements of Trade Union rules. Some of these, as quoted to me, seemed almost inconceivable in their economic futility. With large reserves of labor unemployed, there must be of necessity a chance for the open shop which the masters are advocating with unaccustomed boldness. I gathered that objection is not taken to Trade Union hours and wages so much as to the regulations which appear to waste the worker's energies and fritter away his time. For these regulations, it may be that employers have only had themselves to blame. In many industries before the war unfair wages and hours provoked among the workers their still existing unreasonable attitude. The reaction against organized labor is, however, none the less severe on that account. A policy of strikes has impoverished the Unions, which have had to realize their accumulated investments at heavy depreciation. While paying their dues, the members of the Unions have begun to ask what precisely, of recent years, have been the benefits accruing to them as contributors to a common fund. There is in Britain undoubtedly what in the United States would be called a 'radical' movement. Of this movement, the large circulation of *The Daily Herald*—this despite its price raised to twopence or four cents—is evidence. But it did not seem to me that the intellectuals in British Socialism—men like Ramsay Macdonald—were holding their own. Mrs. Philip Snowden, after visiting Russia and seeing things there for herself, has swung clearly from the left wing to the right. Her husband is no longer reckoned among the firebrands. Indeed, the fear in some quarters is that the reaction will sweep the country too far. Every reasonable person admits that the sweating system, as denounced by Charles Kingsley and immortalized to infamy in his *Song of the Shirt* by Tom Hood,—a system which condemned thousands of women to toil for three cents an hour and even less,—was a blot on the industrial escutcheon of England. A dozen years ago Sir Herbert Samuel, then at the Home Office, established Trade Boards which

rescued these virtually enslaved workers. The Trade Boards are now being assailed and their abolition is demanded, which, to be candid, seems an indefensible proposal. It is not the 10½d (21 cents) an hour made payable to seamstresses that imperils British industry. At present rates of exchange, it only works out at about seven dollars a week. The attack on the Trade Boards does show, however, in what direction sentiment is moving.

While the middle classes have rallied against insurgent Labor and with remarkable success, there is throughout the nation a cheerful camaraderie. The very retail tradesmen who suffered most severely from the coal strike collected money to pay for meals to be given to the miners' children. 'No boy or girl in our district,' said one business man, 'went hungry.' Yet this business man was an outspoken critic of the Trade Union leadership. There is, I think, a feeling that, after all, rich and poor in Britain have suffered and fought and died together, and that three years after the armistice they are together confronted by common dangers. If the workers are foolish, then, it cannot be claimed that the thinkers have been altogether wise. Among all classes there have been faults, followed by an atonement of heroism.

I cannot say that I found in Britain evidences of a religious awakening. The great Brotherhood meetings and adult schools, which were such a feature in the Churches before the war, are still staggering under the loss of their bravest and best young men, killed or crippled. Dr. Jowett, summoned from Fifth Avenue by command of the King and persuasion of the Prime Minister, has preached with tender sympathy, but, at the moment, he is in the south of France, recruiting from ill-health. Veterans like Dr. Clifford of the Baptists and Dr. F. B. Meyer of the Congregationalists do not seem to have successors. Indeed, the Free Churches, which have lost Dr. Campbell to Anglicanism and are hardly represented by that brilliant expositor, Dr. Orchard, appear to be fighting a soldiers' battle for faith and reverence. The Established Church is in the exactly converse situation. On social and industrial questions, the Archbishops and Bishops issue quite audacious pronouncements and the pulpit of St. Paul's Cathedral rings with the consecrated cynicism of Dean Inge. Socialists like Father Adderly of Covent Garden are heard with attention, and feminism—inevitable where women are in an excess of two millions—makes its influence felt especially in a Church where the majority of worshippers has long been drawn from that sex. I am told, however, that the progressive leadership in the Church of England has yet to penetrate rural deaneries. There is a background even here of intense conservatism. It is only in Wales that the Church is disestablished, and Welsh Episcopalianism promptly voted itself an Archbishop. Also, an acquiescent Prime Minister compelled Parliament to nullify disendowment by grants of public money!

That England is ripe for a great era of personal and national religion, is obvious. All that I am indicating is that the character of that era has not yet declared itself. Many Churches are crowded. On a weekday, there were at least six hundred persons attending evensong in St. Paul's Cathedral. To the lessons, as to the exquisite and unaccompanied singing, they listened with profound attention. The fact is, of course, that the British are today a nation of mourners. Everywhere it is the same; children killed, or children sent on service to the ends of the earth. Even today the outpouring of the nation's best life is wonderful. And with it there is a great zeal for higher education. Historic schools like Eton and Harrow and Winchester, which sent their boys by the thousand to battle and the grave, are crowded once more by a new generation. Oxford and Cambridge are full of undergraduates, so full that foreign students cannot always find accommodation. As India is discovering, the governing reserves of England are gravely depleted, but the gaps are already being filled, and it is even said that some professions—medicine, for instance—are overcrowded.

I am not myself much inclined to admire obelisks, and when I saw London's memorial to Nurse Cavell, I confess that I was disappointed and even indignant. That such a monument should have been reared without including the immortal utterance, 'Patriotism is not enough,' among its inscriptions, seemed to me an outrage upon a great international martyr and heroine. Londoners themselves are far from sat-

isfied with this addition to their sights to be seen. But with the cenotaph in Whitehall, 'To the Glorious Dead,' I was impressed far more deeply than I could have thought possible. I had not realized the touches of sombre radiant color, yielded by the flags, motionless as sentinels, or the banks of flowers, perpetually renewed by rich and poor—wreaths and crosses and humble bunches of wild blossoms that for weeks at a time have stretched across Whitehall and forced the police to divert the traffic from that busy avenue. In the Abbey one heard, as usual, the guides droning their rigmarole about kings and queens long ago dead and gone, but there did not need to be any guide to the simple stone in the nave, beneath which lay, in French soil brought with him, the ever unknown soldier. All day and every day, crowds gather around that spot and linger over the grave, with faces bent and eyes often averted from observation. Very pathetic were these emotions among a people reckoned to be so reserved as the English.

Not that on the surface you would detect sorrow. On the contrary, what I saw everywhere was a smile. It was the kind of cheerfulness that pervades a hospital, where all are comforted because all share the same trouble. 'The reason why people here are so happy,' said I to a friend, 'is that they have now no treasures on earth, but only in heaven!' So heavy have been financial losses that the victims have nothing now to worry about; for thousands, it is a case of starting things afresh, from scratch. Hence, there is a new appreciation of those benefits which money cannot buy. At the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool—raided by the unemployed a few days after I landed—no fewer than eight hundred persons daily passed the turnstile and studied the pictures. In the National Gallery, fronting Trafalgar Square in London, I found crowds of people, examining the rearranged masterpieces of that collection. There and at Hertford House, where the Wallace Collection is again to be seen, the roofs had been rearranged with a view to better lighting, and lectures on the art of which examples are shown were regularly delivered for any who wished to listen. It seemed as if 'admiration, hope and love'—by which we live—were asserting once more their claim over the spirit of the nation.

X

SEAGULLS IN LONDON

W. H. HUDSON

[*Observer*, London, Eng., January 16, 1921. By permission.]

On this subject, Mr. Reveirs-Hopkins writes: 'Can any of our ornithologists tell us of a reasonable first cause for a change in a habit in a species whose habits are supposed to be as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians?' The answer is that the gull's habits are more fixed and unalterable than any man-made laws, and that they have not changed. It only appears so to those who do not know the gull, but do you know that it is only in recent years the bird has become an annual visitor to London?

The gull is a seabird admirably fitted to the conditions he exists in: webbed feet, a dense plumage, which makes him the most buoyant of floating things, and powerful wings so fashioned and so controlled —so wind-wise, as it were—that flying against the wind the wind itself bears him along. But he is not pelagic like his near or distant relations: petrels, albatrosses, shearwaters, and others. They are more highly specialized; they pay but one visit each year to the land, to lay an egg on a rock, and when their young are reared to go back once more to their home and country—the rolling deep. The gull is the seabird that does not like to lose sight of the land, to which he can fly for refuge when the sea is too rough for him and the wind too violent.

Being a seabird he eats fish but can't dive for them like the tern, gannet, and cormorant; he can only snatch them from the surface, where they are not always seen, and he is thus compelled to subsist mainly on the dead fish matter the sea casts up. That's why he is called the 'vulture of the sea.' When fish food, living or dead, fails him, he roams inland, and his wild eyes that search the sea are just as wide open to detect eatable things in the land. Thus it came to pass that when the man who first invented the

plow plowed his first furrow a passing gull noticed that worms were turned up, and down he dropped with a joyful cry to devour them, and from that day he became a follower of the plow. In like manner when the first ship was launched, the gulls, idling about and sipping sea water as their custom is for want of something to eat, noticed that some fragments of food were thrown over by the mariners, and from that time they became followers of ships.

In severe winters, when sea and seashore food fails them and the earth is frost-bound, they suffer as much as other birds. Four winters ago we had a severe frost in West Cornwall, and when the field birds were perishing in numbers the gulls flocked to the village where I was staying and would come down into the street and to the very doors of the cottages to devour the scraps that could be spared to them in that season of war and scarcity. But the food was not enough. Close by there was a white band, a third of a mile long, on the beach, composed of the gulls that had died in the water and had been washed up by the tide.

At such seasons the gulls invariably ascend the estuaries and rivers to pick up what they can, and that is how we come to have them in the Thames. Thus, during a great frost in the late eighties of last century (not twenty years ago, as Mr. Hopkins says), when the river was full of floating blocks and masses of ice, the gulls came in unusual numbers. Then the people of London, or some of them, when walking on the bridges and the embankment, noticed, apparently for the first time, that the flying gull was an object of beauty—a thing to look at. And no wonder, when even the dry-as-dust ornithologist—Sebohm in this instance—cries out in delight at its loveliness, and says that the uplifted white wings of the gull have served the Christian artists from the earliest times as a model in their representations of angels and celestial beings.

Our Londoner then made the further discovery that the closer you see the bird the more beautiful it looks and that you can bring it as near to you as you like by feeding it. Every day at noon numbers of men and boys from the warehouses and shops and offices in the neighborhood would come down to Blackfriars Bridge and the Embankment to feed the gulls with the remains of their dinners, and feeding the gulls soon become a popular amusement all over London, for the gulls had also become visitors to the parks.

I think I can claim to be the first person in London to feed them with sprats. At all events, I saw no one else doing it for several days after I started it. The very sight of a little silvery fish thrown up would bring the birds screaming with excitement about me, and I would soon have a pushing crowd of people round me to see the fun. By and by others—ladies and gentlemen—began to come with their baskets and parcels of sprats.

Quite naturally, after having been received hospitably that winter, the gulls returned the next season, which was not a severe one, and as people continued to feed them they continued to come year after year, up to the present time. Thus one sees that it was not the gull but the Londoner who changed his habits. Here in this 'most westernest part of all the land,' where I write, the sentiment, comparatively new in London, is a very old one. The people generally are careless of their little wild birds' lives or they would not tolerate the bush-beating—a favorite recreation of the village boys. But the fisherman cherishes a tenderness for the gull. It is his Little Sister.

XI

THE SECRET DOOR

SIR PAUL DUKES

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Late at night I stood outside the Tauride Palace in Petrograd, which had become the center of the revolution. No one was admitted through the great gates without a pass. I sought a place about midway between the gates, and, when no one was looking, scrambled up, dropped over the railings, and ran through the bushes straight to the main porch. Here I soon met folk I knew—comrades of student days, revolutionists. What a spectacle within the palace, lately so still and dignified! Tired soldiers lay sleeping in heaps in every hall and corridor. The vaulted lobby, whence the Duma members

had flitted silently, was packed almost to the roof with all manner of truck, baggage, arms, and ammunition. All night long, and the next, I labored with the revolutionists to turn Tauride Palace into a revolutionary arsenal.

Thus began the revolution. And after? Every one knows now how the hopes of freedom were blighted. Truly had Russia's foe, Germany, who despatched the 'proletarian' dictator Lenin and his satellites to Russia, discovered the Achilles' heel of the Russian revolution. Every one now knows how the flowers of the revolution withered under the blast of the class war, and how Russia was replunged into starvation and serfdom. I will not dwell on these things. My story relates to the time when they were already cruel realities.

I

My reminiscences of the first year of Bolshevist administration are jumbled into a kaleidoscopic panorama of impressions gained while journeying from city to city, sometimes crouched in the corner of crowded box-cars, sometimes traveling in comfort, sometimes riding on the steps, and sometimes on the roofs or buffers. I was nominally in the service of the British Foreign Office; but the Anglo-Russian Commission (of which I was a member) having quit Russia, I attached myself to the American Y. M. C. A., doing relief work. A year after the revolution I found myself in the Eastern city of Samara, training a detachment of Boy Scouts. As the snows of winter melted, and the spring sunshine shed joy and cheerfulness around, I held my parades, and together with my American colleagues organized outings and sports.

Then one day, when in Moscow, I was handed an unexpected telegram—'urgent'—from the British Foreign Office. 'You are wanted at once in London,' it ran. I set out for Archangel without delay. Thence by steamer and destroyer and tug to the Norwegian frontier; and so, round the North Cape to Bergen, with, finally, a zig-zag course across the North Sea, dodging submarines, to Scotland.

At Aberdeen the Control Officer had received orders to pass me through by the first train to London. At King's Cross a car was waiting; and knowing neither my destination nor the cause of my recall, I was driven to a building in a side street in the vicinity of Trafalgar Square. 'This way,' said the chauffeur, leaving the car. The chauffeur had a face like a mask. We entered the building, and the elevator whisked us to the top floor, above which additional superstructures had been built for war emergency offices.

I had always associated rabbit-warrens with subterranean abodes; but here in this building I discovered a maze of rabbit-burrow-like passages, corridors, nooks, and alcoves, piled higgledy-piggledy on the roof. Leaving the elevator, my guide led me up one flight of steps so narrow that a corpulent man would have stuck tight, then down a similar flight on the other side, under wooden archways so low that we had to stoop, round unexpected corners, and again up a flight of steps which brought us out on the roof. Crossing a short iron bridge, we entered another maze, until, just as I was beginning to feel dizzy, I was shown into a tiny room about ten feet square, where sat an officer in the uniform of a British colonel. The impassive chauffeur announced me and withdrew.

'Good-afternoon, Mr. Dukes,' said the colonel, rising and greeting me with a warm hand-shake. 'I am glad to see you. You doubtless wonder that no explanation has been given you as to why you should return to England. Well, I have to inform you, confidentially, that it has been proposed to offer you a somewhat responsible post in the Secret Intelligence Service.'

I gasped. 'But,' I stammered, 'I have never—May I ask what it implies?'

'Certainly,' he replied. 'We have reason to believe that Russia will not long continue to be open to foreigners. We wish some one to remain there, to keep us informed of the march of events.'

'But,' I put in, 'my present work? It is important, and if I drop it—'

'We foresaw that objection,' replied the colonel, 'and I must tell you that under war regulations we have the right to requisition your services if need be. You have been attached to the Foreign Office. This office also works in conjunction with the Foreign Office, which has been consulted on this question. Of course,' he added, bitingly, 'if the risk or danger alarms you—'

I forget what I said, but he did not continue.

'Very well,' he proceeded, 'consider the matter and return at four-thirty tomorrow. If you have no valid reasons for not accepting this post, we will consider you as in our service and I will tell you further details.'

He rang a bell. A young lady appeared and escorted me out, threading her way with what seemed to me marvelous dexterity through the maze of passages.

Burning with curiosity, and fascinated already by the mystery of this elevated labyrinth, I ventured a query to my young female guide. 'What sort of establishment is this?' I said.

I detected a twinkle in her eye. She shrugged her shoulders and, without replying, pressed the button for the elevator. 'Good-afternoon,' was all she said as I passed in.

Next day I found the colonel in a fair-sized apartment, with easy chairs, and walls hidden by bookcases. He seemed to take it for granted that I had nothing to say.

'I will tell you briefly what we desire,' he said. 'Then you may make any comments you wish, and I will take you up to interview—a—the Chief. Briefly, we want you to return to Soviet Russia and to send reports on the situation there. We wish to be accurately informed as to the attitude of every section of the community, the degree of support enjoyed by the Bolshevist government, the development and modification of its policy, what possibility there may be for an alteration of régime or for a counter-revolution, and what part Germany is playing. As to the means whereby you gain access to the country, under what cover you will live there, and how you will send out reports, we shall leave it to you, being best informed as to conditions, to make suggestions.'

He expounded his views on Russia, asking for my corroboration or correction, and also mentioned the names of a few English people I might come into contact with there. 'I will see if—a—the Chief is ready,' he said, finally, rising. 'I will be back in a moment.'

The apartment appeared to be an office, but there were no papers on the desk. I rose and stared at the books on the bookshelves. My attention was arrested by an edition of Thackeray's works in a decorative binding of what looked like green morocco. I used at one time to dabble in bookbinding, and am always interested in an artistically bound book. I took down 'Henry Esmond' from the shelf. To my bewilderment the cover did not open, until, passing my finger accidentally along what I thought was the edge of the pages, the front cover suddenly flew open of itself, disclosing a box. In my astonishment I almost dropped the volume, and a sheet of paper slipped out and fell to the floor. I picked it up hastily and glanced at it. It was headed *Kriegsministerium, Berlin*, had the German Imperial arms imprinted on it, and was covered with minute handwriting in German. I had barely slipped it back into the box and replaced the volume on the shelf, when the colonel returned.

'A—the—a—Chief is not in,' he said, 'but you may see him tomorrow. You are interested in books?' he added, seeing me looking at the shelves. 'I collect them. That is an interesting old volume on Cardinal Richelieu, if you care to look at it. I picked it up in Charing Cross Road for a shilling.'

The volume mentioned was immediately above 'Henry Esmond.' I took it down warily, expecting something uncommon to occur; but it was only a musty old volume in French, with torn leaves and soiled pages. I pretended to be interested.

'There is not much else there worth looking at, I think,' said the colonel casually. 'Well, good-by. Come in tomorrow.'

I returned again the next day, after thinking overnight how I should get back to Russia—and deciding on nothing. My mind seemed to be a complete blank on the subject in hand, and I was entirely absorbed in the mysteries of the roof-labyrinth.

Again I was shown into the colonel's sitting-room. My eyes fell instinctively on the bookshelf. The colonel was in a genial mood. 'I see you like my collection,' he said. 'That, by the way, is a fine edition of Thackeray.' I felt my heart leap. 'It is the most luxurious binding I have ever yet found. Would you not like to look at it?'

I looked at the colonel very hard, but his face was a mask. My immediate con-

clusion was that he wished to initiate me into the secrets of the Department. I rose quickly and took down 'Henry Esmond,' which was in exactly the same place as it had been the day before. To my utter confusion it opened quite naturally, and I found in my hands nothing more than an *edition de luxe,* printed on India paper and profusely illustrated! I stared, bewildered, at the shelf. There was no other 'Henry Esmond.' Immediately over the vacant space stood the life of Cardinal Richelieu as it had stood yesterday. I replaced the volume, and, trying not to look disconcerted, turned to the colonel. His expression was quite impassive, even bored.

'It is a beautiful edition,' he repeated as if wearily. 'Now, if you are ready, we will go and see—a—the Chief.'

Feeling very foolish, I stuttered assent and followed. As we proceeded through the maze of stairways and unexpected passages, which seemed to me like a miniature House of Usher, I caught glimpses of tree-tops, of the Embankment Gardens, the Thames, the Tower Bridge, and Westminster. From the suddenness with which the angle of view changed, I concluded that in reality we were simply gyrating in one very limited space; and when suddenly we entered a spacious study,—the sanctum of '—a—the Chief,'—I had an irresistible feeling that we had moved only a few yards, and that this study was immediately above the colonel's office.

It was a low, dark chamber at the extreme top of the building. The colonel knocked, entered, and stood at attention. Nervous and confused, I followed, painfully conscious that at that moment I could not have expressed a sane opinion on any subject under the sun. From the threshold the room seemed bathed in semi-obscurity. The writing-desk was so placed, with the window behind it, that on entering everything appeared only in silhouette. It was some seconds before I could clearly distinguish things. A row of half a dozen extending telephones stood at the left of a big desk littered with papers. On a side table were numerous maps and designs, with models of airplanes, submarines, and mechanical devices, while a row of bottles of various colors and a distilling outfit with a rack of test-tubes bore witness to chemical experiments and operations. These evidences of scientific investigation served only to intensify an already overpowering atmosphere of strangeness and mystery.

But it was not these things that engaged my attention as I stood nervously waiting. It was not the bottles or the machinery that attracted my gaze. My eyes fixed themselves on the figure at the writing-table. In the capacious swing desk-chair, his shoulders hunched, with his head supported on one hand, busily writing, there sat in his shirt-sleeves—

Alas, no! Pardon me, reader, I was forgetting! There are still things I may not divulge. There are things that must still remain shrouded in secrecy. And one of them is—who was the figure in the swing desk-chair in the darkened room at the top of the roof-labyrinth near Trafalgar Square on this August day in 1918. I may not describe him, or mention even one of his twenty-odd names. Suffice it to say that, awe-inspired as I was at this first encounter, I soon learned to regard 'the Chief' with feelings of the deepest personal regard and admiration. He was a British officer and an English gentleman of the finest stamp, absolutely fearless and gifted with unlimited resources of subtle ingenuity, and I count it one of the greatest privileges of my life to have been brought within the circle of his acquaintanceship.

In silhouette I saw myself motioned to a chair. The Chief wrote for a moment, then suddenly turned, with the unexpected remark, 'So I understand you want to go back to Soviet Russia, do you?'—as if it had been my own suggestion.

The conversation was brief and precise. The words Archangel, Stockholm, Riga, Helsingfors, recurred frequently, and the names were mentioned of English people in those places and in Petrograd. It was finally decided that I alone should determine how and by what route I should regain access to Russia and how I should dispatch reports.

'Don't go and get killed,' said the Chief in conclusion, smiling. 'You will put him through the ciphers,' he added to the colonel, 'and take him to the laboratory to learn the inks and all that.'

We left the Chief and arrived by a single flight of steps at the door of the colonel's room. The colonel laughed. 'You will find your way about in course of

time,' he said; 'let us go to the laboratory at once.'

And here I draw a veil over the roof-labyrinth. Three weeks later I set out for Russia, into the unknown.

II

I resolved to make my first attempt at entry from the north, and traveled up to Archangel on a troopship of American soldiers, most of whom hailed from Detroit. But I found the difficulties at Archangel to be much greater than I had anticipated. It was 600 miles to Petrograd, and most of this distance would have to be done on foot through unknown moorland and forest. The roads were closely watched, and before my plans were ready, autumn storms broke and made the moors and marshes impassable. But at Archangel, realizing that to return to Russia as an Englishman was impossible, I let my beard grow and assumed an appearance entirely Russian.

Failing in Archangel, I traveled down to Helsingfors, to try my luck from the direction of Finland. Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, is a busy little city bristling with life and intrigue. At the time of which I am writing it was a sort of dumping-ground for every variety of conceivable and inconceivable rumor, slander, and scandal, repudiated elsewhere, but swallowed by the gullible scandal-mongers—especially German and *ancien-régime* Russian—who found in this city a haven of rest. Helsingfors was one of the unhealthiest spots in Europe. Whenever mischance brought me there, I lay low, avoided society, and made it a rule to tell everybody the direct contrary of my real intentions, even in trivial matters.

In Helsingfors I was introduced, at the British consulate, to an agent of the American Secret Service who had recently escaped from Russia. This gentleman gave me a letter to a Russian officer in Viborg, by name Melnikoff. The little town of Viborg, being the nearest place of importance to the Russian frontier, was a hornet's nest of Russian refugees, counter-revolutionary conspirators, German agents, and Bolshevist spies—worse, if anything, than Helsingfors.

Disguised now as a middle-class commercial traveler, I journeyed on to Viborg, took a room at the same hotel at which I had been told that Melnikoff stayed, looked him up, and presented my note of introduction. I found Melnikoff to be a Russian naval officer of the finest stamp, and intuitively conceived an immediate liking for him. His real name, I discovered, was not Melnikoff, but in those parts many people had a variety of names to suit different occasions. My meeting with him was providential, for it appeared that he had worked with Captain Crombie, late British Naval Attaché at Petrograd. In September, 1918, Captain Crombie was murdered by the Bolsheviki at the British Embassy, and it was the threads of his shattered organization that I hoped to pick up upon arrival in Petrograd.

Melnikoff was slim, dark, short, and muscular, with stubbly hair and blue eyes. He was deeply religious, and was imbued with an intense hatred of the Bolsheviki—not without reason, since both his father and his mother had been brutally shot by them, and he himself had escaped only by a miracle. 'The searchers came at night,' so he told the story to me. 'I had some papers referring to the insurrection at Yaroslavl, which my mother kept for me. The searchers demanded access to my mother's room. My father barred the way, saying she was dressing. A sailor tried to push past, and my father angrily struck him aside. Suddenly a shot rang out, and my father fell dead on the threshold of my mother's bedroom. I was in the kitchen when the Reds came, and through the kitchen door I fired and killed two of them. A volley of shots was directed at me. I was wounded in the hand, and only just escaped by the back stairway. Two weeks later my mother was executed on account of the discovery of my papers.'

Melnikoff had but one sole object left in life—to avenge his parents' blood. This was all he lived for. So far as Russia was concerned, he was frankly a monarchist; so I avoided talking politics with him. But we were friends from the moment we met, and I had the peculiar feeling that somewhere, long, long ago, we had met before, although I knew this was not so.

Melnikoff was overjoyed to learn of my desire to return to Soviet Russia. He undertook not only to make the arrangements with the Finnish frontier patrols for me to be put across the frontier at night, secretly, but also to precede me to

Petrograd and make arrangements there for me to find shelter. Melnikoff gave me two addresses in Petrograd where I might find him—one of a hospital where he had formerly lived, and the other of a small café that still existed in a private flat unknown to the Bolshevist authorities.

Perhaps it was a pardonable sin in Melnikoff that he was a toper. We spent three days together in Viborg making plans for Petrograd, while Melnikoff drank up all my whiskey except a small medicine-bottle full, which I hid away. When he had satisfied himself that my stock was really exhausted, he announced himself ready to start. It was a Friday, and we arranged that I should follow two days later, on Sunday night, the twenty-fourth of November. Melnikoff wrote out a password on a slip of paper. 'Give that to the Finnish patrols,' he said, 'at the third house, the wooden one with the white porch, on the left of the frontier bridge.'

At six o'clock he went into his room, returning in a few minutes so transformed that I hardly recognized him. He wore a sort of seaman's cap that came right down over his eyes. He had dirtied his face, and this, added to the three-days-old hirsute stubble on his chin, gave him a truly demoniacal appearance. He wore a shabby coat and trousers of a dark color, and a muffler was tied closely round his neck. He looked a perfect *apache* as he stowed away a big Colt revolver inside his trousers.

'Good-by,' he said simply, extending his hand; then stopped and added, 'let us observe the good old Russian custom and sit down for a minute together.'

According to a beautiful custom that used to be observed in Russia in the olden days, friends sit down at the moment of parting, and maintain complete silence for a few instants, while each wishes the others a safe journey and prosperity. Melnikoff and I sat down opposite each other. With what fervor I wished him success on the dangerous journey he was undertaking for me!

We rose. 'Good-by,' said Melnikoff again. He turned, crossed himself, and passed out of the room. On the threshold he looked back. 'Sunday evening,' he added, 'without fail.'

I saw Melnikoff only once more after that, for a brief moment in Petrograd, under dramatic circumstances. But that comes later in my story.

III

I rose early the next day, but there was not much for me to do. As it was Saturday, the Jewish booths in the usually busy little market-place were shut, and only the Finnish ones were open. Most articles of the costume I had decided on were already procured; but I made one or two slight additions on this day, and on Sunday morning, when the Jewish booths opened. My outfit consisted of a Russian shirt, black-leather breeches, black knee-boots, a shabby tunic, and an old leather cap with a fur brim and a little tassel on top, of the style worn by the Finns in the district north of Petrograd. With my shaggy black beard, which by now was quite profuse, and long unkempt hair dangling over my ears, I was a sight, indeed, and in England or America should doubtless have been regarded as a thoroughly undesirable alien.

On Sunday an officer friend of Melnikoff's came to make sure that I was ready. I knew him by the Christian name and patronymic of Ivan Sergeievitch. He was a pleasant fellow, kind and considerate. Like many other refugees from Russia, he had no financial resources, and was trying to make a living for himself, his wife, and his children by smuggling Finnish money and butter into Petrograd, where both were sold at a high premium. Thus he was on good terms with the Finnish patrols, who also practised this trade and whose friendship he cultivated.

'Have you any passport yet, Pavel Pavlovitch?' Ivan Sergeievitch asked me.

'No,' I replied; 'Melnikoff said the patrols would furnish me with one.'

'Yes, that is best,' he said; 'they have the Bolshevist stamps. But we also collect the passports of all refugees from Petrograd, for they often come in handy. And if anything happens, remember you are a "speculator."'

All are stigmatized by the Bolsheviki as speculators who indulge in the private sale or purchase of foodstuffs or clothing. They suffer severely, but it is better to be a speculator than a spy.

When darkness fell, Ivan Sergeievitch accompanied me to the station and part of the way in the train, though we sat separately, so that it should not be seen

that I was traveling with one who was known to be a Russian officer.

'And remember, Pavel Pavlovitch,' said Ivan Sergeievitch, 'to go to my flat whenever you are in need. There is an old housekeeper there, who will admit you if you say I sent you. But do not let the house porter see you,—he is a Bolshevik,—and be careful the house committee do not know, for they will ask who is visiting the house.'

I was grateful for this offer, which turned out to be very valuable.

We boarded the train at Viborg and sat at opposite ends of the compartment, pretending not to know each other. When Ivan Sergeievitch got out at his destination, he cast one glance at me, but we made no sign of recognition. I sat huddled up gloomily in my corner, obsessed with the inevitable feeling that everybody was watching me. The very walls and seats seemed possessed of eyes. That man over there, did he not look at me—twice? And that woman, spying constantly (I thought) out of the corner of her eye! They would let me get as far as the frontier; then they would send word over to the Reds that I was coming. I shivered, and was ready to curse myself for my fool adventure. But there was no turning back! *'Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit,'* wrote Virgil. (I used to write that on my Latin books at school—I hated Latin.) 'Perhaps some day it will amuse you to remember these things.' Cold comfort, though, in a scrape, and with your neck in a noose. Yet these escapades *are* amusing—afterward.

At last the train stopped at Rajajoki, the last station on the Finnish side of the frontier. It was a pitch-dark night, with no moon. It was still half a mile to the frontier. I made my way along the rails in the direction of Russia, and down to the wooden bridge over the little frontier river Sestro. Great hostility still existed between Finland and Soviet Russia. Skirmishes frequently occurred, and the frontier was guarded jealously by both sides. I looked curiously across at the gloomy buildings and the dull twinkling lights on the other bank. That was my Promised Land over there, but it was flowing, not with milk and honey, but with blood. The Finnish sentry stood at his post at the bar of the frontier bridge; and twenty paces away, on the other side, was the Red sentry. I left the bridge on my right, and turned to look for the house of the Finnish patrols to whom I had been directed.

Finding the little wooden villa with the white porch, I knocked timidly. The door opened, and I handed in the slip of paper on which Melnikoff had written the password. The Finn who opened the door examined the paper by the light of a greasy oil lamp, then held the lamp to my face, peered closely at me, and finally signaled to me to enter.

'Come in,' he said. 'We were expecting you. How are you feeling?'

I did not tell him how I was really feeling, but replied cheerily that I was feeling splendid.

'That 's right,' he said. 'You are lucky in having a dark night for it. A week ago one of our fellows was shot as we put him over the river. His body fell into the water and we have not yet fished it out.'

This, I suppose, was the Finnish way of cheering me up.

'Has any one been over since?' I queried, affecting a tone of indifference.

'Only Melnikoff.'

'Safely?'

The Finn shrugged his shoulders.

'We put him across all right—*a dalshe ne znayu* [what happened to him after that, I don't know].'

The Finn was a lean, cadaverous-looking fellow. He led me into a tiny eating-room, where three more Finns sat round a smoky oil lamp. The window was closely curtained and the room was intolerably stuffy. The table was covered with a filthy cloth, on which a few broken lumps of black bread, some fish, and a samovar were placed. All four men were shabbily dressed and very rough in appearance. They spoke Russian well, but conversed in Finnish among themselves. One of them said something to the cadaverous man and appeared to be remonstrating with him for telling me of the accident that had happened to their colleague a week before. The cadaverous Finn answered him with some heat.

'Melnikoff is a chuckle-headed scatterbrain,' persisted the cadaverous man, who appeared to be the leader of the party. 'We told him not to be such a fool as to go into Petrograd again. The Redskins are searching for him everywhere in Pet-

rograd, and every detail of his appearance is known. But he *would* go. I suppose he loves to have his neck in a noose. With you, I suppose, it is different. Melnikoff says you are somebody important— but that 's none of our business. But the Redskins don't like the English. If I were you, I would n't go for anything. But it 's your affair, of course.'

We sat down to the loaves and fishes. The samovar was boiling, and while we swilled copious supplies of weak tea out of dirty glasses, the Finns retailed the latest news from Petrograd. The cost of bread, they said, had risen to about eight hundred or a thousand times its former price. People hacked dead horses to pieces in the streets. All the warm clothing had been taken and given to the Red Army. The *Tchrezvichaika* (the Extraordinary Commission) was arresting and shooting workmen as well as the educated people. Zinovieff threatened to exterminate all the bourgeoisie if any further attempt were made to molest the Soviet government. When the Jewish Commissar Uritzky was murdered, Zinovieff shot over five hundred of the bourgeoisie at a stroke,—nobles, professors, officers, journalists, teachers, men and women,—and a list was published of another five hundred who would be shot at the next attempt on a commissar's life.

I listened patiently, regarding the bulk of these stories as the product of Finnish imagination. 'You will be held up frequently to be examined,' the cadaverous man warned me; 'and do not carry parcels —they will be taken from you in the street.'

After supper, we sat down to discuss the plans of crossing. The cadaverous Finn took a pencil and paper and drew a rough sketch of the frontier.

'We will put you over in a boat at the same place as Melnikoff,' he said. 'Here is the river, with woods on either bank. Here, about a mile up, is an open meadow on the Russian side. It is now eleven o'clock. About three we will go out quietly and follow the road that skirts the river on this side, till we get opposite the meadow. That is where you will cross.'

'Why at the open spot?' I queried, surprised. 'Shall I not be seen there most easily of all? Why not put me across into the woods?'

'Because the woods are patrolled, and the outposts change their place every night. We cannot follow their movements. Several people have tried to cross into the woods. A few succeeded, but most were either caught or had to fight their way back. But this meadow is a most unlikely place for any one to cross, so the Redskins don't watch it. Besides, being open, we can see if there is any one on the other side. We will put you across just here,' he said, indicating a narrow place in the stream at the middle of the meadow. 'At these narrows the water runs faster, making a noise, so we are less likely to be heard. When you get over, run up the slope slightly to the left. There is a path that leads up to the road. Be careful of this cottage, though,' he added, making a cross on the paper at the extreme northern end of the meadow. 'The Red patrol lives in that cottage, but at three o'clock they will probably be asleep.'

There remained only the preparation of 'documents of identification,' which should serve as passport in Soviet Russia. Melnikoff had told me I might safely leave this matter to the Finns, who kept themselves well informed of the kind of papers it was best to carry, to allay the suspicions of Red Guards and Bolshevist police officials. We rose and passed into another of the three tiny rooms that the villa contained. It was a sort of office, with paper, ink, pens, and a typewriter on the table.

'What name do you want to have?' asked the cadaverous man.

'Oh, any,' I replied. 'Better, perhaps, let it have a slightly non-Russian smack. My accent—'

The cadaverous man thought for a moment. 'Afirenko, Joseph Ilitch,' he suggested; 'that smacks of Ukrainia.'

I agreed. One of the men sat down to the typewriter and, carefully choosing a certain sort of paper, began to write. The cadaverous man went to a small cupboard, unlocked it, and took out a boxful of rubber stamps of various sizes and shapes, with black handles.

'Soviet seals,' he said, laughing at my amazement. 'We keep ourselves up to date, you see. Some of them were stolen, some we made ourselves, and this one—' he pressed it on a sheet of paper, leaving the imprint 'Commissar of the Frontier

Station Bielo'ostrof'—'we bought from over the river for a bottle of vodka.' Bielo'ostrof was the Russian frontier village just across the stream.

I had had ample experience earlier in the year of the magical effect upon the rudimentary intelligence of Bolshevist authorities of official 'documents,' with prominent seals or stamps. Multitudinous stamped papers of any description were a great asset in traveling, but a big colored seal was a talisman that leveled all obstacles. The wording of the document, even the language in which it was written, was of secondary importance. A friend of mine once traveled from Petrograd to Moscow with no other passport than a receipted English tailor's bill. This 'document of indentification' had a big printed heading with the name of the tailor, some English postage-stamps attached, and a flourishing signature in red ink. He flaunted the document in the face of the officials, assuring them it was a diplomatic passport issued by the British Embassy!

This, however, was in the early days of Bolshevism. The Bolsheviki gradually removed illiterates from service, and in the course of time restrictions became very severe. But seals were as essential as ever.

When the Finn had finished writing, he pulled the paper out of the typewriter and handed it to me for perusal. In the top left-hand corner it had this heading:—

Extraordinary Commission of the Central Executive Committee of the Petrograd Soviet of Workers' and Red Armymen's Deputies.

Then followed the text:—

CERTIFICATE

This is to certify that Joseph Ilitch Afirenko is in the service of the Extraordinary Commission of the Central Executive Committee of the Petrograd Soviet of Workers' and Red Armymen's Deputies, in the capacity of office clerk, as the accompanying signatures and seal attest.

'In the service of the Extraordinary Commission?' I gasped, taken aback by the amazing audacity of the thing.

'Why not?' said the cadaverous man coolly; 'what could be safer?'

I burst into laughter as I realized the grim humor of pretending to belong to the institution that employed all the paid hirelings of the Tsar's secret police to suppress the last vestiges of the liberty of the revolution!

'Now for the signatures and seal,' said the Finn. 'Tihonov and Friedmann used to sign these papers, though it does n't matter much; it 's only the seal that counts.'

From some Soviet papers on the table he selected one with two signatures from which to copy. Choosing a suitable pen, he scrawled beneath the text of my passport, in an almost illegible slanting hand, 'Tihonov.' This was the signature of a proxy of the Extraordinary Commission. The paper must also be signed by a secretary, or his proxy. 'Sign for your own secretary,' said the Finn, laughing and pushing the paper to me. 'Write upright this time, like this. Here is the original. Friedmann is the name.'

Glancing at the original, I made an irregular scrawl, resembling in some way the signature of the Bolshevist official.

'Have you a photograph?' asked the cadaverous man.

I gave him a photograph I had had taken at Viborg. Cutting it down small, he stuck it at the side of the paper. Then, taking a round rubber seal, he made two imprints over the photograph. The seal was a red one, with the same inscription inside the periphery that was printed at the head of the paper. The inner space of the seal consisted of the five-pointed Bolshevist star, with a mallet and a plow in the center.

'That is your certificate of service,' said the Finn; 'we will give you a second one of personal identification.'

Another paper was quickly printed off with the words, 'The holder of this is the Soviet employee Joseph Ilitch Afirenko, aged 36 years.' This paper was unnecessary in itself, but two 'documents' were always better than one.

It was now after midnight, and the leader of the Finnish patrol ordered us to lie down for a short rest. He threw himself on a couch in the eating-room. There were only two beds for the remaining four of us, and I lay down on one of them with one of the Finns. I tried to sleep, but could n't. I thought of all sorts of things—of Russia in the past, of the life of adventure I had elected to lead for the present, of the

morrow, of friends still in Petrograd who must not know of my return—if I got there. I was nervous, but the dejection that had overcome me in the train was gone. I saw the essential humor of my situation. The whole adventure was really one big exclamation mark. *Forsan et hæc olim—*

IV

The two hours of repose seemed interminable. I was afraid of three o'clock, and yet I wanted it to come quicker, to get it over. At last a shuffling noise approached from the neighboring room, and the cadaverous Finn prodded each of us with the butt end of his rifle. 'Wake up,' he whispered; 'we 'll leave in a quarter of an hour. No noise. The people in the next cottage must n't hear us.'

We were ready in a few minutes. My entire baggage was a small parcel that went into my pocket, containing a pair of socks, one or two handkerchiefs, and some dry biscuit. In my other pocket I had the medicine bottle of whiskey I had hidden from Melnikoff, and some bread.

One of the four Finns remained behind. The other three were to accompany me to the river. It was a raw and frosty November night, and pitch-dark. Nature was still as death. We issued silently from the house, the cadaverous man leading. One of the men followed behind, and all carried their rifles ready for use.

We walked stealthily along the road the Finn had pointed out to me on paper overnight, bending low where no trees sheltered us from the Russian bank. A few yards below, on the right, I heard the trickling of the river. We soon arrived at a ramshackle villa, standing on the river-bank, surrounded by trees and thickets. Here we stood stock-still for a moment, to listen for any unexpected sounds. The silence was absolute. But for the trickling of the river, there was not a rustle.

We descended to the water under cover of the tumble-down villa and the bushes. The stream was about twenty paces wide at this point. Along both banks there was an edging of ice. I looked across at the opposite side. It was open meadow, but the trees loomed darkly a hundred paces away on either hand and in the background. On the left I could just see the cottage of the Red Patrol, against which the Finns had warned me.

The cadaverous man took up his station at a slight break in the thickets. A moment later he returned and announced that all was well. 'Remember,' he enjoined me once again, in an undertone, 'run slightly to the left, but—keep an eye on that cottage.'

He made a sign to the other two, and from the bushes they dragged out a boat. Working noiselessly, they attached a long rope to the stern and laid a pole in it. Then they slid it down the bank into the water.

'Get into the boat,' whispered the leader, 'and push yourself across with the pole. And good luck!'

I shook hands with my companions, pulled at my little bottle of whiskey, and got into the boat. I started pushing, but with the rope trailing behind, it was no easy task to punt the little bark straight across the running stream. I was sure I should be heard, and had in midstream the sort of feeling I should imagine a man has as he walks his last walk to the gallows. At length I was at the farther side, but it was quite impossible to hold the boat steady while I landed. In jumping ashore, I crashed through the thin layer of ice. I scrambled out and up the bank, and the boat was hastily pulled back to Finland behind me.

'Run hard!' I heard a low call from over the water behind me. D—— it, the noise of my splash had reached the Red patrol! I was already running hard when I saw a light emerge from the cottage on the left. I forgot the injunctions as to direction, and simply bolted away from that lantern. Half-way across the sloping meadow I dropped and lay still. The light moved rapidly along the river bank. There was shouting, and then suddenly two shots; but there was no reply from the Finnish side. Then the light began to move slowly back toward the cottage of the Red patrol, and finally all was silent again.

I lay motionless for some time, then rose and proceeded cautiously. Having missed the right direction, I found that I had to negotiate another small stream that ran obliquely down the slope of the meadow. Being already wet, I did not

suffer by wading through it. Then I reached some garden fences, over which I climbed, and found myself in the road.

Convincing myself that the road was deserted, I crossed it and came out on to the moors, where I found a half-built house. Here I sat down to await the dawn—blessing the man who invented whiskey, for I was very cold. It began to snow, and, half-frozen, I got up to walk about and study the locality as well as I could in the dark. At the cross-roads near the station I discovered some soldiers sitting round a bivouac fire, so I retreated quickly to my half-built house and waited till it was light. Then I approached the station, with other passengers. At the gate a soldier was examining passports. I was not a little nervous when showing mine for the first time; but the examination was a very cursory one. The soldier seemed only to be assuring himself that the paper had a proper seal. He passed me through and I went to the ticket-office and demanded a ticket.

'One first class to Petrograd,' I said boldly.

'There is no first class by this train, only second and third.'

'No first? Then give me a second.' I had asked the Finns what class I ought to travel, expecting them to say third. But they replied, first, of course, for it would be strange to see an employee of the Extraordinary Commission traveling other than first class. Third class was for workers and peasants.

The journey to Petrograd was about twenty-five miles, and, stopping at every station, the train took nearly two hours. As we approached the city, the coaches filled up, until people were standing in the aisles and on the platforms. There was a crush in the Finland station at which we arrived. The examination of papers was again merely cursory. I pushed out with the throng, and looking around me on the dirty rubbish-strewn station, I felt a curious mixture of relief and apprehension.

My life, I suddenly realized, *had* had an aim—it was to stand here on the threshold of the city that was my home, homeless, helpless, and friendless, one of the common crowd. That was it—*one of the common crowd.* I wanted, not the theories of theorists, or the doctrines of doctrinaires, but to see what the greatest social experiment the world has ever seen did for the common crowd. And, strangely buoyant, I stepped lightly out of the station into the familiar streets.

XII

MY EXPERIENCE IN THE MOVIES

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

[*American Magazine*, October, 1920. By permission.]

There is a great deal of curiosity about writing for the moving pictures, and about the whole matter generally.
(a) Do the stars look like their pictures?
(b) Do they draw their reported salaries?
(c) How does one write scenarios?
(d) How do I, for instance, produce one of my own pictures?

The answers to these inquiries are:

(a) Some are even lovelier than their pictures. Some are—not.

(b) There is a good bit of exaggeration about moving picture salaries. Where there is a star, and especially when that star has an interest in the picture, vast amounts change hands. One very high-priced star, for instance, works for three months a year at a salary of ten thousand dollars a week. But she makes a good many pictures in that time, and works very hard. Another famous woman whose contract is a yearly one, gets three thousand dollars a week for fifty-two weeks. The rank and file get good, but not exorbitant salaries. Extra people are paid by the day, and I believe the average for experienced extras is eight dollars a day. But except in costume pictures they provide their own outfits. Of course 'extra' work is generally with the hope of being featured later. A test is taken of likely material and it is one of the surprises of the screen that plain young women frequently photograph as types of supreme and often spiritual loveliness, while girls of real beauty sink into commonplaceness.

(c) It is not the scenario which matters, but the idea behind it. The most perfect and slavish following of the text-books on scenario writing will not put over a poor idea or an old one. On the

other hand, a good situation or plot might be written in twenty words, on the back of last year's calendar, and find acceptance.

(d) Now, as to how I produce my own pictures.

Every now and then I have a conversation like this: Some clever woman comes to me, and she says, 'I have such a lot of time, and I do want to do something. I've thought of the moving pictures. What do you think about it?'

'Do you know anything about acting?'

'Mercy! I didn't mean that. But I go to the pictures, and I see so many things that need correcting. And I know something about decorating. Everybody likes my house.'

She is generally inarticulate, rather, but by this time I know what she feels and is vaguely striving to put into words. She is fastidious; she knows the customs of polite society, and what she means is that some pictures still show a lamentable lack of good taste. A lack of good taste in dress, in settings, and in morale. But the average of this good taste is constantly rising. There are always defects to be found, of course, greatly to the delight of those chronic protesters who, among magazine readers, for instance, think nothing of a two-cent stamp if they have caught me with a split infinitive.

Shall I ever forget the time I accredited a phrase to 'Bleak House' which should have gone to 'Nicholas Nickleby'!

I generally sit down with these people who want to elevate the taste of the pictures, and I tell them of the amount of effort and money being spent to do that very thing. In the gradual development of a new art—and the moving picture is the newest and most democratic of the arts—it is necessary to develop the artists. And *ars longa*. It takes time.

Today the successful directors are gentlemen who would no more countenance a white tie with a dinner coat than they would, for instance, count the cost of a scene. And because to err is human, a check is kept even on them, for they have quite a number of things to do. They have to act every part in the picture, to show how they want it done. They have to weep for the heroine and bark for the dog. They have to *be* every part, all at the same time, or they are not good directors. A juggler keeping seventeen china plates in the air at once has an easy task compared with them.

After the day's 'take' is completed, and the director is gradually becoming himself again and disentangling his personality, the 'take' goes to the laboratory. All over the lot (the 'lot' is a highly expensive property, boarded in from intrusion and as difficult to get into, past the gatekeeper, as the well-known simile of the camel and the eye of the needle—by the way, the eye of the needle was a gate, too, and into Jerusalem, I think), there are other directors and camera men sending in their day's 'take' to the laboratory.

There is much to be said about those laboratories, by the way. You wind into parts of them in complete darkness, holding to a hand ahead of you. It doesn't particularly matter whose hand. And when you get there it is still dark, but after a time you see three dull red objects, which prove to be somebody's face and two hands; but that is all you do see. They tell you what is going on, but when you get out into the light of day you draw a long breath and decide that writing has its advantages. There are vats to wet the film, big revolving drums to dry it, and machines to print it. And in a sort of cold storage vault there are metal containers somewhat smaller than the steam cooker of my childhood days.

'All we have to show, until we begin to print, of a picture that has cost a quarter of a million dollars, goes into one of those cans,' says the head of the laboratory.

So the day's rushes are developed, a print made, and the next day a board sits in the projecting-room and does what my enthusiastic visitor wanted to do.

That board is more calloused than the palm of a professional grafter's hand. (I wrote this 'golfer' but I think my secretary's interpretation of my writing is not bad!) It is as unemotional as Senator Lodge and as critical as an Englishman in America. It has left in it no thrills, no gooseflesh, no laughter, and no tears. It is a coroner's inquest. It is a pathological inquiry, trying to find out what is wrong. It is variously constituted, but it generally includes the head of the scenario department, the scenario writer of that particular story, the head

of the cutting department, the laboratory chief, and, of course, the producer or his representative. Sometimes it includes an author. The director of the picture is probably out on the lot, again acting fourteen parts to the music of a folding organ the size of a bushel of potatoes, a violin, and a 'cello. Good music, too, quite often.

It is fairly difficult to get by this skeptical group with any nonsense. They are there to pick flaws, and they find them. Of course I am referring now to the best type of studio, a place of great investment financially, and of the knowledge that only through quality lies success.

I have mentioned the cutter. Now, quite a lot has been written about moving pictures, but I have never seen the cutter treated with the consideration which is his due. He is a most important element in the making of a picture and he commands an excellent salary, which he assuredly earns. It is not at all unusual to have two hundred thousand feet of film taken in the development of a single story. Some pictures run far above that. And about the longest picture which an audience will sit through comfortably is seven thousand feet. Six thousand is better, and I am inclined to think that even that length will be reduced before long.

The cutter has to reduce these two hundred thousand feet of material, or sixty thousand, or a hundred thousand, to six or seven thousand! There is a task for you, to do that, and to lose nothing valuable! He and the director work together over the cutting table, and how they live to tell the tale—in six thousand feet—is as mysterious as the way people go over cliffs in automobiles, in the pictures, without injury.

But to go back to the coroner's inquest I have mentioned. You may have noticed that it is an entirely masculine board. With all her groping, my woman visitor was right. An intelligent, observant woman would be a highly useful addition. There are decayed gentlewomen acting as supers today, giving a real air of distinction to ballroom scenes; women who know, as no man ever takes the trouble to know, how dinner tables should be laid, and orders of precedence, and how an English butler is really liveried, and what are the duties of a second man. Such a woman, for instance, would immediately check up the strange forms in which notes and letters are still occasionally seen on the screen. She knows 'form,' which men seldom do.

Amazingly beautiful effects are worked out on the screen. One of the first things I had to learn was that the camera tolerates no makeshifts. It scorns the imitations which pass muster on the stage. A lot of nonsense is talked about the extravagance of making pictures; but the plain truth is that the camera is a ruthless and cruel betrayer of shams. Doors and walls have to be of wood, and solid wood. Iron gates are iron gates. A spade is a spade, and a Turkish carpet is a Turkish carpet.

The art department is vitally important. Here are made blueprints, and colored sketches, perspectives and plans. Here, too, are worked out the matters of furnishings and hangings, with experienced interior decorators in charge. Have you noticed the change in the interiors in the last two or three years? Do you remember the cluttered interiors of a few years ago? The figured wall paper? The rooms crowded with furniture? Do you recall how the gowns of the women in a ballroom and the lambrequins in the drawing-room used to blow about?

The day of the open stage is gone. The day of daylight, for pictures of interiors, has gone. Even in southern California, where daylight is the commonest thing they have, next to oranges and moving picture actors, it has gone. The stages are all closed in now; and when I say stages, I refer to buildings about the size of the hall in Chicago where a few months ago a number of clamorous gentlemen and a few women were indicating their choice for our next President. Temperamental directors go even further, and barricade their own particular portion of that stage with screens, from the reverse side of which the visitor, who has knocked down the gateman and got in over his prostrate figure, can hear his wails of grief, his cries of joy, his tense and emotional directions.

Listen, from behind the screen:

'Lights! Camera! Enter Clara. (Clara presumably enters.) Slowly now, Clara. *Slowly. Slowly.* . . . You have lost him. You will never see him again. . . . Stop! . . . Look at his chair. . . . Go on. . . . Your heart is broken.

Your—heart—is—broken. . . . Sit down. . . . Think. *Think.* . . . Cut.'

This last is to the camera man. Clara is still sitting in her chair, nursing her broken heart, and a young man steps before the camera and holds up a slate containing certain cabalistic signs. The camera man grinds a moment.

Now Clara looks rather wonderful under the Cooper-Hewitt lights. But Clara in daylight looks rather odd.

Now I have been made up for a moving picture. First I shall tell about that making up, and then about the picture. I may say as a preamble, however, that after seeing it I gave up any thought of playing in my own things. The making up ran something like this, done by a feminine expert.

(a) She covered my face with a thick layer of grease paint. Grease paint is cream-colored and looks like a stick of shaving soap. It obliterated the fine lines around my eyes which I like to think are the result of not wearing glasses, and gave me an enigmatical and baffling expression which is quite foreign to me.

(b) She placed over that a thick layer of yellow powder. I immediately took on a jaundiced look, with a tinge of malaria, and my face felt as mobile as the hood of an automobile.

(c) She took a brush and removed the powder from my eyebrows and lashes.

(d) She exaggerated the natural cupid's bow which is my upper lip, and did not redden the sides of either lip, thus reducing by about one inch the proportions of what I like to think is a humorous mouth.

(e) She rubbed a black paste into my eyelids. I now looked extremely tragic, and, I considered, something like Pauline Frederick with a dash of Nazimova. Owing to the fact that I had a towel pinned around my hair to keep it clean, and a sheet over my best silk sweater, I also had a certain nunlike look, and an expression of peace, due to the entire elimination of all my facial lines.

'I rather like it,' I said, and licked my lips. Which necessitated doing my cupid's bow again.

(f) She produced a tin frying pan some three inches across and filled with a black solid. Under this she burned three matches, while I watched her with apprehension. When the black material had melted into the consistency and appearance of the tar used for repairing roadways, she stuck a brush into it and approached me.

'What are you going to do now?' I demanded in alarm.

'Bead your eyelashes,' she said briskly. 'Close your eyes.'

The process consisted of painting my eyelashes with the tar, which then ran down and congealed in small black tears on the end of each lash. The effect was ravishing, from a distance, and I brought the frying pan home with me. When I think of the wasted years when I have put vaseline on my eyelashes at night, I could weep.

I then went to the stage and was movied, and spent a feverish night waiting for the rushes next day. I then discovered that I would continue to be a writer to the end of my days.

Now the reason for the picture was this: A certain Eastern company desired to make a picture of me, and to distribute it throughout the country. It was to show my normal life, and while I have not the text by me, this is the substance of it. But don't be too hopeful. I did n't do it.

First I was to be discovered bathing in the sea. I was to emerge from the sea and sit on the beach under a sun umbrella. (Bathing costume.)

While seated on the beach a messenger was to come telling me I was needed at once on the stage, one hundred and fifty miles north, where a picture of mine was being made. Flash of message. An aëroplane has been sent for me, and is even then waiting at the aviation field. I decide to mount my favorite horse and ride to the aviation field. (Riding costume. I gallop off.)

At the aviation field I change to flying garb, presumably behind a fence, and fly away. (Aviation costume.)

Reach aviation field near studio. Alight. Change to street garb and am seen entering studio. (Effective tailor-made costume.)

On stage directing picture. (Same costume. There is evidence of weakness here. Why not a change of clothes? Say, a Russian smock, or the breeches and puttees the directors wear?)

Go home and show domestic side of my nature by making a pie. (Becoming kitchen outfit.)

It is now evening. And time for it, I should say. I am next to be seen in my draw-

ing-room. (Full evening costume.) Entertaining guests. (Full evening costume.) The butler enters (livery) carrying cocktails (appropriately outfitted). Later he announces dinner. Long shot of the dinner party. Fadeout. Good night.

I took that outline to the Goldwyn Studio, which has charge of my moving picture career, and they agreed with me that it was a fine way to show my entire wardrobe, but that it was not precisely the way in which I should appear before the public. So we patched up a few odd scraps of film that had been made at various times, and the result is going around the country. I have seen it in the billiard-room at home, and I know now that the young girl who wrote and said she had seen me in the movies, and thought I was a fine actress, has not seen this picture at all, but is laboring under the impression that I am the beautiful young thing who plays the lead in my newest picture.

B. NARRATIVE ARTICLES

The narrative article seeks above all else to give a vivid, accurate, and interesting account of a series of incidents. It is frequently set off by a background and it often involves a personality as its motive force. Hence the narrative article usually includes a variable amount of description of places and persons, and by this combination it gains in interest and universality of appeal. The ordinary 'newspaper story' has been omitted from consideration here because its technique has become so specialized as to be unsuitable for general narrative writing. The mechanical restrictions of the average newspaper 'lead' are unnecessary in the freer writing of the longer narrative article, though both strive to answer as far as possible the five fundamental questions involved in this type of article: Who? What? Where? When? and Why?

The chief structural qualities which the narrative article should possess are: (1) Orderly sequence in the successive steps of the series of actions or incidents; this relation may be either casual, where one step depends upon a required antecedent condition or upon a state of mind, or else mechanical, where the article consists largely of a coherent account of steps in a process already completely determined. (2) Unity of the subject as a whole, which meets the Aristotelian demand that there be a beginning in which the action of the narrative is really started, a middle in which the action is developed and consistently carried on, and an end in which the various actions involved in the narration are brought to a satisfactory and complete conclusion.

The qualities of treatment and style which the narrative article demands are: (1) Interest arising partly from the nature of the actions related and partly from the interest which the writer himself takes in his subject, as well as from the professional desire to arouse interest, enthusiasm, or emotion in as many readers as possible. (2) Fidelity to fact, which allows no accessible source of information to go unregarded, and which permits no slovenliness of statement and no unjustified implication to pass uncensored, much less any actual misstatement of fact knowingly to be made. (3) Craftsmanship in method, which comes partly through constant practice and continuous effort, and partly from the careful and intelligent analysis of the masterpieces of those who have been conspicuously successful in writing stories that are compelling in interest, trustworthy in every detail, and noteworthy examples of the writer's craft.

I

INTERNATIONAL ORATORY AT THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE

ELMER DAVIS

[*New York Times*, December 11, 1921. By permission of author and publisher.]

Dec. 10.—Weather fair and warmer. That is the first fact, and not the least important fact, in this the biggest day since the opening of the conference. That means that those who held what are conventionally called the coveted pasteboards, those able to get into the plenary session, where for the first time something tangible and concrete was officially announced, were able to dress up—if they could.

More important, however, was the effect of the weather on dispositions. If the crowd that left Memorial Continental Hall to go to lunch had had to go out into a driving rain, there might have been somewhat less optimism about the lasting qualities of the new quadrangular treaty. Public opinion is apt to grow from the inside out, like ripples when a stone is dropped into the water. Nobody could walk out of the hall into the sunny crispness of this belated Indian Summer day without the conviction that God was in His heaven and that all was right with the world.

Having convinced the audience, the delegates may look forward with some assurance to convincing the world—with more assurance, certainly, than if the day had been dark and dreary and the tem-

perament of the spectators bilious and depressed. For, no matter how great the good will of the diplomats, it is n't always fair weather, even when good fellows get together, with nothing on the table but agenda.

Apparently everybody was on the conference floor who should have been, besides a few who should not—an American man and woman, sitting in the midst of a solid block of Japanese technical advisers, were delicately and discreetly put out by an usher during Mr. Hughes's opening speech. The galleries were full, too, though there was room for considerable speculation as to the identity of some of the persons seated there.

The pessimistic noted that at the opening of the session there were only three Senators in the Senate gallery, though a few more trickled in later. That is not to say, however, that there were any vacant seats; Senatorial wives and daughters and Senatorial Secretaries, filled the gallery, even though it was only what the theatrical people call a 'paper house.'

Loud applause for Charles Evans Hughes when he walked in two minutes before 11, and again when he called the conference to order at three minutes past. There was no opening prayer—let that damning fact be noted for those Republicans who alleged the absence of an invocation at the Paris conference as a reason for rejecting the Treaty of Versailles.

Everybody knew, of course, what the big item of the day's news would be, but everybody waited patiently none the less while Mr. Hughes ran through the history of the work done on Chinese questions and proposed the various resolutions of the Committee on Pacific and Far Eastern Affairs for formal ratification by the full conference. Scattering applause for his reference to the four Root resolutions as 'a charter for China'; more applause, though likewise rather perfunctory, for the ratification of the successive resolutions.

Overhead the flags of the nine nations, jutting out from a central block, kept in motion by an electric current, swung round and round, a nine-fold fan. On the floor a black mass of cutaways or dark business suits, broken here and there by the khaki or horizon blue of military uniforms, the dark blue and gold braid of a naval officer, or a flash of color from the hat of a woman reporter.

Up above in the galleries, more color, more interest. The spectators eager, the delegates impassive, the technical advisers rather bored. General Pershing, sitting just behind Secretary Hughes, fixed his glance severely, rather sternly, on the middle of the Secretary's back. Not much to see there, but there was nothing else to look at. Everybody knew that the preliminary business of China had to be got out of the way, even though it took half an hour; but there were visible signs of relief when China was done with and the road cleared for big business.

Mr. Hughes speaking again:

'I shall now ask Senator Lodge to make a communication to the conference with regard to a matter not properly within the agenda, but which should be made known to the conference.'

Senator Lodge reads the treaty; it has merits, many merits; not the least of which is brevity. And there is applause —wholehearted, enthusiastic applause as he ends—'and thereupon the agreement between Great Britain and Japan, which was concluded at London on July 13, 1911, shall terminate.'

Applause that begins in the galleries, sweeps down to stir the stolid ranks of the technical advisers, and is echoed even by the French and Chinese delegates. And then Senator Lodge begins his speech with a few words of exposition which make these clear provisions still clearer.

'The surest way to prevent war,' he says, 'is to remove the causes of war. This is an attempt to remove causes of war over a great area of the globe's surface by reliance upon the good faith and honest intentions of the nations which sign the treaty.'

More applause for that, and with reason.

And then, his duty done, the Senator is off for a trip through the South Sea Islands and the world's best classics—an oratorical trip, on which he carries his audience with him. We owe the Senator a good deal for that, for his oration bears evidence of many weary hours spent over Bartlett's 'Familiar Quotations' and

rograd, and every detail of his appearance is known. But he *would* go. I suppose he loves to have his neck in a noose. With you, I suppose, it is different. Melnikoff says you are somebody important— but that 's none of our business. But the Redskins don't like the English. If I were you, I would n't go for anything. But it 's your affair, of course.'

We sat down to the loaves and fishes. The samovar was boiling, and while we swilled copious supplies of weak tea out of dirty glasses, the Finns retailed the latest news from Petrograd. The cost of bread, they said, had risen to about eight hundred or a thousand times its former price. People hacked dead horses to pieces in the streets. All the warm clothing had been taken and given to the Red Army. The *Tchrezvichaika* (the Extraordinary Commission) was arresting and shooting workmen as well as the educated people. Zinovieff threatened to exterminate all the bourgeoisie if any further attempt were made to molest the Soviet government. When the Jewish Commissar Uritzky was murdered, Zinovieff shot over five hundred of the bourgeoisie at a stroke,—nobles, professors, officers, journalists, teachers, men and women,—and a list was published of another five hundred who would be shot at the next attempt on a commissar's life.

I listened patiently, regarding the bulk of these stories as the product of Finnish imagination. 'You will be held up frequently to be examined,' the cadaverous man warned me; 'and do not carry parcels —they will be taken from you in the street.'

After supper, we sat down to discuss the plans of crossing. The cadaverous Finn took a pencil and paper and drew a rough sketch of the frontier.

'We will put you over in a boat at the same place as Melnikoff,' he said. 'Here is the river, with woods on either bank. Here, about a mile up, is an open meadow on the Russian side. It is now eleven o'clock. About three we will go out quietly and follow the road that skirts the river on this side, till we get opposite the meadow. That is where you will cross.'

'Why at the open spot?' I queried, surprised. 'Shall I not be seen there most easily of all? Why not put me across into the woods?'

'Because the woods are patrolled, and the outposts change their place every night. We cannot follow their movements. Several people have tried to cross into the woods. A few succeeded, but most were either caught or had to fight their way back. But this meadow is a most unlikely place for any one to cross, so the Redskins don't watch it. Besides, being open, we can see if there is any one on the other side. We will put you across just here,' he said, indicating a narrow place in the stream at the middle of the meadow. 'At these narrows the water runs faster, making a noise, so we are less likely to be heard. When you get over, run up the slope slightly to the left. There is a path that leads up to the road. Be careful of this cottage, though,' he added, making a cross on the paper at the extreme northern end of the meadow. 'The Red patrol lives in that cottage, but at three o'clock they will probably be asleep.'

There remained only the preparation of 'documents of identification,' which should serve as passport in Soviet Russia. Melnikoff had told me I might safely leave this matter to the Finns, who kept themselves well informed of the kind of papers it was best to carry, to allay the suspicions of Red Guards and Bolshevist police officials. We rose and passed into another of the three tiny rooms that the villa contained. It was a sort of office, with paper, ink, pens, and a typewriter on the table.

'What name do you want to have?' asked the cadaverous man.

'Oh, any,' I replied. 'Better, perhaps, let it have a slightly non-Russian smack. My accent—'

The cadaverous man thought for a moment. 'Afirenko, Joseph Ilitch,' he suggested; 'that smacks of Ukrainia.'

I agreed. One of the men sat down to the typewriter and, carefully choosing a certain sort of paper, began to write. The cadaverous man went to a small cupboard, unlocked it, and took out a boxful of rubber stamps of various sizes and shapes, with black handles.

'Soviet seals,' he said, laughing at my amazement. 'We keep ourselves up to date, you see. Some of them were stolen, some we made ourselves, and this one—' he pressed it on a sheet of paper, leaving the imprint 'Commissar of the Frontier

Station Bielo'ostrof'—'we bought from over the river for a bottle of vodka.' Bielo'ostrof was the Russian frontier village just across the stream.

I had had ample experience earlier in the year of the magical effect upon the rudimentary intelligence of Bolshevist authorities of official 'documents,' with prominent seals or stamps. Multitudinous stamped papers of any description were a great asset in traveling, but a big colored seal was a talisman that leveled all obstacles. The wording of the document, even the language in which it was written, was of secondary importance. A friend of mine once traveled from Petrograd to Moscow with no other passport than a receipted English tailor's bill. This 'document of indentification' had a big printed heading with the name of the tailor, some English postage-stamps attached, and a flourishing signature in red ink. He flaunted the document in the face of the officials, assuring them it was a diplomatic passport issued by the British Embassy!

This, however, was in the early days of Bolshevism. The Bolsheviki gradually removed illiterates from service, and in the course of time restrictions became very severe. But seals were as essential as ever.

When the Finn had finished writing, he pulled the paper out of the typewriter and handed it to me for perusal. In the top left-hand corner it had this heading:—

Extraordinary Commission of the Central Executive Committee of the Petrograd Soviet of Workers' and Red Armymen's Deputies.

Then followed the text:—

CERTIFICATE

This is to certify that Joseph Ilitch Afirenko is in the service of the Extraordinary Commission of the Central Executive Committee of the Petrograd Soviet of Workers' and Red Armymen's Deputies, in the capacity of office clerk, as the accompanying signatures and seal attest.

'In the service of the Extraordinary Commission?' I gasped, taken aback by the amazing audacity of the thing.

'Why not?' said the cadaverous man coolly; 'what could be safer?'

I burst into laughter as I realized the grim humor of pretending to belong to the institution that employed all the paid hirelings of the Tsar's secret police to suppress the last vestiges of the liberty of the revolution!

'Now for the signatures and seal,' said the Finn. 'Tihonov and Friedmann used to sign these papers, though it does n't matter much; it 's only the seal that counts.'

From some Soviet papers on the table he selected one with two signatures from which to copy. Choosing a suitable pen, he scrawled beneath the text of my passport, in an almost illegible slanting hand, 'Tihonov.' This was the signature of a proxy of the Extraordinary Commission. The paper must also be signed by a secretary, or his proxy. 'Sign for your own secretary,' said the Finn, laughing and pushing the paper to me. 'Write upright this time, like this. Here is the original. Friedmann is the name.'

Glancing at the original, I made an irregular scrawl, resembling in some way the signature of the Bolshevist official.

'Have you a photograph?' asked the cadaverous man.

I gave him a photograph I had had taken at Viborg. Cutting it down small, he stuck it at the side of the paper. Then, taking a round rubber seal, he made two imprints over the photograph. The seal was a red one, with the same inscription inside the periphery that was printed at the head of the paper. The inner space of the seal consisted of the five-pointed Bolshevist star, with a mallet and a plow in the center.

'That is your certificate of service,' said the Finn; 'we will give you a second one of personal identification.'

Another paper was quickly printed off with the words, 'The holder of this is the Soviet employee Joseph Ilitch Afirenko, aged 36 years.' This paper was unnecessary in itself, but two 'documents' were always better than one.

It was now after midnight, and the leader of the Finnish patrol ordered us to lie down for a short rest. He threw himself on a couch in the eating-room. There were only two beds for the remaining four of us, and I lay down on one of them with one of the Finns. I tried to sleep, but could n't. I thought of all sorts of things—of Russia in the past, of the life of adventure I had elected to lead for the present, of the

Brewer's 'Dictionary of Literary Allusions,' not to mention the latest Rand-McNally atlas. For the Senator, beginning with a modest confession that 'I do not know what the total number of these islands is,' hastens to explain for the honor of Boston that 'I am informed as to the Philippines, and it appears that this group alone contains over 3,100 islands, of which 1,600 have names.'

'Good God!' one groans. 'Is he going to recite them all?' But he does n't. The Senator draws a long breath and does a swan dive into literature. They are all there, all the old friends—Stevenson, Herman Melville, Browning, Byron and the 'Isles of Greece'—compared unfavorably, needless to say, with these South Sea Islands so profuse in lava-lavas, leis, and mandates.

The Senator becomes lyrical himself when he thinks of these islands—'atolls where there are no dwellers but the builders of the coral reefs, or lonely rocks marking the peaks of mountains which rise up from the ocean's floor through miles of water before they touch the air.' 'An undiscovered country,' the Senator calls them; from whose bourne, one expects him to add, no traveler returns without writing a book which sells for $5 and goes into twenty-seven large printings.

With very little work, indeed, this oration could be set to music; its sonorous cadences roll on until the hearer is almost hypnotized into forgetfulness—until he loses count of the passages from Bartlett, and is quite unable to remember whether the Senator mentioned that most remarkable of South Sea phenomena, the nest of the fatu-liva bird, discovered by Captain Traprock.

But at last the voyage is over, and the Senator comes back to the present. A few words about 'this hour of trial and darkness which has followed the war with Germany'—a passage that gives M. Viviani the text for his remarks soon to follow—and then the Senator closes with a passage that makes one sit up and rub one's eyes and wonder who this is that is speaking: 'If we enter upon this agreement, which rests only on the will and the honor of those who sign it, we at least make the great experiment.'

There is a crippled, white-haired man in a house on S Street who also made a great experiment. When one hears Senator Lodge talking about great experiments, in this year of 1921, it is possible to believe that Saul also is among the prophets.

However, it was quite an oration, and so unexpected that one feels that the next thing in order is a vote of thanks to the National Geographic Society. But the habit of oratory has been started and it must run its course. For we now have M. Camerlynck, the incomparable translator of the French delegation, rising to turn Mr. Lodge's speech into French, as he did with that of Mr. Hughes. But not into mere French—into a French oration. He has it all, every word of it, including the quotations from the classics, and he puts it into rhythmic oratorical French.

Well, the treaty is before the conference. True, it has already been accepted and signed by the four powers directly concerned, duly acknowledged by its progenitors. But it is something 'which irregularly produced,' to quote the first and greatest of American diplomats, 'may be attended with great inconvenience.' Let everybody have his say; let all its sponsors stand up and be identified; let every criticism be answered. Has anybody anything to say? Ah, yes, M. Viviani.

He rises at one corner of the quadrangle of green tables, to be greeted with more applause than Senator Lodge or Secretary Hughes. Most of those who applaud will certainly be unable to understand a word of what he says, but that is beside the point. Nobody knows what he is going to say, and nobody cares. He speaks for France, and France still means something in American public opinion.

This sentiment for France, instinctive, unreasoned though not unreasonable, is the despair of foreigners—to the British a stumbling block and to the Italians foolishness, but a fact, and a fact which no man who has to deal with American public opinion can afford to ignore.

M. Viviani begins.

'Messieurs!' There are ladies in the gallery, ladies on the floor, but no appeal to 'mesdames,' not even that post-positive salutation which French speakers usually give as if by way of after-thought. M. Viviani, officially, is talking only to the

gentlemen of the conference; officially he does n't know that the galleries are there. But in a moment he has the galleries and the floor as well listening to his speech. Like Senator Lodge, he takes his audience away; but where Lodge's wanderings were in space, Viviani's are in time. He goes back to ancient history—back to August, 1914.

He is talking of this treaty, this self-denying ordinance, this appeal to public opinion and to moral force. He remembers those days just before the war, when France made her last effort to preserve peace, her last despairing attempt to give Germany no pretext for attack; when he, as head of the Government, took the responsibility of abandoning French soil to the prospective enemy, of ordering French troops to withdraw ten kilometers behind the frontier, that there might be no 'incidents' to set off the powder magazine.

'I waited until the last hour, the last minute, I waited as long as there was a gleam of hope left; but at last France had to go in; she decided to take a chance and fight, not only for her own dignity and independence but for the liberties of the world and the liberties of civilization.'

Applause, and more than applause. The French spirit has seized the audience, even those who know no French; it is impossible to speak of applause, one can think of it only as 'vifs applaudissements.'

More about the war—'a revolution, not a war'—something about young nations that must learn, to which forbearance must be used, about the troubled state of Eastern Europe. Irrelevancies, of course; we are not talking about land armaments any more; the subject for discussion is the four-power Pacific treaty. But they are charming irrelevancies; they are what they wanted to hear. Vive la France!

And now another oratorical outburst—Camerlynck again, the indefatigable Camerlynck, whose stenographic pen has been busy, and who now turns Viviani's French oration into oratorical English as readily as he turned Lodge's English oration into oratorical French. A wonderful man, this Camerlynck; no wonder that he has had, since coming to Washington, the offer of great sums from a half dozen business colleges which wanted this ambidextrous and bilingual master of tongues to teach their students his secret.

It has been a great oratorical festival, a sort of singing contest on the Wartburg, a combat of champions. So far has it strayed from the business before the house that one expects Mr. Hughes, when he rises again, to ask if Brother William Jennings Bryan is in the congregation, and if so, will he not say a few words.

But the conference is getting back to business: Mr. Balfour is recognized, rises slowly, his thumbs sliding up to the lapel of his coat.

He talks about the treaty, the treaty which had run almost twenty years and had endured through two great wars. 'When two nations have been united in that fiery ordeal, they can't at the end of it take off their hats and politely part as two strangers who have met in a railway train.'

Then more ancient history. Mr. Balfour reminds us that he was head of the Government that first signed the Anglo-Japanese alliance, the Government that first established the entente with France; that all his life he had been an advocate of Anglo-American friendship. And now the four States had been brought together in an agreement for peace; 'and nothing could better prepare the way for that diminution of naval armaments which I hope will be one of our greatest triumphs.'

The conference is back on earth again.

After the inevitable Camerlynck, Prince Tokugawa, speaking in English, and winning a roar of applause by almost his first sentence: 'It is easy for me to say that all Japanese will approve the consummation of this work.' 'As to the Anglo-Japanese agreement, which will soon terminate,' he goes on, 'I desire to associate myself with the words of appreciation so ably expressed by our distinguished colleague, Mr. Balfour.'

There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance. The Anglo-Japanese alliance passes into history.

Mr. Camerlynck is translating more rapidly now. Perhaps he only seems more rapid by comparison with the rather slow, if excellent English, of those

later speakers; perhaps he really is hurrying up. Peace delegates, after all, are human, as Henry Ford found out; like other people, they notice that it is getting on toward lunch time. But there are still some formalities.

Senator Schanzer rises to explain that the treaty read by Mr. Lodge was no surprise to the Italian delegation which has already been fully informed and is happy to add its approval. Italy is the only one of the five great powers not included in the treaty, but Italy has no territorial interests in the Pacific. But Italy has 'been let in on it' in advance, an accessory before the fact. That fact may be expected to count for something in determining the reaction of Italian public opinion.

Then Mr. Sze, the Chinese Minister, who gets almost as big a hand as Viviani. He approved heartily of the treaty and trusts that 'this will be supplemented by another convention to which all the powers, including China, will be parties, which will adjust conditions in the Far East on a basis of justice.'

It is no news that this is going to happen, but Mr. Sze's optimism is news, and good news: 'I am convinced that a satisfactory solution can be found for the remaining questions respecting Chinese sovereignty and aspirations. China will do what she can to bring about this result.'

Camerlynck talks faster and faster.

Now comes Jonkheer Van Karnebeek, head of the Dutch delegation, who also approves, and hopes that this is the beginning of movements that will lead to a permanent and lasting peace and 'the restoration of confidence.'

After him Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, the Belgian Ambassador, who looks so much like Karnebeek that one wonders if they might not be twins cast ashore by some cataclysm of nature on opposite sides of the Scheldt. He speaks in French today—his speech at the first plenary session was in English—and he concurs with all his heart.

Last of all Viscount d'Alte for Portugal, in whose English the Oxford accent still lingers.

The approval is unanimous. The treaty has been born, inspected and approved. Nothing left but the christening, and that may present some difficulties. There are already treaties of Washington, and you can not very well call this the treaty of the State, War and Navy Building, or the Four-Power-Compact of Memorial Continental Hall.

It is left for Mr. Hughes to sum up. 'Gentlemen, we have been dealing with a very simple question. I doubt if in all the world there may be found a diplomatic document of such great import, couched in such simple terms. I firmly believe that when ratification of this agreement takes effect, it will have done more to secure enduring peace than anything that has yet been done.'

Amen! For that consummation devoutly to be wished a trip to the South Seas with Henry Cabot Lodge is a cheap price.

And now the plenary session is over; Camerlynck's words tumble over each other in the translation of this final benediction just as delegates and visitors tumble over each other on the way to the cloak rooms. And everybody is off to lunch. The end of a perfect day, and not the least of its perfections is that the afternoon is still before us. But what can you do with an afternoon, to say nothing of an evening, in Washington?

Marcarius Aloysius McGurk, the Baconian cipher expert, announced this evening that he had devoted intensive study to the text of the treaty. 'I am not yet prepared,' said Mr. McGurk, 'to make public the full result of my researches. It is sufficient to mention a curious and as yet unexplained combination of letters which I have discovered buried in cryptographic form, of course, in the second clause of the treaty. The combination is O K W W.'

II

THE BIRTH OF SINN FEIN

SEUMAS MacMANUS

[*New York Times*, February 2, 1919. By permission.]

The first meeting of those terrible Irish Bolsheviki, who, a little later took to themselves the title of Sinn Fein, and—

just think of it!—actually asked for freedom for their country, took place about sixteen years ago. And—tell it not in Gath!—a prime instigator of that first meeting of those deplorable persons was George Moore!

That was shortly after the time when George made the world gasp by the alarming announcement that he was shaking from his shoes the dirt of London and carrying his glory over to bequeath it upon Ireland—which should henceforth be the center of the universe.

I turn from my narrative, for a moment, to record, for the benefit of the future historian, the amazing fact that, on the great morning on which the repatriate, enwrapt in his radiance, stepped from his ship upon the land that was now to be immortal, the cocks crew at the usual hour, on their usual note, and the keenest observer (to wit, the New Arrival) could not detect the faintest ripple disturbing the provokingly placid current of Irish life.

But to our Sinn Fein.

It was shortly after the foregoing singular happening that I, in my Donegal mountain cottage, one Saturday morning received a telegram, which read:

'Want you without fail to be at my house 3 o'clock to-morrow afternoon. Meet Moore, Griffith, and others, for very important conference.

MAUD GONNE.'

At that time either a King or a Queen of England (I forget which) had threatened a visit upon Ireland—and there was a well-founded rumor abroad that the Government was making with poor Redmond another of those slick deals by which they were regularly getting use of him, without his ever getting the promised *quid pro quo*.

Though the Irish Parliamentary Party machine was then going in perfect order, and Mr. Redmond had three-fourths of all Nationalist Ireland (among which I was not) believing he was fighting for Irish independence, there was some grumbling among many, even of the most faithful, in that he did not allay harmful rumors by an announcement that the threatened visitor was to receive just exactly the same respect as any other well-conducted stranger touring our country. I very well suspected that Maud Gonne's conference was called to deal with this subject. And I was correct.

When I reached Miss Gonne's cottage (next door, by the way, to that of 'A. E.') in one of the pleasant suburbs of Dublin, she informed me they were much alarmed lest Irish national principle should be compromised by a misleader, for what seemed to him to be a little material advantage. With some merriment she remarked that George Moore, terribly in earnest in his brand-new Nationalism, was particularly upset lest any appreciable portion of the Irish people should be misled into giving a reception to the King of England (we 'll suppose it to be the King),—something which they had not even given to Mr. Moore—and he had suggested her having a conference of some of the bolder spirits (among whom he evidently reckoned himself) for formulating a plan to upset Mr. Redmond's deal.

In Miss Gonne's parlor, with walls wonderfully painted by the poet, 'A. E.,' with pictures of the strangely beautiful spirits which he saw and communed with, I found already assembled Edward Martyn (whom George Moore has immortalized in his books), Arthur Griffith, Henry Dixon, Alderman Tom Kelly, and George Russell. ('A. E.') Hamlet only was missing. After we had waited a reasonable time and had at length audaciously concluded to go ahead without the Prince of Denmark, we heard the knocker of the door resound—and Miss Gonne ushered in the redoubtable George Moore, spick and span, and exhibiting perfection in every slightest detail. (How could he ever affect to consort with Bohemians?)

He stuck to his hat and his cane, as if one held, and the other guarded, his reputation, while he was in this company of moral banditti. They could not be coaxed nor coerced from him. Neither could he be wheedled nor forced into a seat. He was as uneasy as a hen on a hot griddle. Having recklessly taken a header into Irish nationalism the day before, he now seemed suffering the remorse of a man who had given way to a shameful drunk and just got out of it.

Anyhow, the hopes with which George had slept last night were drunk. He explained to us that he had carefully thought things over—after all, he was a literary man, not a politician—this kind of thing was not for him to take active part in—he was sure we perfectly understood—he sympathized with us—and

—and—good day! good day! good day, Miss Gonne and gentlemen! The faultlessly tailored and barbered Franco-Brito-Hibernian genius bowed himself out of the room, and out of national and international politics. Almost, that is. Which 'almost' I'll explain later.

Miss Gonne was disgusted, Edward Martyn enraged, and the rest of the company heartily amused by George Moore's newest comedy.

When Martyn's ruffled feelings had been smoothed, we got to business. We were aware that, for the Tuesday night following, the faithful had been summoned to meet, to hear, to indorse, and—chiefly—to finance Mr. Redmond and his Parliamentary Party in the great hall of the Dublin Rotunda. The annual party collection was thus inaugurated by jamming the Dublin shopkeepers with wind while the flakes were being artistically peeled from their pocketbooks. And the handsome start that the Dubliners gave to the party funds that night was, of course, to be followed, next day, by all Ireland. Therefore, we decided that the Rotunda stage, and Tuesday night, were the place and the time to compel from Mr. Redmond a commentary upon the King of England's coming.

Miss Maud Gonne, Edward Martyn, Henry Dixon, and Tom Kelly were agreed upon as an uninvited delegation that should walk upon the stage of the Rotunda in the middle of the proceedings and invite Mr. Redmond and the Parliamentary Party to suspend the proceedings until they had asked, and he answered, a question vital to Irish nationhood. We knew it would be a most provoking, disorderly proceeding—but some such action was needed to block the deal. To give the delegation some show of authority, we, one woman and six men, in a little cottage in Rathgar that afternoon, formed the Irish National Council—which was destined to make some Irish history.

On Tuesday evening I was walking down O'Connell Street with a friend—en route for a point of vantage in the gallery of the Rotunda—when I met Henry Dixon, hastening and breathless, who told me he had been searching for me; that the delegation was waiting for ...utside the Rotunda; that they had, ...ay afternoon, overlooked the fact that I (who, it seems, had suggested the delegates) had adroitly left myself off the honor roll, and insisted that I must join them, and take my chances of death or glory with the rest.

I had to agree. Until the meeting got under way we took seats on the floor, convenient to the door. When the proceedings started we went out and around into the anteroom, off the stage, there waiting until Mr. Redmond had well begun his speech of the evening. I think that Tim Harrington was Lord Mayor of Dublin at the time and was in the chair. All the rest of the party, about eighty-odd Members of Parliament, were banked in rows, like so many flourishing geraniums in a hot-house, behind Redmond and Harrington, upon the platform.

When Redmond's fine voice was reaching to every corner of the great and well-filled Rotunda, and every eye and ear was with him, a tall, elegant, beautiful woman and four hulking men made unexpected and resounding entrance upon the stage and marched like a picket-guard to the table in the center.

The audience gasped. The orator, in astonishment, ceased to orate. Tim Harrington jumped from his seat, seizing hold of the chair as the handiest resenter of a holdup, and eighty Members of Parliament emitted eighty different notes of pain, amazement, resentment, and rage.

Then for some moments there befell a dead silence in the great Rotunda. Mr. Redmond's gentlemanly instincts asserted themselves through his dumfoundment, and, though he loved Miss Gonne as a rat loves a cat, he turned and politely tendered to that towering lady his own chair, which she, with queenly grace, refused, saying that we had come not to sit, but to transact a little business—to put to him an important question, and get from him an answer.

The eighty-odd Members of Parliament jumped to their feet, and all spoke at one time, commanding that we should be thrown out. At least a thousand of the audience were on their feet, too, preferring the request that we be handed down to them. Mr. Redmond, with a wave of his hand, stilling the storm that was behind him, and the storm that was before, asked for the questioning to be deferred. We unanimously answered 'No!' An encouragingly large portion

of the audience answered 'No,' too, in our support. But by far the larger portion roared an enraged 'Yes!'

Maud Gonne deliberately put her question, asking Mr. Redmond whether he would advise his followers to receive or to ignore the King of England on his forthcoming visit.

Mr. Redmond, striking the table a terrible blow, roared his refusal to yield his mind to the demand of brigands! We audaciously closed in on him, insisting that we would not yield our position until he gave definite answer.

Then bedlam broke loose! Eighty Members of Parliament, seizing hold of their chairs, as being the only offensive items at hand, bore down upon us from the left. From the right, on the floor below, several hundreds—or thousands—of devoted-to-death disciples of Mr. Redmond were climbing over each other in a fierce effort to reach, and to teach, us. We occupied a most perilous position, on the edge of a very high platform—between the raging Parliamentary devil and the surging Dublin deep sea. Other several hundreds who revolted at Mr. Redmond's refusal to answer the pertinent question asked him, reached and stormed the further end of the platform with intention to succor and rescue us, though we had done a reckless thing (because the occasion demanded recklessness) and were, of course, prepared to take the certain consequences. Take and give.

On that memorable night the great annual public meeting of the Irish Parliamentary Party, called for the starting of the Parliamentary Fund, was ended before it was well begun. There was no more meeting that night and no fund. The press of the three kingdoms next morning blazoned forth the exciting account of the first Redmondite revolt! From that night forward Mr. Redmond and his party, self-convicted of duplicity, never afterward faced an open meeting in Dublin. From that time Mr. Redmond and the party began shedding their following, began the slow disintegration which resulted last month in their final disappearance from Ireland's political map.

A week later—without Mr. Moore, who was in congenial retirement, and also without 'A. E.,' who dropped out—the infant National Council held a meeting, drew up a Constitution, provided for spreading branches here and there over Ireland, and called a convention of Irish Nationalists. Arthur Griffith, who for some years had been toiling up to this, and trying to educate the country up to it, formulated the Sinn Fein policy, a chief plank in which was abstention of our representatives from the English Parliament, a turning of our eyes from Westminster to Ireland, a determination to save our own national soul.

At either its second or third annual convention the National Council, now grown from six to six thousand, formally adopted the whole Sinn Fein policy of Arthur Griffith—who was the brains, and leader in, although not the President of, the National Council. By formal resolution we dropped the title of National Council and assumed that of Sinn Fein.

Our official organ, Arthur Griffith's paper, *The United Irishman,* soon also changed its name to *Sinn Fein.* The young men and women of the country, all the ardent ones, and all the thinkers, enthusiastically thronged into the movement, which, born in trouble and reared in trouble, existed and grew (unobtrusively) fat upon trouble through the succeeding years.

And that little party, hastily formed in a little cottage at Rathgar on a Sunday afternoon, about sixteen years ago, and almost absquatulated when only two days old, has now absquatulated and buried the great party which was rendered restless by the bantling impudent. Out of 1,250,000 voters in Ireland last month, it got the hearty support of more than 1,000,000. It is holding the attention of the world.

III

THE STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES

ADRIANA SPADONI

[*New York Evening Post,* September 10, 1921. By permission of author and publisher.]

'Good morning little Elsie,' said Grandpa, 'have you seen the ducks this morning?'

He was at least fifty years old. He wore a rusty Prince Albert and a col-

ored shirt. His lack of necktie was partly concealed by a short, reddish beard and the deep wings of a celluloid collar. Behind his thick-lensed glasses the gentle blue eyes looked timidly.

'Pretty fair, Dr. Zimmerfeld,' shouted the principal, 'but you must pronounce the d's harder and the s's softer. It is not *goot,* but *good.*' She hurled the D at him as if it had been a brick, and I fancied that the doctor braced his shoulders to receive it. 'And the s's—it is not *zeen,* but *s-s-seen.*'

Like a bee the S buzzed about the doctor and stung him to renewed effort. 'S-s-s-s-s-s!' hissed Dr. Zimmerfeld over and over.

'There, there; that will do.'

'S-s-s-s-s-s-s-s!' Like a persistent yellow jacket the hiss continued.

'Stop! Enough! No more! Sit down!' Her large hands made violent gestures. Embarrassed and bewildered, Dr. Zimmerfeld sat down.

'Next!'

Next was younger, not more than twenty-four. His patent leathers were very pointed; upon his plump hand he wore a seal ring.

'Now, Monsieur Gaston, let us see what improvement you have made.'

Monsieur Gaston cocked his head to one side, as if getting the best angle of attack, pursed his full, red lips, and ejected Grandpa through the sparse hairs of a small, black mustache.

'Very good, monsieur; *very* good, indeed. You will learn English quickly.'

Monsieur smiled, bowed, and sat down, understanding nothing.

The third pupil rose. He was short, squat, and very dark, with a tiny gold hoop in the lobe of his right ear.

'Stupidest type of immigrant,' she whispered to me. 'Will never learn English in a thousand years. Ought to be deported. Now!' she employed her most encouraging tone. 'Go slowly.'

'Go—slowlee,' repeated the stupidest immigrant, triumphantly.

'No, no—*no.* Repeat after me. This way: "Good morning, little Elsie—"

'No, no, no—repit—after——' Here his memory failed him.

'Idiot!' mumbled the principal. 'Why *do* we let them into this country?'

'Now, Pietro, now—"Good morning, little Elsie," said Grandpa, "have you seen the ducks this fine morning?"'

She hurled the question into the air, as if it were a rubber ball after which the Stupidest Immigrant must surely run. But he looked back with a happy smile, the gold hoop behind the black curls, and demanded in a Calabrian dialect: 'What ducks?'

Up one line and down another she went, patience personified, while forty-five grown men, unfortunate enough to have been born in other lands, stood, their right hands beside them, the inane primer in their lefts, and demanded of Little Elsie whether she had seen the ducks.

Grandpa chanted his barnyard query, bellowed it, whispered and hissed; he gurgled and sputtered; he dragged it out of his innermost being; he hurled it forth as something unclean; he minced it delicately, spewing aside the th's and ripping out the c's and k's. He entangled a stolid Norseman like a net, and the great, quiet fellow went down into the sea after him. A dabber little Japanese sucked Grandpa up like gravy, and an Athenian swallowed the old gentleman, ducks and all, and gargled with them. A Spaniard from Barcelona pleaded with Little Elsie, so that one almost heard the tinkle of a guitar; while a White Russian seemed to be solving one of the philosophic knots so dear to the Slavic heart.

To have seen, or not to have seen; that was the question. Jews, Gentiles, Moslems; clerks, lawyers, rabbis, peddlers, and hucksters; boys from the Indian Ocean; men from the gray North Sea.

'There!' The principal turned to me at last. 'Do the best you can. Half of them will never learn a thing, anyhow, and the rest will go back to their own countries as soon as they get the money. We've got to do it, of course, but it seems pretty hopeless, sometimes. They're *so stupid.*'

She gathered up her papers, gleamed her most efficient smile, and indicated me: 'Gentlemen, this is your new teacher. You will learn English from her. She will tell you all about America, so that you can be good citizens and get fine jobs. Do you understand?'

A large smile spread itself across the room and every head nodded. Weeks afterward one of them told me they thought

I was a labor agent come to hire them *en masse.*

'But you must study hard,' she warned, shaking the insulting primer at them. 'You pay nothing; the country gives you this chance; you must show you are worth it.' And on this crescendo she vanished.

I stood for a moment looking at my new pupils. Then I closed the primer. I put it in a drawer. I locked the drawer. A deep sigh of relief went round the room. My men looked at me and smiled. I smiled back. 'Now,' I said very slowly and clearly, 'let us talk.'

It went haltingly at first. Nor could Little Elsie be entirely abandoned. Some day, perhaps, a genius will arise to write a text-book for foreigners and a Board of Education will be evolved with vision enough to adopt it. Until then this 'great, free opportunity we offer to the immigrant' will still be presented to him via Grandpa and Little Elsie.

But night by night we left the old gentleman further behind; and, with the small measure of English at their command, dug deeper into their hopes and misunderstandings and disappointments; unearthed the impulses that had torn them from the clinging soil of Europe; relit the hopes that had beckoned them to America, where now they found themselves carried along under the surface of our national consciousness, despised, except at election time.

There was Dr. Zimmerfeld, who had beaten his way up from a Polish ghetto to the degree of Doctor of Laws, only to encounter the impregnable bastile of Gentile prejudice. He had read Shakespeare and Balzac in Polish. He spoke and wrote Hebrew, Russian, and Esperanto. He understood Lettish, Greek, and Arabic.

And there was Pietro, to whom the simplest question had to be translated into the dialect of a Calabrian village. Pietro had come to America to get $1,000—5,000 lire—and go back and sit in the sun of the public plaza and tell of foreign wonders.

Dr. Zimmerfeld made coats in an East Side sweatshop and never wanted to see Poland again. Pietro dug in the subway and counted off the days that separated him from the sun-drenched plaza. Pietro did not really believe that it was the same sun which shone on the plaza and on New York, and he visioned the whole of America as one solid stretch of brick tenements, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

And Dr. Zimmerfeld—it was difficult to probe what he felt, so deadened were the hopes with which he had come. Useless to urge opportunity. He would shake his head and tap the primer. 'Opportunity is education, always, and understanding and sympathy.' And, recalling the demands of Grandpa and the inborn scorn of the Anglo-Saxon heart for the misfortune of foreign birth, I could not contradict.

And then, one night, The Duke came, and The Duchess, and The Beautiful Princess, the last named smiling as if it had been a show got up for her amusement, like all the rest of life. With the rustle of rich materials The Duchess settled into the chair, handed her with a stately bow by Ramon, and sniffed the air. The Duke took a throat lozenge, and The Princess giggled softly.

Isaac Greenberg was reciting. Isaac was stunted and dirty. He must have shaved, at times; otherwise he would have had a patriarchal beard. But I had never figured out the day this miracle could have been accomplished; for Isaac's blotchy face was always covered by a three days' stubble. In his eagerness to learn, Isaac was greedy, almost repellant. He snatched at each morsel, and would have devoured alone the whole session if it had been possible.

Isaac had that evening seized upon and masticated the comparison of adjectives, and not even the presence of the Royal Family deterred the process of digestion. 'To have five cents is good,' he announced; 'to have ten cents is better; and to have fifteen—ah, Jesus!—that is best.'

The Duke stopped in the act of loosening his fur overcoat, while The Duchess glanced hastily at The Princess. But, after all, great wealth has its responsibilities, and one cannot shirk all knowledge of The Other Half.

They stayed fifteen minutes. They heard Pietro declare: 'To catch no fish is bad, but to work in the subway is worse.' To the worst Pietro could not go; it was beyond his imagination, as well as his grammar. At Pietro's reference to

the subway The Duke looked grave and made a note in a little black book.

When Nicholas Popoff announced that the worst thing in life is to have no God, The Duchess nodded approval, and I was tempted to explain that Nicholas's God had no home on Fifth Avenue, glorious with stained glass and stately music, but that he wandered among the poor, like Christ, and preached brotherly love. No doubt The Duchess would have thought him a Bolshevik.

At last the moment came when I had to turn from my pupils and answer The Duke's questions. Upon a tiny gold pencil he impaled my answers, shackling each fact in the little black book, to the mass he had already collected for his profound work, entitled *'The Immigrant.'*

'And do you find that they truly appreciate the opportunity we give them?' His tone split to a hair my position half way between the depths inhabited by Pietro and Nicholas and Ramon and the heights from which he and The Duchess looked down.

'I think they appreciate every real opportunity we give,' I said, with a delicate emphasis quite lost on The Duke.

He was very glad to hear it. He had one page already ruled into divisions, and was disappointed that I could not help him with this tabulation.

'Which nation shows the greatest power of assimilation?'

'To be assimilated?' I inquired.

'Certainly, certainly,' said The Duke; then, thinking I had intended to be witty, he smiled faintly.

But I refused to betray my men. Could I tell The Duke that Isaac would have come if I had been eighty, deaf, dumb, blind, and paralytic, so long as he could absorb a single fact? And that Ramon and Constantine knew whenever I changed my waist or the way of doing my hair? That to Isaac any land was a huge market place, while to Dr. Zimmerfeld it was one long argument on subtle points of ethics, philosophy, and law? That Oscar still wrote, after four years, sad poems about the drear North Sea, and Ramon about love, always about love, and sunshine, and Spain? No, I could not help The Duke on that.

When they had gone, Isaac said: 'Oi! What a fine fur!' And Nicholas said: 'They have no God.' For which I reproved Nicholas, telling him that he should not make such sweeping statements. He apologized, admitting that it was 'not philosophic.'

As the days grew warmer and the nights softer something in my men awoke. Even the stolid, wooden face of Yamamoto yielded to a force working within. And Yamamoto wrote a poem, a very poor poem, altogether beyond his powers, about the cherry trees.

'No good, teacher,' he apologized; 'but, you see, for a long time I no see the cherry trees.'

And there may have been something in that.

Early in April Pietro came one night with a new green tie and a gardenia in his buttonhole. I thought he was going to be married. Pietro laughed and shook his thick black curls.

'No, no, no! I go to Wyoming—to make the railroad.'

'But I thought your work here lasted all year, and the pay is just as good, is n't it?'

Pietro shook his head. 'Non—no more de mon', but much air—much sun.' Pietro's broken hands gathered all the air and sunshine in the world and offered them to me. 'Ecco!'

'Ecco!' I repeated, and we shook hands.

As the term drew to its close, in groups the Greeks and Italians left for the fields and railroads of the West. Isaac was glad to see them go and said so. He did not like them. He called them all wops and guineys and said they were 'no goot.' They were 'lazy'—the crime of crimes in Isaac's eyes. Could he not peddle from dawn till dark, come to school every evening, study half the night, all to enable him to send sooner for Rachel and the three babies in their far-away village on the Volga? Did he ever get tired or waste time writing poems or thinking about the sunshine? If Isaac had the power he would have excluded all immigrants south of a fixed degree of latitude, a view which would have astonished and horrified The Duke and to which he would no doubt have devoted an extra chapter, 'Strange Prejudices Among Immigrants.'

The last to leave before the actual closing of the term was Hans, a heavy, silent man from the Black Forest. Always better at writing than talking, per-

haps because he had first studied English alone in a hut among the trees and could never reconcile the sound of words with their look, Hans stumbled over good-by and afterwards wrote me a letter:

Dear teacher: You have been very kind and patient with me, and I do not want that you think I like not the school. It is the other calling, always, day and night, until I go back to the humanity of the forest. There I am near God. I thank you for so great kindness and I will talk of you to God.

Very respectfully yours,

HANS.

'Nicholas,' I asked a few nights later, 'where is God?'

'On Grand Street—and Forty-second—and Broadway—and The Bronx; wherever there is people,' he answered promptly.

Isaac heard and whirled round in his seat, scratching his unshaven chin. 'Dere is no Gott. De world make herself. She——' His English gave way, and Isaac swam out on a billow of Yiddish, into the sea of materialistic philosophy. Dr. Zimmerfeld joined, and they argued violently of life and death and The Reason For Being.

Such were the men for whom I was told to 'do the best you can. Half of them will never learn a thing, anyhow, and the rest will go back to their own countries as soon as they get the money; they 're *so* stupid.'

IV

THE AMAZING ARMISTICE: INSIDE STORY OF THE PREMATURE PEACE REPORT

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR.

[*Century Magazine*, November, 1921. By permission.]

I quote from the New York *Globe* of November 8, 1918:

'French troops resumed their advance along the whole front this A. M.'

To-day's report of military operations quoted above is the best commentary on the greatest and most cruel hoax in the history of journalism, which yesterday deluded not only New York City but every city and town in the country into a delirium of joy by a spurious report from Paris to the effect that an armistice had been effected between Germany and the Allies and that hostilities had ceased.

It will not be difficult to recall that astounding November 7, when an allegedly unemotional nation indulged in a demonstration of universal and hysterical gladness such as the Parisian boulevards have yet to equal.

The inside story of how that historic occurrence came to pass has not, I believe, ever been told, due doubtless to the fact that even to this day scarcely a handful of persons are acquainted with the facts. Following immediately after the event, there were a number of erroneous and incomplete explanations in the press, soon lost sight of in the excitement of real armistice days, and never again revived. I feel, therefore, that the lapse of time has served to mellow interest in the affair and to warrant my somewhat retrospective narrative. Perhaps what I am able to tell has actually some proper place in the voluminous history of America's wartime.

I trust I may be pardoned a brief explanation of my humble place in the proceedings. For a few months prior to November 7, 1918, I had been the army intelligence officer of the military port area based on Brest.

My duties, in addition to the major one of conducting counter-espionage activities within the base, called for the reception and care of newspaper correspondents who came to Brest. The reason for this attention was principally one of courtesy, for, although the intelligence section of the general staff is charged by army regulations with the supervision of war correspondents, the base-intelligence officers had nothing to do with the censoring of press reports. This task was cared for by a special censorship branch of the intelligence section, having officers at Chaumont and Paris, and it is important to bear in mind that although Brest is the seat of the French cables and the despatching-point of all messages to the States, no message of importance could pass by its local censor that had not been approved by the Paris censors.

When, therefore, shortly after the arrival of the *rapide* from Paris at nine o'clock on the morning of November 7, Roy W. Howard's entrance into Brest was

signaled by my *gare control*,[1] I expected to see him shortly thereafter. Most newspaper men made a point of reporting promptly at the office of the local 'I. O.' in order to hear if any news had broken locally, and to be facilitated generally in getting around and seeing things and people.

I had heard of, but had never met, Howard. I knew him to be president of the United Press, an important news association which serves a host of papers all over the world, principally in America. Furthermore, intelligence instructions as to the status of all correspondents in France, which included their standing in the profession and the degree of attention to which they were entitled wherever they went, graded Howard among the highest. Hence I looked forward to the call of some one who approached the exalted ranking of 'distinguished visitor,' a class of ambulatory and privileged beings who, having shaken hands with the commander-in-chief, frequently felt justified in emulating the manners of a German top-sergeant by demanding the attention and services of any junior officer.

§ 2

It was accordingly a matter for surprise and gratification when Howard strolled in casually shortly before noon and disclosed himself to be what we in the army were wont to call a 'regular guy.' (There is no higher form of decoration in the army short of the Congressional Medal.) Still in his early thirties, or seemingly so, Howard was the typical newspaper man, genial, natural in manner, and alert. Slight of build, with something of the college boy still lurking behind his little brush mustache, and with a breezy manner that dispelled formality, Howard perched on the edge of my desk and in short order made me glad he had come.

He immediately laid the groundwork for the historic occurrence that was to take place within a few hours by his expressed desire to effect a change in the transportation plans that had been made for him in Paris.

'I 'm due to sail at two this afternoon on some ark that takes two weeks getting home,' he lamented. 'I 'd like to make better speed if possible. Want to catch President Wilson in time to come over here again in his party.'

The man knew even then that the President was coming. I sensed something of what goes to make the successful newspaper man.

By telephone I learned that the S. S. *Leviathan* was due to sail the following morning. As she made the trip across in six days or so, Howard could save a week by waiting a day. Accordingly, arrangements were made to shift him from the sailing-list of the one ship to that of the other.

That done, we discussed ways and means of his killing time advantageously, and Howard, inspired by some mischievous fate, decided that he would like to meet Admiral Henry B. Wilson, commander of the American navy in French waters, whose headquarters were in Brest.

I suggested strolling around to naval headquarters, which were near by, and we left my office about noon, it then being not quite seven A. M. in the land across the sea that little suspected what had started to brew for it.

As we turned from the rue du Château into the old public square, Place du Président Wilson, we paused before the office of Brest's daily newspaper, *La Dépêche*, to examine the bulletin, and saw that the Germans had evinced a desire to quit and that their plenipotentiaries were reported to be coming across the lines to sue for an armistice. A small, excited crowd was discussing the tidings and waiting eagerly around for more. Oddly enough, a rumor was seeping through it to the effect that an armistice had already been signed, and Howard told me that he had heard the same thing when he came in at the station that morning.

The sight of *La Dépêche* office inspired Howard to pay it a visit, due to his company having relations with it that I was soon to hear about. We walked inside and stopped first at the telegraph room, which was nearest the door, and Howard entered animatedly into conversation with the operator on duty in a French that was as utilitarian as it was full of gestures. I gradually gathered a fact that was to have tremendous bearing later on.

It seems that, apart from our own signal lines, there were only two ways of communicating by telegraph between Paris

1 Intelligence operators in civilian clothes posted at all important railroad depots to report the arrival of any one who might interest the 'I. O.'

and Brest. One was by the regular wires of the public telegraph service; the other was by the private wire of *La Dépêche*. Users of the public service—and this included correspondents sending their communications through to be cabled to the States from Brest—had to wait their turn, a matter usually of several hours, and the United Press had scored a brilliant 'beat' by getting the consent of *La Dépêche* to share its special wire, thereby avoiding delays in transmission to Brest and being able to gain the cables ahead of its competitors.

Thus the system by which United Press communications went through from Paris was as follows: first, it would pass through the necessary censorship, then it would be put on the private *Dépêche* wire and sent to Brest. It is highly important to note that the receiving-instrument in *La Dépêche* office was of the ticker-tape variety commonly used throughout France, being a machine which typewrites its own messages on paper ribbon. When the United Press communications were ticked off in *La Dépêche* office by the sending operator in Paris, the tape recording the message was cut up, pasted on the usual telegraph form, sent by messenger across the *place* to the post-and-telegraph office, and filed for the cables. Long practice had accustomed the Brest cable censors to recognize these United Press messages, and, in view of their having already been censored in Paris, to accord them prompt transmission without further censoring. As will be seen, this habitual treatment of Paris-*Dépêche* telegrams had great bearing on, and is largely accountable for, what is to follow.

After Howard had given greetings and *remerciements* to everybody on *La Dépêche* staff, we went along to naval headquarters. I thought that Howard would be able to see the admiral at once, as the latter was almost always in his office and exceedingly easy to 'get to.' He was one of that small, but eminently successful, group of service executives who, despite the stature of their war tasks, seemed always able to see any one and for any length of time. Admiral Wilson was at the time directing all transport and fighting activities in French waters, which included, of course, the delicate destroyer operations against enemy submarines and the command of all naval personnel in France. His was a job of enormous responsibility and required an inordinate amount of wakeful attention. But there was about him at no time any of that suggestion of rush and over-exertion common to the smaller man with far fewer cares. The navy knew that the meanest-grade fireman could reach the admiral's ear as easily as a congressman, perhaps easier.

But fate was still having its bizarre way. The admiral was out, and his aide, Ensign Sellards, made an appointment with Howard for four o'clock that afternoon. On such slender threads as this does history hang! Had the admiral been in when we called, and Howard had spent half an hour or so with him at that time instead of later in the day, the famous armistice celebration of November 7 would never have occurred.

By the time I had shown Howard a few of Brest's sights (nothing much to see) and we had lunched at the Navy Club, it was after two o'clock. I then took him back to his hostelry, the Continental, where he had been lucky enough to find quarters, the place being packed to the roof with congressional 'visiting committees,' known unpleasantly in the army as 'joyriders,' Y. M. C. A. workers, French *demi-mondaines*, hordes of quartermaster officers and naval paymasters, a few stray doughboys on special pass, an assortment of 'Swiss' salesmen of considerable interest to my department, and an occasional, very occasional, Frenchman, bearing an apologetic air for seeming to intrude on so happy an American family. Then, having my day's work still before me, I left, cautioning Howard to be punctual at the naval office if he craved the admiral's love and respect.

§ 3

At four-thirty or thereabout, as I sat at my desk mulling over some reports, I heard a great shout go up somewhere in the general direction of the Place du Président Wilson. Exuberant behavior of all sorts being more the rule than the exception of the Yankee-burdened Brest of those days, I paid no attention to the racket; but shortly afterward one of my men entered with the report that official news had been given out to the effect that

an armistice had been signed and the fighting had ended at the front. Had been given out, what is more, by *naval headquarters!*

Astounded at the suddenness with which truth had been given to the odd rumor that had hovered over Brest all day, I started inquiries that quickly disclosed what had occurred. It was not for some time that I located Howard, who, with Major Cook of General Harries's staff, was going from one official bureau to another in his endeavor to procure additional information. From him I learned that the armistice tidings had been pronounced official by Admiral Wilson and that Howard had sent a cable to the United States saying that the war was over.

If the news was true, Howard probably had scored the biggest news beat of history. And from Howard's recital of the facts there seemed to be no question of the news being authentic. Back in my office, he told me what had happened, beginning by tossing on my desk a copy of his message to the States. It was addressed to the United Press office in New York City and read:

Urgent. Armistice allies Germans signed 11 smorning hostilities ceased two safternoon.

It was signed 'Howard-Simms.' Simms was the United Press man in Paris. Apparently Howard wanted to let him share the glory of his 'beat.' Where and how the latter had arisen so suddenly in Brest, several hundred miles from the front, I could not imagine. I looked up wonderingly and heard the story.

Promptly at four o'clock Howard had been presented to Admiral Wilson. They had been chatting a while when the admiral remarked that he had just received a message which might possibly interest Howard, and handed it to him for his perusal. Howard beheld an official telegram, signed by Commander Jackson of Admiral Wilson's office in Paris and naval attaché at our Paris embassy. It said:

Armistice signed this morning at 11 all hostilities ceased at 2 P. M. today.

Howard was amazed. So the war *had* ended! Rather suddenly, perhaps, but none the less surely. There could not possibly be any doubt about it. Any question as to the authenticity of the report that might have arisen in the minds of the two men was justifiably dismissed by a consideration of the telegram's source. Naval officials are scarcely given to making so flatly the report of a highly important fact unless it is based on truth; much less so to the commanding naval officer in France, whose receipt thereof might entitle him to believe that submarine warfare had likewise terminated and that his destroyers might relax their vigilance. It was incredible that, however surprising, the message might be fallacious.

No other official source, French or American, appeared to have the great news, and, desirous that the people of Brest learn of it, Admiral Wilson despatched an orderly to bulletin the tidings in the public square, where the naval band happened to be giving its weekly concert.

The tiny spark of news set a flame that within ten minutes had spread like a prairie fire from one end of Brest to the other. Into the streets pressed the people, stunned at first, literally dazed by the victory that had come to France, then gradually opening up into a mad rejoicing as the tragic repression of four terrible years rolled from their hearts. As Howard spoke, the crowds surged outside my windows, laughing, screaming, sobbing, singing. They celebrated, yes, but it was a different sort of celebration to the gay-hearted, happy holiday and madcap carnival into which, thanks to Howard's cable, America was at that very minute plunging.

'My cable will get there in time to catch the afternoon editions,' reckoned Howard, measuring the difference in time on his fingers. 'There's a day in history for you!' Actually, the news flashed from Brest to New York in six minutes flat, thereby making special noon editions!

Howard had done what any other skilled newspaper man would have done in similar circumstances. He had seen the opportunity of his lifetime, of any war correspondent's lifetime. Here he was at Brest, the cable point, with hot news just off the official griddle that apparently no one else had, that perhaps had not even yet been given to the press in Paris. He could beat every competitor in the business on the biggest news break in history! He could get his message to the States in time for the afternoon editions. The others might not get there until morning.

Admiral Wilson expressed his willingness that Howard should use the report. In company, therefore, with Ensign Sellards to assist him in arranging things, Howard rushed to the *postes*. But desiring to file a typewritten message so there would be no possible misunderstanding or misreading by the French cable operator, Howard dived en route into the near-by telegraph room of *La Dépêche* and demanded a type-writer, explaining hurriedly his reason.

By a further coincidence the telegraph editor undertook to type out Howard's message, and used his own *telegraph instrument* to do so, it being possible to type on the ribbon with the local telegraph key as well as with the transmitting-key in Paris.

Then tearing off the tape, the obliging Frenchman pasted it as usual on a telegraphic form and, lo! the message was clear and ready for immediate filing. What is vastly more important, it looked exactly as though it had been *transmitted from Paris, as were all other United Press messages, and had been censored there!*

§ 4

Looking at it in the light of later reflection, I am convinced that it was this unintended strategy of Howard's that enabled him to get his cable past the local censors. I say 'unintended' because it is inconceivable that in the circumstances any man, however alert, could have thought up so extraordinarily clever a device. Knowing that type of French official as I do, I am convinced that no one in Brest, of whatever exalted rank, could have caused the local French censors to let by so portentous a message without having the O. K. of either the Ministry of War or the Paris censorship office.

I am further convinced that it was the strange combination of circumstances that led to the message's looking as if it came from Paris. It was even signed, thanks to Howard's generosity, by Simms, the man who signed all the messages that came from Paris, and with whose name the Brest censors were familiar as being the stamp of proper procedure. That resulted in its speedy transmission to America's noon editions! And in New York the censor, justifiably concluding that the Brest censor would not have passed so important a piece of news unless it had been first passed by the Paris censor, fell victim to the same fluke, and the damage was done. The general belief that the message had, in fact, come from Paris is futher verified by the short extract from the New York *Globe* given above, in which it is stated that the spurious report emanated 'from Paris.'

It is an extraordinary fact that probably, in view of the above facts, Roy W. Howard was the only man in the world who *could* have sent the message as it was sent or who could have sent it at all. As president of the United Press and in close touch with *La Dépêche,* he possessed both the authority and the machinery wherewith to 'put the thing across.' That he was actually in Brest on that day and in consultation with Admiral Wilson is a coincidence that staggers the imagination.

Torn between believing and not believing, wanting to be as exultant as the throngs that were sending their songs up to us from the crowded, narrow streets, I was perturbed principally by the silence on the subject of an armistice that my own department had maintained. It seemed impossible that, if the news were true, I would myself not be advised by intelligence headquarters, in order that I might inform the commanding general of the base.

I called the Paris intelligence office by telephone and, to their apparent astonishment, explained what had occurred. No word of any armistice had reached it; nothing more than that enemy plenipotentiaries were expected to meet Marshal Foch that afternoon at five. I requested the Paris 'I. O.' to get into immediate touch with the French Ministry of War and advise me of consequences as soon as possible.

But seeming set-back did not serve to shake Howard's confidence. On the contrary, it indicated to him that his 'beat' was all the bigger. He protested that the news was probably just out, and that the Paris embassy had received it before the 'I. O.,' a perfectly possible occurrence. And always present was the incredibility of Admiral Wilson's office in Paris imparting such news to him unless it were true. There had been neither uncertainty nor doubt in its words. The armistice

'signed,' all hostilities 'ceased'; nothing equivocal about such expressions as those.

During our luncheon and before the storm had broken, Howard had asked me to dine with him that night, little thinking that he was, in effect, asking me to an 'armistice celebration.' There was to be no official army celebration of the 'victory,' inasmuch as General Harries, after telephoning me to ask whether I had had confirmation of the report from Paris or Chaumont, declared that he would refuse to believe it until I did.

At Howard's request I had earlier in the day rounded up a small band of cronies, and six of us gathered around the tiny table that our host had managed to engage at La Brasserie de la Marine, Brest's Delmonico, and that evening a pandemonium of gaiety.

It need hardly be said that some spirit of that same unrestrained emotion that was sweeping through our own home towns at that minute animated our little group. The war *over!* It seemed impossibly, wonderfully true. Only a few weeks back it had seemed as though it would never end. And now here it was—*'finie la guerre!'* The famous doughboy phrase rang out on all sides. The *brasserie* was alive with flags, confetti, and streamers that had leaped suddenly into being from nowhere, and the usual clatter of dishes was replaced by the yells and songs of several hundred unrestrained throats.

Two pretty girls danced recklessly on a narrow table packed tightly against ours, while their Yankee escorts roared a jazz accompaniment. An orchestra played in a far corner—played madly, furiously, but no one heard it. A drunken sailor climbed up on the chandelier, fell off; the world shrieked with laughter. A near-by French officer, turned martial by Moet, *'cent quatre,* exhorted a deaf multitude not to stop the war, and finally fell to weeping on the table-cloth. Everywhere noise, din, madness, a universe gone drunk with a wine that knew no grape. Then came, as it had to come, born at the same instant out of an hundred mouths, 'La Marseillaise.' I can hear it still, that 'Marseillaise,' twining around my heart like some divine hand, lifting it up and up.

§ 5

Then suddenly came the crash, just as it had to come, out of a sky that was blue and beautiful, out of a sky the horizon clouds of which I had come near to forgetting. I had left word for any wire from Paris to be sent to me immediately. In the midst of a din that was getting louder momentarily, a signal-corps orderly entered the room unnoticed and made for our table. A feeling of chilling apprehension seized me as I grasped and opened the message that was handed to me. I felt Howard's eye on me as I read, and the blood rushed to my head.

The communication was in intelligence code, and the process of translation was slow and fearful. Finally it was done. I had only to read it aloud to that screaming mob about me to be torn to little pieces. The message said:

> Armistice report untrue. War Ministry issues absolute denial and declares enemy plenipotentiaries to be still on way through lines. Cannot meet Foch until evening. Wire full details of local hoax immediately.

The message was signed by Major Robertson, my immediate superior at Paris.

I shall draw a swift curtain over the cruel scene of reaction: Howard's white, drawn face as he realized what he had done, as he read in the words I handed him his own doom and that of the United Press; our filing out with him back to the Continental, leaving behind us, undisillusioned, the tragically joyous throngs celebrating a peace that was not a peace —a peace whose morning after would find men still killing one another monotonously, hopelessly, as had every dawn since August, 1914.

A revival of hope, an inability to believe even Robertson's definite words, impelled Howard to go in search of Admiral Wilson. The two of us finally located him dining *en famille* with a French local official, and in answer to the inquiries we sent inside Ensign Sellards came out to tell us that the admiral had heard from Paris that the news he had received that afternoon concerning an armistice had been 'premature.' Clinging to the faint belief that 'premature' meant 'true, but not properly released,' Howard spent most

of the night trying to get information from his own Paris office. When that came, all hope crashed to the ground. 'Premature' meant *untrue*. The world collapsed about Howard's ears. The biggest 'beat' in the history of journalism had turned cruelly into its biggest 'bloomer.'

The blackest of black skies cleared considerably for Howard the following morning when Admiral Wilson, every inch the gentleman and the man, took upon his own shoulders complete responsibility for Howard's fateful cable. In the admiral's statement, issued at once to the press, he did not even make mention of the official who had sent, or, at least, whose signature was affixed to the erroneous communication from Paris. To the latter he referred simply as 'what appeared to be official and authoritative information.'

The career of a lesser man might very well have been marred by this brave assumption of blame, but, then, a lesser man would probably not have made it. Not long after the closing of war-days, Admiral Wilson was placed in command of the Atlantic fleet, and just recently has been made commandant of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. So it is seen that he has not suffered in consequence of his courageous protection of Howard, whose journalistic fate, without that protection, would unquestionably have been a severe one.

As it is, it will be remembered that the American press railed against the alleged hoax and called loudly for those responsible to be brought to book. Branded as 'either one of the most colossal fakes in history or an inconceivably bad blunder,' the newspapers throughout the country dwelt principally on the cruel disappointment to the American people and 'especially those having husbands, sons, fathers, and brothers in the bitter fighting at the front.' Much emphasis was laid editorially on the fabulous cost of the 'fake' to the country, a total running into uncomputable millions and resulting primarily from the fact that work was 'knocked off' at noon in virtually every office and plant from coast to coast and not resumed until the following day. The bill for street-cleaning after the celebration in the larger cities presented in itself a staggering total. One New York paper declared that New York's own bill of eighty-five thousand dollars should be presented to Howard for payment!

§ 6

But if the Wilson statement exonerated Howard, as it did and as it should have done, for in my opinion he was somewhat less responsible for the false armistice celebration than the American newspapers who printed his cable as absolute truth despite other conflicting despatches they were in receipt of at the time, who *was* to blame?

It is said that the wire signed by Commander Jackson was based on information telephoned to the American embassy by a person who purported to be speaking officially from the French Ministry of War. Thus in a way we find ourselves face to face with an object of ultimate blame that is as mysterious as it is unknown, for subsequent investigation showed that no one at the ministry had called the embassy that day. There is a possibility, of course, that the embassy's anonymous informant was nothing else than a practical joker. This, however, is scarcely credible. Some other motivating force may very properly be looked for than the mere desire to jest.

I realize that I may regard the matter through spectacles somewhat tinted by many months of service in the counter-espionage section of the army, but, for reasons which I shall expound, it is my belief that the naval office in Paris, Admiral Wilson, Roy Howard, and the entire United States of America were the victims of one or more secret agents of the German Espionage Corps.

It will be recalled that, on the morning of November 7, enemy plenipotentiaries were reported to be coming through the lines to sue for an armistice. It being a principle of the German intelligence system that 'fixed operators'—namely, spies on permanent duty at one point—work actively on their own initiative and without orders, taking into consideration the news and needs of the day, it is reasonable to suppose that an intelligent enemy agent in Paris would set about doing his utmost on November 7 to create popular desire and demand among the Allied people for the German-sought armistice.

The existence of such an attitude on the part of the people would make for a more certain and swifter cessation of hos-

tilities and an avoidance of the terrible smashing blows that German arms and Germany itself seemed doomed to receive. From a psychological and somewhat typically German point of view the best possible way of making the public *want* an armistice would be to tell them that there *was* an armistice, and let them taste of the joy that would naturally await upon the news.

Had the American people not been rewarded with a real termination of the struggle a short time after their wild celebration of the supposed, it must be believed that the reaction of their disappointment would have been both severe and dangerous to home morale. The *Globe* quotes a prominent citizen as saying on November 7, 'It will be a tragedy if this report proves untrue.'

A similar effort to stampede the French press into announcing an armistice appears also to have been made. It was impossible, of course, to fool Paris, but St. Nazaire received the rumor, as did Bordeaux, Marseilles, Nice, Lorient, and other French points. It was present in Brest *before* Admiral Wilson's receipt of the message from Paris. London had it, but its press was highly conservative in passing judgment on its credibility, and, with one unimportant exception, did not announce it to the people. Holland and parts of Belgium had it. Possibly, too, many other localities; but I have named all that I know about save Mexico and parts of South America, where the celebration was hilarious, but more probably on the strength of the United Press report. Holland's having the 'news' is strongly suggestive of enemy espionage effort.

Thus it would appear that an organized attempt was made to make the Allied nations cherish an armistice which, though not yet existent, was within easy reach if the people wanted it and showed clearly that they wanted it. I should greatly like to see the intelligence reports of our late enemy for November 7, 1918. The scheme is worthy of the German service in both ingenuity and execution, and does credit to the one or more persons who conceived it.

Who knows but what it may have had something to do with accomplishing their purpose? President Wilson cast his important decision for an armistice after he had witnessed the demonstrations of November 7, reliable proof of the country's sentiment, and it is said that Wilsonian pressure was largely, if not entirely, accountable for the granting of an armistice at a time when French and Allied military leaders were preparing to administer to Germany the terrific smashing for which they had built up and to which they were looking forward eagerly, exultantly.

Who knows but what a still fight-hearted American people might not have cried loudly for 'On to Berlin!' had not the sweet branch of the olive-tree been placed prematurely in their hands and found to be much, very much, to their liking?

V

ENGLAND HONORS UNKNOWN SOLDIER

SIR PHILIP GIBBS

[*New York Times*, November 12, 1920. Copyright, 1920, by the New York Times Company. By permission of author and publisher.]

London, Nov. 11.—It did not seem an unknown warrior whose body came on the gun carriage down Whitehall where we were waiting for him. He was known to us all. It was one of 'our boys,' not warriors, as we called them in the days of darkness, lit by faith.

To some women, weeping a little in the crowd after an all-night vigil, he was their boy who went missing one day and was never found till now, though their souls went searching for him through dreadful places in night.

To many men among those packed densely on each side of the empty street, wearing ribbons and badges on civil clothes, he was a familiar figure—one of their comrades, the one they liked best, perhaps, in the old crowd who went into the fields of death and stayed there with the great companionship.

It was the steel helmet, the old 'tin hat,' lying there on the crimson of the flag which revealed him instantly, not as a mythical warrior aloof from common humanity, a shadowy type of the national pride and martial glory, but as one of those fellows, dressed in the drab of khaki, stained by mud and grease, who went into the dirty ditches with this steel

hat on his head and in his heart the unspoken things, which made him one of us in courage and in fear, with some kind of faith not clear, full of perplexities, often dim in the watchwords of those years of war.

So it seemed to me, at least, as I looked down Whitehall and listened to the music which told us that the unknown was coming down the road. The band was playing the old 'Dead March in Saul,' with heavy drumming, but as yet the roadway was clear where it led up to that altar of sacrifice as it looked, covered by two flags, hanging in long folds of scarlet and white.

About that altar cenotaph there were little groups of strange people, all waiting for the dead soldier. Why were they there?

There were great folk to greet the dust of a simple soldier. There was the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London and other clergy in gowns and hoods. What had they to do with the body of a soldier who had gone trudging through the mud and muck like one ant in a legion of ants, unknown to fame, not more heroic, perhaps, than all his pals about him, not missed much when he fell dead between the tangled wire and the shell holes?

There were great Generals and Admirals, Lord Haig himself, Commander in Chief of our armies in France, and Admiral Beatty, who held the seas; Lord French of Ypres, with Horne of the First Army and Byng of the Third, and Air Marshal Trenchard, who commanded all the birds that flew above the lines on the mornings of enormous battle.

These were the high powers, infinitely remote, perhaps, in the imagination of the man whose dust was now being brought toward them. It was their brains that had directed his movements down the long roads which galled his feet, over ground churned up by gunfire, up duck boards from which he slipped under his heavy pack if he were a foot slogger, and whatever his class as a soldier ordained at last the end of his journey, which finished in a grave marked by metal disk—'unknown.'

In life, he had looked upon these Generals as terrifying in their power 'for the likes of him.' Sometimes, perhaps, he had saluted them as they rode past. Now they stood in Whitehall to salute him, to keep silence in his presence, to render him homage, more wonderful, with deeper reverence than any General of them all has had.

There were Princes there about the cenotaph, not only of England but of the Indian Empire. These Indian rajahs, that old white-bearded, white-turbaned man with the face of an Eastern prophet—was it possible that they, too, were out to pay homage to an unknown British soldier?

There was something of the light of Flanders in Whitehall. The tattered ruins of Cloth Hall at Ypres used to shine white. A mist, suffused a little by wan sunlight, white as the walls and turrets of the War Office in this mist of London. The tower of Big Ben was dim through the mist like the tower of Albert Church until it fell into a heap under the fury of gunfire.

Presently the sun shone brighter so that the picture of Whitehall was etched with deeper lines. On all the buildings flags were flying at half mast. The people who kept moving about the cenotaph were there for mourning, not for mere pageantry. The Grenadier officers, who walked about with drawn swords, wore crape on their arms. Presently they passed the word along, 'Reverse arms,' and all along the line of route soldiers turned over their rifles and bent their heads over their butts. It was when the music of the Dead March came louder up the street.

A number of black figures stood in a separate group apart from the Admirals and Generals, people of importance to whom the eyes of the crowd turned while men and women tip-toed to get a glimpse of them.

The Prime Minister and Ministers and ex-Ministers of England were there—Asquith, Lord Curzon and other statesmen who in those years of conflict were responsible for all the mighty effort of the nation, who stirred up its passion and emotions, who organized its labor and service, who won that victory and this peace. I thought the people about me stared at them as though conscious of the task that is theirs, now that peace is the test of victory.

But it was one figure who stood alone as the symbol of the nation in this tribute to

the spirit of our dead. As Big Ben struck three-quarters after ten the King advanced toward the cenotaph, followed by the Prince of Wales, the Prince's two brothers, and the Duke of Connaught. And while the others stood in line looking toward the top of Whitehall the King was a few paces ahead of them alone, waiting motionless for the body of the unknown warrior who had died in his service.

It was very silent in Whitehall. Before the ordered silence the dense lines of people had kept their places without movement and only spoke little in their long time of waiting, and then as they caught their first glimpse of the gun-carriage were utterly quiet, all heads were bared and bent. Their emotion was as though a little cold breeze were passing. One seemed to feel the spirit of the crowd. Above all this mass of plain people something touched one with a sharp, yet softening thought.

The massed bands passed with their noble music and their drums thumping at the hearts of men and women. Guards with their reversed arms passed and then the gun-carriage with its team of horses halted in front of the cenotaph where the King stood, and every hand was raised to salute the soldier who died that we might live, chosen by fate for this honor which is in remembrance of that great army of comrades who went out with him to no man's land.

The King laid a wreath on this coffin and then stepped back again. Crowded behind the gun-carriage in one long vista was an immense column of men of all branches of the navy and army moving up slowly before coming to a halt, and behind again other men in civilian clothes, and everywhere among them and above them flowers in the form of wreaths and crosses.

Then all was still, and the picture was complete, framing in that coffin where the steel hat and the King's sword lay upon the flag which draped it. The soul of the nation at its best, purified at this moment by this emotion, was there in silence about the dust of that unknown.

Guns were being fired somewhere in the distance. They were not loud, but like the distant thumping of guns on a misty day in Flanders when there was 'nothing to report,' though on such a day, perhaps, this man had died.

Presently there was a far-off wailing like the cry of a banshee. It was a siren giving the warning of silence in some place by the river.

The deep notes of Big Ben struck 11 and then the King turned quickly to a lever behind him, touched it and let fall the great flags which had draped the altar. The cenotaph stood revealed, utterly austere except for three standards with their gilt wreaths.

It was a time of silence. What thoughts were in the minds of all the people, only God knows, as they stood there for those two minutes which were very long.

There was dead stillness in Whitehall, only broken here and there by the coughing of a man or woman, quickly hushed.

The unknown warrior! Was it young Jack, perhaps who had never been found? Was it one of those fellows in the battalion that moved up through Ypres before the height of the battle in the bogs?

Men were smoking this side of Ypres One could see the glow of their cigarette ends as they were halted around the old mill house at Vlamertinghe. It rained after that, beating sharply on tin hats, pouring in spouts down the waterproof capes. They went out through Menin Gate. Shelling began along the duck boards by Westhoek ridge, gas shelling, every old thing.

Fellows dropped into the shell holes full of water. They had their packs on, all their fighting kit. Some of them lay there in pits where the water was reddish.

There were a lot of unknown warriors in the bogs by Glencorse Wood and Inverness Copse. They lay by upturned tanks and sank in slime. Queer how fellows used to drop and never give a sound, so that their pals passed on without knowing.

In all sorts of places the unknown warrior lay down and was not quickly found. In Boulon Wood they were lying after the battle among the river trees. On the fields of Somme they lay in the churned-up earth, in High Wood and Delville Wood and this side of Loupart Wood. It was queer one day how the sun shone on Loupart Wood, which was red with Autumn tints. Old 'Boche' was there then, and the wood seemed to have a thousand eyes staring at our lines newly dug. An airplane came through the fleecy sky, wonderfully careless of the

black shrapnel bursting about it. Wonderful chaps, those airmen.

For the man afoot it was n't good to stumble in that ground; barbed wire tore one's hands damnably. There was a boy lying in a tangle of barbed wire. He looked as though he was asleep, but he was dead all right. An airplane passed overhead with a loud humming song.

What is this long silence, all this crowd in London streets two years after the armistice peace? Yes, those were old dreams that have passed, old ghosts passing down Whitehall among the living.

The silence ended. Some word rang out, bugles were blowing, they were sounding 'the last post' to the unknown warrior of the great war in which many men died without record or renown. Further than Whitehall sounded the last post to the dead. Did the whole army of the dead hear that call to them from the living?

In the crowd below me women were weeping quietly. It was the cry from their hearts that was heard furthest, perhaps. The men's faces were hard like masks, hiding all they thought and felt.

VI

'THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER' ARRIVES AT WASHINGTON

KIRKE L. SIMPSON

[From the Associated Press Night Report, November 9, 1921. By permission.]

Washington, Nov. 9.—A plain soldier, unknown but weighted with honors as perhaps no American before him because he died for the flag in France, lay tonight in a place where only martyred Presidents Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley have slept in death.

He kept lonely vigil lying in state under the vast, shadowy dome of the Capitol. Only the motionless figures of the five armed comrades, one at the head and one facing inward at each corner of the bier, kept watch with him.

But far above, towering from the great bulk of the dome, the brooding figure of Freedom watched too, as though it said 'well done' to the servant faithful unto death, asleep there in the vast, dim chamber below.

America's unknown dead is home from France at last, and the nation has no honor too great for him. In him, it pays its unstinted tribute of pride and glory to all those sleeping in the far soil of France. It was their home-coming today; their day of days in the heart of the nation, and they must have known it, for the heartbeat of a nation defies the laws of space, even of eternity.

Sodden skies and a gray, creeping chilling rain all through the day seemed to mark the mourning of this American soil and air at the bier of this unknown hero. But no jot of the full meed of honor was denied the dead on that account. From the highest officials of this democratic government to the last soldier or marine or bluejacket, rain and cold meant nothing beside the desire to do honor to the dead.

The ceremonies were brief today. They began when the far boom of saluting cannon down the river signalled the coming of the great gray cruiser *Olympia*. The fog of rain hid her slow approach up the Potomac, but fort by fort, post by post, the guns took up the tale of honors for the dead as she passed.

Slowly the ship swung into her dock. Along her rails stood her crew in long lines of dark blue, rigid at attention and with a solemn expression uncommon to the young faces beneath the jaunty sailor hats. Astern, under the long, gray muzzle of a gun than once echoed its way into history more than twenty years ago in Manila Bay, lay the flag-draped casket. Above a tented awning held off the dripping rain, the inner side of the canvas lined with great American flags to make a canopy for the sleeper below. At attention stood five sailors and marines as guards of honor for the dead at each corner and the head of his bier.

Below on the cobbled stretch of the old dock at Washington Navy Yard, a regiment of cavalry waited, sabers at 'present', and the black-draped gun caisson with its six black horses to carry the casket to the Capitol. The troopers formed in line facing toward the ship as she swung broadside to her place and the gangway was lifted to her quarterdeck. To their right a mounted band stilled its restless horses.

On the ship, the trim files of her marine guard stood at attention. Rear-Admiral Lloyd H. Chandler, to whom had fallen the duty of escorting this dead private

soldier over the Atlantic from France, was garbed in the full, formal naval dress as were officers of his staff.

Just as the ship's bell clanged out the quick, double strokes of 'eight bells' the sailors' four o'clock and the hour set for arrival, the bugles rang again and the crew again lined the rails far above the dock. The marine guard filed down the gangway to face the troopers across the dock, the ship's band came down and formed beyond the marines. On deck at the gangway head, four sides-boys took their place on each side facing toward each other, the boatswain waiting behind them to pipe a dead comrade over the side with the honors accorded only to full Admirals of the fleet.

Cars bearing Secretaries Weeks and Denby, Assistant Secretary Wainwright, General Pershing, Major General Harbord, Admiral Coontz and Major General Lejeune, the Marine commandant, and their aides rolled up, with Secretary Weeks on the right next to the gangway and Secretary Denby next, then General Pershing and Admiral Coontz; these highest officers of the army and navy formed in line facing down the open space between the troops and marines.

On deck the bugles called attention. A group of petty officers stepped forward to raise the casket. A forward gun crashed to the first drumming roll of the minute guns of sorrow. The *Olympia's* band sounded the opening chords of Chopin's 'Funeral March' and to the slow half-step and carried high on the shoulders of his navy and marine corps comrades, the unknown was tenderly lifted down the steep pitch to the dock.

Admiral Chandler and his aides came behind, cocked hats off in the cold rain and held across their breasts. Below the cabinet members also stood bare-headed in the rain, the army and navy officers at salute.

Just as the casket passed out through the rails, overside to the plank, the wail of the bo'sun's pipe sounded shrilling the last salute of the sea to the dead. It sounded oddly against the background of the dirge and as the sound of the pipe died away, the gun forward barked again the passing of another minute.

Step by step the bearers labored down the plank, sanded against the slippery murk of the rain, to the cobbled dock floor below. Again the pipe above wailed as they stepped ashore at last and the unknown was again on American soil.

Slowly the flag-draped casket moved down between the line of troops and marines and under the eyes of the bluejackets standing rigidly at the ship's rails high above. As they came abreast of the ship's band, the dirge was stilled, a marine bugler sounded four flourishes of salute to a general officer. Then the stirring, lifting strains of 'The Star Spangled Banner' rang out to the gray sky, the nation's own hymn of freedom.

Again the slow march to the waiting gun-carriage was taken up; again the wail of the funeral march, cut through with the crash of the gun above, sounded. The caisson waited in a space between the second and third squadrons of the full strength of the Third Cavalry from Fort Myer and beside it stood the eight body bearers of the Army headed by Sergeant Woodfill, hero of heroes among Americans who fought in France.

The soldiers took over the burden at the gun-carriage and then could be seen a withered handful of flowers, the only decoration on the flag-wrapped casket. They were the blooms with which this casket was chosen from others there in France before the long journey home began. Through it all they have lain there above the breast of the dead, yellowing with each passing day. They will go with the unknown to his last sleep in the stone crypt at Arlington.

As the casket was strapped in place, an order rang out and the cavalry band swung off to the left, playing 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.' Behind them, sabers, cap brims and sodden colors dripping with rain, came the troopers four abreast, troop after troop. Then the caisson, the following squadron, Secretaries Weeks and Denby riding together in a closed car, General Pershing and Admiral Coontz, and behind these the other officers and officials.

The horses swung away at a slow trot. Ahead the winding road to the old gateway was lined on either side with marines at present arms and behind them, row after row, were packed the thousands of just plain American citizens who had braved cold and rain for hours to stand bare-headed as the body of this honored fellow countryman was carried by.

Out through the gateway the cortage clattered to find other crowds lining the way under the daylight of a fading Autumn day. It moved quickly on through the streets, ringing to the melody of the band and the drumming of the horses' shoes on the wet pavement. On it went, to swing at last into the great plaza before the Capitol and there troopers again drew up in line, facing the massive building with sabers at 'present' as the casket was lifted down and carried up the wide stairway to be placed on the catafalque in the dim rotunda. The two Secretaries, bare-headed, followed and behind them the officers and others.

There were few in the great hall. The only lights were those high among the pillars above the sculptured walls and the last fading gleams of day through the high windows. The waiting guard which would stand through the long night about the bier, stood at present arms as the casket was carried in and set in place on the high, black-draped structure on which the body of McKinley was last to repose in state.

There was a pause then until the ring of a command out on the plaza, the flurry of drawn steel as the sabers of the cavalry leaped out again to 'present' announcing that President and Mrs. Harding had arrived. The last rites of the day were at hand.

As the President and Mrs. Harding came into the dim chamber, brilliant lights leaped up to make possible a picturing of the scene for all America to see. The cameras clicked. There was no other sound. About the bier the guard stood with rifle butts grounded.

Mrs. Harding stepped forward, a wide white ribbon in her hand. She had stitched it herself, and stepping up on the base of the catafalque she laid it across the casket, a slash of white across the rain-soddden flag with its withered cluster of French flowers. As Mrs. Harding stepped down, the President took her place and to the ribbon pinned a silver shield of the United States, set with forty-eight golden stars. It is symbolic of the heart of the nation that goes with this soldier to his tomb.

Then a great wreath of crimson roses was handed to Mr. Harding and he laid it softly on the casket near the head and gave place to Vice-President Coolidge and Speaker Gillett who moved forward together to lay the tribute of Congress, a wreath of pink roses and snapdragons, in place. Chief Justice Taft moved forward from the opposite side, bearing the floral tribute of the Supreme Court, a wreath of chrysanthemums and carnations.

Secretary Weeks laid the Army's token of remembrance, a wreath of white roses, against the casket at the head and Secretary Denby placed the Navy's offering, chrysanthemums and roses, set on an easel, at the foot of the bier. Over and to one side, against the wall, were placed the great masses of pink blossoms that were warmed to life by the sun of France to be carried all the long way on the *Olympia*.

Then General Pershing stepped forward to place his own tribute and that of the American Expeditionary Force on this unknown, gallant comrade's coffin. It was a wreath of giant pink chrysanthemums, and as he placed it, the officer paused a moment, then stepped back a pace or two and, drawing his figure to its full height, lifted his hand to cap brim in rigid salute to the dead.

The only spectators of these simple rites were the few clustered in the doorways of the great chamber. The bright lights blazed for a few moments as the President and Mrs. Harding went out to receive again formal honors from the troops waiting below. Then the Unknown was left alone with his motionless guard of honor that was changed at frequent intervals through the night, alone with his head eastward toward distant France and at his feet through a far window and the end of a pillared corridor the twinkling lights of Washington.

On either side of the doorway through which he might have gazed stand the statues of Lincoln and Grant, as though they also kept vigil. And as the lights were switched off and the great building was wrapped in the gloom of night, the dim twilight of the few scattered hidden electrics let the shadows fall over the bier and fill the vast cavern of the dome above with a mystery and a peace that will not be broken until daylight streams again through those high windows.

VII

MY FIRST FLIGHT

H. G. WELLS

[*American Magazine*, December, 1912. By permission.]

Hitherto my only flights have been flights of imagination but this morning[1] I flew. I spent about ten or fifteen minutes in the air; we went out to sea, soared up, came back over the land, circled higher, planed steeply down to the water, and I landed with the conviction that I had had only the foretaste of a great store of hitherto unsuspected pleasures. At the first chance I will go up again, and I will go higher and further.

This experience has restored all the keenness of my ancient interest in flying, which had become a little fagged and flat by too much hearing and reading about the thing and not enough participation. Fifteen years ago, in the days of Langley and Lilienthal, I was one of the few journalists who believed and wrote that flying was possible—it affected my reputation unfavorably, and produced in the few discouraged pioneers of those days a quite touching gratitude. Over my mantel as I write hangs a very blurred and bad but interesting photograph that Professor Langley sent me thirteen years ago. It shows the flight of the first piece of human machinery heavier than air that ever kept itself up for any length of time. It was a model, a little affair that would not have lifted a cat; it went up in a spiral and came down unsmashed, bringing back, like Noah's dove, the promise of tremendous things.

That was only thirteen years ago, and it is amusing to recall how cautiously even we out-and-out believers did our prophesying. I was quite a desperate fellow; I said outright that in my lifetime we should see men flying. But I qualified that by repeating that for many years to come it would be an enterprise only for quite fantastic daring and skill. We conjured up stupendous difficulties and risks. I was deeply impressed and greatly discouraged by a paper a distinguished Cambridge mathematician produced to show that a flying-machine was bound to pitch fearfully, that as it flew on its pitching *must* increase, until up went its nose, down went its tail, and it fell like a knife. We exaggerated every possibility of instability. We imagined that when the airplane was n't 'kicking up ahind and afore' it would be heeling over to the lightest side wind. A sneeze might upset it. We contrasted our poor human equipment with the instinctive balance of a bird, which has had ten million years of evolution by way of a start. . . .

(The waterplane in which I soared over Eastbourne this morning with Mr. Grahame White was as steady as a motor-car running on asphalt.)

Then we went on from those anticipations of swaying insecurity to speculations about the psychological and physiological effects of flying. Most people who look down from the top of a cliff or high tower feel some slight qualms of dread, many feel a quite sickening dread. Even if men struggled high into the air, we asked, would n't they be smitten up there by such a lonely and reeling dismay as to lose all self-control? And, above all, would n't the pitching and tossing make them quite horribly seasick?

I have always been a little haunted by that last dread. It gave a little undertow of funk to the mood of lively curiosity with which I got aboard the waterplane this morning—that sort of faint, thin funk that so readily invades one on the verge of any new experience; when one tries one's first dive, for example, or pushes off for the first time down an ice-run. I thought I should very probably be seasick—or, to be more precise, airsick; I thought also that I might be very giddy, and that I might get thoroughly cold and uncomfortable. None of those things happened.

I am still in a state of amazement at the smooth steadfastness of the motion. There is nothing on earth to compare with that, unless—and that I can't judge—it is an ice-yacht traveling on perfect ice. The finest motor-car in the world on the best road would be a joggling, quivering thing beside it.

To begin with, we went out to sea before the wind, and the plane would not readily rise. We went with an undulating movement, leaping with a light splashing pat upon the water, from wave to wave. Then we came about into the

[1] Friday, August 2, 1912.

wind, and rose; and looking over I saw that there were no longer those periodic flashes of white foam. I was flying. And it was as still and steady as dreaming. I watched the widening distance between our floats and the waves. It was n't by any means a windless day—there was a brisk fluctuating breeze blowing out of the north over the downs. It seemed hardly to affect our flight at all.

And as for the giddiness of looking down, one does not feel it at all. It is difficult to explain why this should be so, but it is so. I suppose in such matters I am neither exceptionally steady-headed, nor is my head exceptionally given to swimming. I can stand on the edge of cliffs of a thousand feet or so and look down, but I can never bring myself right up to the edge, nor crane over to look to the very bottom. I should want to lie down to do that. And the other day I was on that Belvedere place at the top of the Rotterdam skyscraper, a rather high wind was blowing, and one looks down through the chinks between the boards one stands on upon the heads of the people in the streets below; I did n't like it. But I looked directly down on a little fleet of fishing-boats over which we passed, and on the crowds assembling on the beach, and on the bathers who stared up at us from the breaking surf with an entirely agreeable exaltation. And Eastbourne in the early morning sunshine had all the brightly detailed littleness of a town viewed from high up on the side of a great mountain.

When Mr. Grahame White told me we were going to plane down, I will confess I tightened my hold on the sides of the car, and prepared for something like the down-going sensation of a switchback railway on a larger scale. Just for a moment there was that familiar feeling of something pressing one's heart up towards one's shoulders and one's lower jaw up into its socket, and of grinding one's lower teeth against the upper, and then it passed. The nose of the car and all the machine was slanting downward, we were gliding quickly down, and yet there was no feeling that one rushed, not even as one rushes in coasting a hill on a bicycle. It was n't a tithe of the thrill of those three descents one gets on the great mountain railway in the White City. There one gets a disagreeable quiver up one's backbone from the wheels, and a real sense of falling.

It is quite peculiar to flying that one is incredulous of any collision. Some time ago I was in a motor-car that ran over and killed a small dog, and this wretched little incident has left an open wound upon my nerves. I am never quite happy in a car now; I can't help keeping an apprehensive eye ahead. But you fly with an exhilarating assurance that you cannot possibly run over anything or run into anything—except the land or the sea, and even those large essentials seem a beautifully safe distance away.

I had heard a great deal of talk about the deafening uproar of the engine. I counted a headache among my chances. There again reason reinforced conjecture. When in the early morning Mr. Travers came from Brighton in this Farman in which I flew, I could hear the hum of the great insect when it still seemed abreast of Beachey Head, and a good two miles away. If one can hear a thing at two miles, how much the more will one not hear it at a distance of two yards. But at the risk of seeming too contented for anything I will assert I heard that noise no more than one hears the drone of an electric ventilator upon one's table. It was only when I came to speak to Mr. Grahame White, or he to me, that I discovered that our voices had became almost infinitesimally small.

And so it was that I went up into the air at Eastbourne with the impression that flying was still an uncomfortable, experimental, and slightly heroic thing to do, and came down to the cheerful gathering crowd upon the sands again with the knowledge that it is a thing achieved for every one. It will get much cheaper no doubt, and much swifter, and be improved in a dozen ways,—we *must* get self-starting engines, for example, for both our airplanes and motor-cars,—but it is available today for any one who can reach it. An invalid lady of seventy could have enjoyed all that I did if only one could have got her into the passenger's seat. Getting there was a little difficult, it is true; the waterplane was out in the surf, and I was carried to it on a boatman's back, and then had to clamber carefully through the wires, but that is a matter of detail.

This flying is indeed so certain to become a general experience that I am sure that this description will in a few years seem almost as quaint as if I had set myself to record the fears and sensations of my First Ride in a Wheeled Vehicle. And I suspect that learning to control a Farman waterplane now is probably not much more difficult than, let us say, twice the difficulty in learning the control and management of a motor bicycle. I cannot understand the sort of young man who won't learn how to do it if he gets half a chance.

The development of these waterplanes is an important step towards the huge and swarming popularization of flying which is now certainly imminent. We ancient survivors of those who believed in and wrote about flying before there was any flying, used to make a great fuss about the dangers and difficulties of landing and getting up. We wrote with vast gravity about 'starting rails' and 'landing stages,' and it is still true that landing an aëroplane, except upon a well-known and quite level expanse, is a risky and uncomfortable business. But getting up and landing upon fairly smooth water is easier than getting into bed. This alone is likely to determine the aëroplane routes along the line of the world's coast-lines and lake groups and water-ways.

The airmen will go to and fro over water as the midges do. Wherever there is a square mile of water the waterplanes will come and go like hornets at the mouth of their nest. But there are much stronger reasons than this convenience for keeping over water. Over water the air, it seems, lies in great level expanses; even when there are gales it moves in great uniform masses, like the swift still rush of a deep river. The airman, in Mr. Grahame White's phrase, can go to sleep on it.

But over the land, and for thousands of feet up into the sky, the air is more irregular than a torrent among rocks; it is—if only we could see it—a waving, whirling, eddying, flamboyant confusion. A slight hill, a plowed field, the streets of a town, create riotous, rolling, invisible streams and cataracts of air, that catch the aviator unawares, make him drop disconcertingly, try his nerve. With a powerful enough engine he climbs at once again, but these sudden downfalls are the least pleasant and most dangerous experience in aviation. They exact a tiring vigilance. Over lake or sea, in sunshine, within sight of land—this is the perfect way of the flying tourist. Gladly would I have set out for France this morning instead of returning to Eastbourne. And then coasted round to Spain and into the Mediterranean. And so by leisurely stages to India. And the East Indies. . . .

I find my study unattractive today.

VIII

BY BOMBING PLANE TO FRANCE

R. P. HEARNE

[*Sphere*, London, Eng., December 28, 1918. By permission.]

On a clear, frosty morning we reached the Lympne aërodrome. Lympne is one of the finest air harbors I have even seen, and it bids fair to become the aërial Dover of England. Its position near Folkestone, as well as its natural features, marks it out as ideal for the purpose of aërial traffic.

To Lympne came every war plane preparatory to flying to France. I am now able to mention the name of the place and give some account of the work done there which helped to beat Germany out of the air. Thoroughness has been the watchword of the R. A. F., and one saw it well demonstrated at Lympne, where every machine is put to the final test ere leaving England. Great workshops exist, where every detail is attended to with the most scrupulous care, the aim being to 'tune up' each aëroplane to its highest pitch ere going into the war. Amongst the many highly-skilled operations done at Lympne is the final speeding-up of the machine to its best pace.

One comes away from witnessing this operation, and finds hard by a machine making its final gun test, pouring in appallingly rapid discharges of machine-gun fire at a target. A regular stream of spent cartridges and clips pour out from the side of the machine during each burst of fire, and gives one some index to the deadliness of the fusillade.

And now that the gunfire has ceased, there comes to us the deep roar of the

giant Handley-Page bombers, three of which are getting ready for the cross-Channel trip. Leaving the fascinations of the Lympne workshops all too soon, we hurry to the impatient machine and prepare to dress for the journey. The R. A. F. provides an excellent outfit of fur-lined leather helmet, goggles, leather coat, and life-belt. When all these are donned one feels like Bibendum. There is no time to lose, for we are due to lunch in France in half an hour. Our party bundles into the Handley-Page bombers, some climbing through the belly of the machine and others into the bomb-chamber. The cockpit in the nose of the machine, forward of the pilot and his navigation officer, falls to me—the choicest position on the machine. A Lewis gun is at hand as if to give me confidence.

With a roar the great Rolls-Royce engines accelerate; the chocks are removed from the wheels and off we go, bumping over the ground. Suddenly the bumping ceases, the roar of the engines becomes louder, and there comes that delicious sense of smoothness which marks the departure from earth. I sometimes think that dying must feel like that fractional instant when the aëroplane lifts from the ground—I hope I am right in this belief.

Climbing steadily we soon get a wide panorama of typical English countryside, with its irregular mosaic of hedged fields. Then the sea comes into view, with light mist and clouds limiting the horizon. A long yellow streak of sand fringed with white comes under the aëroplane, and we know that the coast line has been crossed. Somehow, new sensations come to one when flying over the sea. Progress seems slower than on land, for one has no marks to guess the speed by; but with the air-speed indicator and the height-meter at hand I could note that we were moving at seventy-five an hour and steadily climbing from 2,000 feet. But for these proofs of motion one feels that the machine is making no headway.

Down in the sea a couple of warships the size of toy models come in view, and just then the nose of the aëroplane slowly rises and then sinks to its usual angle. We have met an air bump; and the remainder of the voyage over the water was marked by a series of these invisible waves of air swelling under the machine. Clouds obscured the view up and down Channel, but very soon I caught sight of the French coast, with Cape Gris Nez to our left. The sunlight grew brighter, the coast line came to view as a long strip of yellow matting, and then the hedgeless fields of France were clear in sight, and the straight roads, the long low houses, and the absence of trees indicated the bird's-eye differences from England, with its richer and more varied but less symmetrical patterns. France looks very logically arranged from aloft, and yet it has not geometrical harshness. But I prefer the English countryside.

We go for some miles inland; sheep can be picked out in the fields as the nose of the machine tends earthwards in a gentle glide. The ground hurries up to meet us; we see aërodrome sheds despite their camouflage, and all too soon we are jolting over French ground as we land at Marquise air harbor, which is the aërial Calais of France. Our hosts at this R. A. F. station gave us a hearty welcome, and with appetites keen from the aërial trip we enjoyed an excellent lunch, one of the choice appurtenances thereof being genuine French butter.

Every cross-Channel aëroplane puts in at or sets out from Marquise air harbor, and thus in many ways it is the counterpart of the Lympne station. But in addition it has many special functions, as being the base of the air force in France. The arranging of the daily cross-Channel traffic through the air is in itself a big task which has to be carried out with great care.

I could have spent days at Marquise examining all the wonderful work that is done there, but ominous clouds were filling the sky to the north, and the short winter's day was on the wane. As we had planned to fly right back to London for tea, it was necessary to start before the rising mists became troublesome. But so great were the attractions of Marquise and the kindliness of our hosts, that it was well after three o'clock before we started.

We found the Channel almost blotted out by great white clouds, which hung low over the water. Again and again we dived through them. There were beautiful light and color effects with the sun as it gave rosy hues to the fleecy clouds floating up from the east. Vast islands

of cloud passed close under us, looking so solid with their mountains and valleys of rose-colored snow that one felt tempted to alight upon them. It was a veritable fairyland. Through breaks in the clouds we caught enchanting glimpses of the sunlit sea, gold and blue in a frame of white.

The English coast was only visible at close range, and as the sun dropped rapidly the clouds and mist took on a cold gray tone which chilled one's feelings. Ahead of us was a world of still colder and denser gray, which might mean snow or fog. I now realized how right our pilot—an intrepid bomber of Rhineland towns—was when he forecasted thick weather.

Darkness was coming on quickly over the ground, though at our height we still had fair light. I was now stationed in the bomb-chamber looking out through a little window. As the light waned I noticed the exhaust pipe of one of the engines get cherry red and little sparks of incandescent metal flakes flew past. My companion nudged me and pointed in some alarm at the red-hot pipe. We stood between the big petrol tank and the engine, and I think he was concerned about the proximity of the two things.

We could not talk owing to the noise, but I longed to tell him that there was no fear. I knew very well the work of the man who designed that engine—F. H. Royce; I knew also the work of the designer of the whole machine—F. Handley-Page; and again I knew that the fuselage we stood in had been built by Michael Scarff of the Regent Carriage Company. Probably I had seen it in the building. My confidence in these three men could not be shaken, though that exhaust pipe got spitefully red as we forced the pace.

And we had need, too, of every ounce of speed. Swathes of fog blotted out the country, and darkness was almost upon the land. One of the most dangerous landings is that in an evening mist. If we crashed and a spurt of petrol got on that hot exhaust pipe . . . well, I suppose it would win us a posthumous paragraph!

But then came a sudden lifting of the mist. Our pilot dived rapidly, came up again, spiraled, found his bearings to a nicety, and in a lucky moment made a perfect landing at the great Whitehead aërodrome west of London. Fog and darkness fell on us like a pall ere we had disembarked, after our journey of 106 miles.

IX
SHOOTING THE RAPIDS

[*Christian Science Monitor*, November 23, 1920. By permission.]

On the Grand Trunk Railway as it runs through the Algonquin Park, in Ontario, there is a station called Joe Lake. There is no flourishing township there; only a hotel, a supply depot, and the little railway station, all close to the lake—that 's all there is of it.

There were four of us—Robert, Mrs. Robert, Peter Pan (that was what I called her) and myself. It was after five when the train arrived at Joe Lake station, but we were not long in getting the canoe out of the baggage car and into the water, as we wanted to be well on our way before sunset. We had just one canoe, and in it we packed our kits, provisions, cooking utensils, and our little white tent.

Robert got into the stern of the canoe, Mrs. Robert and Peter Pan sat in the center among the kit bags, while I paddled in the bow. This arrangement held good right through the trip except when one of the others felt energetic and took a paddle.

It was about 5:30 when we started, but it did not take us long to paddle down Joe Lake and Little Joe and then down the stream to the portage over to Baby Joe: but the light was failing rapidly when we finished pitching the tent on the shore of Baby Joe Lake. In fact, by the time Robert and myself had made the last trip across with the canoe on our shoulders it was quite dark. A big blazing camp fire, however, gave us light to make things 'comfy' for the night, and also enabled Mrs. Robert to get supper ready.

In the morning we may not have been up with the dawn, but we were not far behind, and a good fire soon made us forget all about the sharp morning air. Breakfast over, we soon got under way again. By this time the sun was well up, but, once started, it was not long before we got through Baby Joe and were

paddling down the long stretches of Island Lake. Ours was not the only canoe on Island Lake, but the sight of other camp fires and the gleam of an odd tent among the spruce trees only acted as an incentive to push on. We were not sorry to reach the portage into Little Otterslide, but we were still more pleased when the portaging was over and we were once more afloat.

Portaging is a mixed blessing. This was the way we worked it. Landing at the beginning of a trail everything was at once dumped out of the canoe. On the first trip Robert usually took the dunnage bag which, among other things, contained most of the food. It was like a glorified knapsack with a tump line which you put over your forehead. Its chief redeeming feature was that it grew steadily lighter as the days went by and the food was eaten up. My load usually consisted of another big haversack of tins and the roll of blankets across my shoulders, plus the ax. The small haversacks were carried by Mrs. Robert and Peter Pan. The paddles were divided among us. That usually made up the first load. The second one was the canoe.

We devised quite a drill for handling the canoe before we had completed the trip. It was a case of one, two, three, and we had lifted the canoe over our heads and rested it upside down on our shoulders with our heads inside. We were then ready for the trail.

From Otterslide Lake into White Trout Lake there were no less than four portages running, so we thought we deserved a holiday by the time we had finished. We camped for two nights on a charming site on the point of a little island in the middle of White Trout Lake. Here we spent a day playing about in the canoe, bathing and lolling about or listening to the loons calling to each other. From there we paddled through Longer Lake, across two portages to Red Pine and then on to Burnt Lake.

The scenery was always changing. One minute a dense forest of stately spruce seemed to roll like a wonderful carpet of green from the high hills right down to the water's edge; at another the trees, red pines or silver birches, and then swinging round a corner you saw belts of gaunt, charred tree stumps. Sometimes we paddled across broad, smiling lakes only to pass into a narrow river with the roar of approaching rapids filling one's ears. One found one's self almost unconsciously humming 'The Canadian Boat Song' among such surroundings.

Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

A shelter hut at the far end of Burnt Lake on a raw, damp morning was a great find, and our joy can be imagined when we saw smoke curling up from the chimney and two men came to the door to bid us welcome. They were fire rangers, but they were as pleased to see us as we were to see them. Callers are few and far between.

Our two new friends introduced themselves as George and Charlie. They were typical lumberjacks who had spent almost all their lives in the woods, and what they did not know about the woods and the animals and birds would hardly be worth knowing. The hut was a log cabin about 18 feet by 24 feet. At one end was the stove, with its stovepipe led along under the roof for some distance to give heat in cold weather. At the end opposite the door were the sleeping bunks. I slept on the floor the two nights we were there, as there were not enough bunks for every one. I have slept in worse places.

The second night we 'turned in' early. The hut was bathed in the moonlight, when we were all suddenly wakened by a sound that there was no mistaking. It was wolves. They were fairly close, and Charlie said be thought it must be a pack of five or six howling at the moon.

It was after we had bid farewell to George and Charlie that the exciting part of our trip began. We knew that there were rapids ahead of us, and their roar told us that we were rapidly approaching them. Snowshoe Rapids was the first one, and this one we thought it wisest to lower the canoe down. Mrs. Robert and Peter Pan got out. A long rope was fastened to the stern of the canoe. Robert stayed on board and steered it clear of the rocks as it swung down through the surging waters, while I kept hold of the rope and prevented our

frail bark getting out of hand. It was exciting scrambling along the rocks, sometimes in midstream pulling the canoe into deep water, other times jumping from rock to rock in order to keep up with the canoe and at the same time not to let the rope slip.

When we came to Cedar and Catfish Rapids, which were also on the same little river between Pearl and Catfish Lakes, Robert and I decided to shoot them. Robert steered in the stern with a long lumberman's pole, while I sat in the bow with the oldest paddle warding the canoe off the rocks as we swept down stream. I am afraid I shall feel too blasé ever to want to go down the water chute at the Earl's Court Exhibition in London again.

The next night we camped on Catfish Lake. When the moon rose we all went out in the canoe to watch the beavers working. We noiselessly made our way to where they were busily engaged. It was most instructive. Unfortunately, one of the family coming home found the canoe in his way and gave the 'take cover' signal. His tail hitting the water as he dived sounded like a pistol shot. Every sound stopped at once. What the 'all clear' signal was we never found out.

A disappointment awaited us when we reached Narrow Lake. It was so jammed with logs that there was hardly a clear inch of water to be seen. There was nothing for it but to portage round. But here there was no regular trail. Once when the others had gone on ahead and were well out of sight I found that I could not get along any further. I had lost the trail. I did the only possible thing—did a sharp right-about turn and went back until I found a blaze mark on a tree. Then I managed to find the trail again.

The trip down the Petewawa River was almost as exciting as shooting the rapids. On our map it showed the river impassable and a portage trail running down its whole length.

We had had enough portaging, so we decided to either shoot or lower the canoe down the rapids. When we reached the broad expanse of Cedar Lake in the afternoon we felt that our last day's trip had been a fitting climax to our many adventures. When we had finished the last portage from the lake up to the little station at Brent, on the other side of the Algonquin Park, and learned that we were about the first people who had managed to make that trip this year, we felt we had done something not to be ashamed of.

X

ADRIFT IN A BLIZZARD

[F. F. VAN DE WATER]

[*New York Tribune*, March 29, 1919. By permission.]

Three big navy tugs, the *Wyossing*, *Aurora* and *Seabright*, hurriedly slipped their moorings just before noon yesterday and went charging out to sea through the storm, full speed ahead.

The wireless at the Brooklyn Navy Yard had picked up a call from the Sandy Hook lightship. Over miles of wind-torn water came the sputter of the electric spark:

'Five barges with men, women, and children aboard passed here driving out to sea. Hurry.'

The tugs hurried, for a ninety-mile wind on which a blizzard was riding was pushing five chalk-laden barges with five men, five women, and fifteen children further away from land and hope of rescue each moment.

Late last evening they returned, buffeted and battered by the tremendous seas. Only four of the barges came back with them. The Atlantic had overwhelmed the fifth, but the five men, the five women, and the fifteen children were safe, thanks to the courage and seamanship of Lieutenant Harry Denyse, who commanded the rescuing tugs.

The wind that had been freshening all night became a gale at dawn yesterday. Three Pennsylvania barges, one New York Central, and one Jersey Central, had tugged at their anchors all night long off Stapleton, Staten Island. At 6 yesterday morning the wind tore them loose and, aided by the waves and tide, began to drive them out to sea.

By the time the barge captains and their families learned what had occurred the swirling snow clouds had cut them off from land. The blast of the wind

swept away the feeble voices of their horns and bells.

Down through the Narrows the barges swept as though riding a millrace, and then land dropped away entirely, and they were driving out on to the Atlantic on the shoulders of the worst storm of the year.

There was nothing that they could do except fly pitiful signals of distress that the snow made invisible at a hundred yards. The barges, heavily laden, lurched and wallowed through the great waves and began to take in water. Twenty-four hours at most would be their life in such weather.

And then something that the bargemen and their wives and children swear was not just chance drove one of the five close to the lightship that stands sentinel in all weather at the harbor's gates.

Men of the lightship saw a dark clumsy shape go staggering past, half buried in foam, and caught the words that set the wireless operator hammering frantically on his key.

When they reached the open sea, the powerful tugs had rough weather of it, for the waves were growing larger almost momentarily and the search for the barges in the middle of the blinding snowstorm called for much turning and twisting, quartering the miles of heaving sea like hunting dogs.

At last, to the bellowing of their sirens, there came a thin shout in answer, and four of the barges loomed out of the storm, splintered and leaking, but still riding the waves. To these the *Wyossing* and *Seabright* passed lines and headed back for the harbor, and the *Aurora* went on alone through the darkening world of water and snow on the trail of the missing Jersey Central barge, on which a man, his wife and four children were drifting out into the gathering night.

Dusk was falling and the *Aurora's* crew had almost given up hope, when they finally found the missing barge, twenty miles off the lightship and leaking badly. The tug passed her a hawser and turned her own bow toward shore. Her engines strained desperately, but with the waterlogged weight at her stern she could make no headway in the face of the storm.

No small boat could have lived in the turmoil of wind and wave. There was only one thing to do—run the *Aurora* as close as possible to the foundering barge and let the barge captain and his family jump for it.

Accordingly the little group, the captain, his wife, and four small children, scrambled to the bow of their sinking craft and stood there while the *Aurora* watched for a quiet moment when she might run in close and give them a chance.

This came at last. For a moment the tug's and the barge's decks hung on a level and the man caught up his wife and threw her into the arms of the bluejackets at the tug's bow. Four times he threw children to safety. Then he jumped.

The *Aurora* turned her head into the storm once more, and the sinking barge dropped behind as the tug came plowing her way home, while in her cabin a man, his wife, and four children cried, and then laughed, then cried again.

XI

A LETTER WRITTEN AFTER THE MESSINA DISASTER

[*McClure's Magazine*, May, 1909. By permission.]

I had gone to Messina on the 26th, to visit my friends, the Levis. I spent the day of the 27th with them, visiting the city, a most beautiful one. Toward evening a heavy thunder-storm came up, and we went home, where Madame Gina Levi was seized with sudden illness. The doctor was called in. We spent the first part of the night around her bed, tending her, trying to quiet her in her nervous paroxysms. Finally we went to bed.

I, lying on a cot near her, had no more than a few minutes' unconsciousness at a time; I would doze, wake up, toss, cry out; I would speak to her, in the effort to soothe her. At last, after a terrifying dream, which I do not remember, I started up, broad awake. The others were all up, standing about my sick friend's bed. Impelled by some mysterious force I jumped out of bed; I seized a dress and hurriedly put it on.

Madame Levi said to me, 'Put on your shoes and stockings.' I sat on the edge of the bed and put them on. Who would have believed that in that moment, by that act, I was saving my life?

We could already hear the tinkling, out in the street, of the goat-bells. The servant-girl opened the window; she bought milk. At that instant I was seized with a strange dizziness and violent nausea. The servant-girl offered me a cup of coffee. I went into the room where Gina was lying, and took the coffee. At the last swallow, I felt myself lifted from the floor to the ceiling. The ceiling dipped, the bed rose, and the horrible shaking began. We were tossed up and down for several seconds; then the earthquake changed its motion, hurled the sick woman from her bed, clove the walls, and the downfall began.

I heard a sound as if of countless paper tearing, stuff burning with crackling and explosions, and a deafening roar, a terrific crashing. There were balconies falling, steeples, chimneys, towers crumbling. I remember clearly that I was clutching my coffee-cup, trying to set it safely on the washstand, demented already, but calm. I thought, 'I will open the balcony door.' I could not do it; the ceiling gaped above my head.

I made a spring for the windows. Impossible to get them open. I was suffocating. The air was charged with thick dust which stopped respiration. I found the door. Behind me came the Levis, with a little girl, Melina, who habitually spent the day and sometimes the night at their house. On the right there had been, in its time, a balcony. The stairway, the house, were in ruins; the other wing of the house, too, was in ruins.

We all jumped from the balcony. We were on the second story; the heaped débris diminished the height of our jump. I fell. It was dark; it was white all around; beyond that, nothing. Ruins and the cries of the dying. Cries, cries, shrieks. Who was shrieking? We could not see. Had the heavens fallen? What had happened? My lips were tight shut in a spasm of agony. I ran. Where was I running? Perhaps it was not I running, but the earth running under my feet.

Then everything stood still, and for a moment there was silence. Then what was it? The cries began anew, the shrieking, the mad attempts at flight. I said over the names of all those I love; I cried them out aloud to the heavens, choking with the bloody froth that ran from my mouth and nostrils. I said them all over, the names of those, living and dead, whom I love; and my wits came back, and I did not lose them again until the moment when I found myself on the train for Catania.

I thought, 'Now I am going to escape from this!' But I did not know the way.

I found a man and said to him, 'Where are we?'

'In Piazza Spirito Santo,' he answered.

'Can we escape?'

'Stay where you are. We are blocked. We are safe here as long as God pleases.'

And the earthquake began again. The houses finished crumbling; they showered forth furniture, mirrors, wounded men, dead bodies. Yells and infernal panic. All suddenly caved in. We dropped face downward, and lay awaiting death. But before long we got up again, and in the dense dust found one another. Melina was trembling in the Professor's arms. What joy, in all that anguish, to ascertain that we were all there—what joy! And joy over what? There were two hundred of us, injured and whole, in that small space. At our right was a convent, the walls of which had dropped in, but whose front, still standing, was a menace to us. At our left was a house, burst open fanwise, ready to fall at the next shock. Behind us the church of the Spirito Santo, tilting forward, with a great triangular crack down its façade. Before us the houses of the Porta Imperiale, in fragments; broken and torn bodies dumped into the square among gravel, blood, and wreckage. 'Let us stay where we are,' we said, 'all close clasped together, let us wait.' For what? For death?

A light broke above us, beyond the ruins which we could dimly distinguish, because an occasional street-lamp, impossible as it seems, had remained alight. 'The dawn! The dawn!' we shouted. No; it was Messina burning.

Then we were seized with desperate madness to flee. But whither? Oh, to the sea, to be drowned in it, to be buried

in the depths of the sea! But fire, to die by fire? Oh, God, what anguish! I dumbly gazed at the heavens. I had never seen them of so deep a purple-blue; and how many stars were falling! A shower of stars, thick and shining. A benediction upon the ruins? Behind a house, whose front wall alone was standing, the sky opened, somewhat suddenly, and there poured down light, cold and pallid, like moonlight. Daybreak! Daybreak! *'Adduma! Adduma!'* they cried, mad with the desire for light.

And never was the sun so worshiped, so prayed to, so invoked, as in that tragic hour. Day broke, but, alas! what a scene of sorrow it brought into view!

We looked at one another, to make sure it was ourselves, to make sure we were alive. We were white with mortar; we looked like ghosts, with hugely dilated eyes staring like madmen's. Oh, the dreadful ruin on every hand, the desolation, the horror! I believed that Catania too had been destroyed. I supposed that the disaster came to us from Ætna, and I prayed that Bruno, my husband, who was there, might have died at once, without knowing, without seeing. I made the reflection that possibly Erminia, my maid, had been able to escape; she slept in a small chamber which I imagined was safe.

And there passed before my eyes all the beloved faces 'that I shall never see again, never again!' I said.

How, from what profound abysms of the soul, was faith born again in me? I felt that some one had worked that miracle for my sake, and I knelt down before the church, which no longer was there, but whose door stood sealed and intact, still guarding its mystery. What did I say? For whom did I pray? For myself, for Bruno, for my dear ones far away? I do not remember; I know that while I was praying two priests passed by. One had an august, aged face, haggard with grief. He looked at me; I told him everything in a look. He spoke over me the blessing for those about to die. He went about among the dying—how many of them! He blessed them, and went his way through the wreckage with his companion, who was weeping, to bless other dead, calmly, without haste, walking under the toppling walls, and we saw him no more.

When I rose to my feet I felt light, rested, strong, well, ready for everything. We began to work for the injured. What endless numbers of them! What slaughter, what mutilations, what horrors! A woman was delivered of twins there in the square: one was dead, one alive; she died later, of hemorrhage.

A father, almost completely naked, tore his face with his nails, desperate at having left his children behind among the ruins.

Meanwhile the miracles of life-saving had begun. Two children slid down a table, placed slantwise, between a stump of house and a heap of rubbish; then came the mother, then the father last. When he had reached the bottom, he saw that two were still missing. What weeping, what shrieks! Oh, God, and who could comfort them? There were some standing by who had no one, no one left. Little children, totally naked, or with nothing on but a little shirt, all blood, all mud; girls and women, gone quite mad, calling out strange pet names and terms of endearment: *'Catù! Bita!* [My breath! My life!] *Catuzza e mamma bedda!* Meant for whom? Alas! for sons, husbands, scattered, dismembered, or perhaps still alive beneath huge mountains of masonry.

I saw a father searching among the wreckage for his children. He pulled out one of them, dead. One of them, whose head only projected from the horrible rubbish-heap, cried, *'Papà, papà, sete aio, sete aio!'* [I am thirsty! I am thirsty!] And there was no water. The father bent over the dying child and gave him his saliva and all his soul in a kiss. The son closed his eyes and died.

The earthquake continued. The walls continued falling, mountains on top of mountains of stone and plaster. Precipices gaped and engulfed the surviving, who had hoped perhaps to reach safety. All that had been left standing after the first horrible, unending shock now went to pieces.

The instinct of life, however, love of that miserable gift which misfortune had left us, sprang up again within us, and we bethought us, poor wretches! that night would be coming on; we bethought us of the morrow. We rummaged among the ruins in search of food; we tested the earth, and trusted it, poor fools, to uphold the tables which were to shelter us during the night that was closing down—last,

immeasurable calamity. We made a hut. And suddenly, as if a malign breath of insanity had overturned their reasons,—whilst, all equally unhappy, all equally poor, naked, wounded, weeping, we were awaiting death,—a small band of men, for a loaf of bread found among the broken masonry, wrenched bars from an iron gate and began whirling them among the crowd, to kill. Where could we flee?

Two or three dropped down, felled; they afterward died. That horrible danger passed, too. Some went searching among the ruins for bread, food, clothing, all that could keep off death—death which we notwithstanding were calling upon to come quickly, and which came not. Ah, the savage scenes over a chunk of bread, over a sup of putrid water, gathered as it dripped from the ruins, yellow, fetid, which was drunken after the dying had refused to taste it. What struggles for a nut, for a chocolate drop (a ruined sweet-shop had been found, which saved us by a few bottles, a few pots of preserve), for a bone gnawed by dogs, picked out of the refuse, for a mouthful of anything that could keep us from starvation! I saw what the human brute is like when, all restraint removed, all shame cast off, every law forgotten, he stands forth without disguise. Horrible! Horrible! All the most bestial instincts, swarming up from the dregs of the soul, all the unbridled appetites, every baseness, every cowardice! But I saw likewise what treasures of self-renunciation, sacrifice, human brotherliness, generosity, what heroism, are in the depths of the human soul.

A young man, whom I shall never forget, a cripple, with only one leg, clambering with a crutch among the ruins, saved scores of people. Untiringly he searched among the wreckage, he brought back to us everything he could find; he took bits of chocolate out of his mouth to put into the mouths, forever open, of the crying children.

A marvel, in truth, was the forethought of this man. Where did he unearth a crate of apples? He hid them, he defended them from the violence of the greedy; and through the night he went among the huts, distributing quarters of apple to each one of us in his turn, with calculating parsimony, with implacable justice. I shall remember him as long as I live, that fragment of a man among the fragments of a city. He explored the ruined city in every direction, to find a way of escape, to open a road for us. We could see him hanging like a mountain goat over the edge of frightful precipices. At night he never rested, unless it were to make a pillow of himself for those who did not know where to lay their heads, amid the mire, the blood, and the ruin. The name of this hero is Salvatore Stellario. What became of him when the anguished fight for the preservation of life had ceased, and we saw the fire close at hand, after a night spent under the rain, dreadful scourge, amid continual earthquakes, the horrors of darkness, cold, fear, the ever fainter moaning of the hurt? They told me he sought safety in the direction of the railway. Perhaps I shall see him again.

There is another whom I remember for unparalleled self-control and equanimity —Nicola Sclepis, who could impose quiet by a gesture, who wore a look of fatalism, yet had words of encouragement, of hope. Cold, apparently unfeeling, he could stop a frenzied mob by a shout; he could smile while others were inquiring breathlessly, 'When, where, how are we doomed to die?' Oh, how well I remember him! I supposed him a skeptic; I thought him heartless. Later, I saw him clasp his friends to his breast; I saw tears filling his eyes while I told him my last will and testament of love for those who would come to look for me. Shall I ever forget him? He was saved, I know. He could not die; I felt that, and for that reason intrusted my last messages to him. He listened to me, serious, kind. He bade me not to move, when I wanted to go and try to find some way out of that horrible inclosure; he prevented me by a look. Men like Nicola Sclepis are rare indeed. One possessed of such moral strength and courage is worthy, truly, of the name of hero.

Evening came on again; it grew dark early: the light shrank away from the horrors of the catastrophe.

I had eaten a handful of oats, found I do not remember where. I had an egg which a lady had refused. As I was eating it, a woman came running, crying that she had no more milk for her baby. I put out the egg which I had so nearly swallowed; she caught it in her hands and fed it to her infant. Water had been found;

it was yellow, thick; it tasted, alas! of decay, of death, of putrefaction: but I drank it. I was mad with thirst, with hunger. I had in my hands a jar of marmalade, but succeeded in no more than touching my lips with it. I distributed it among the injured, feeding them with a hollow cane, split in two. And so came the evening, and the rain fell, and for hours and hours earthquake and rain and weeping; sighs of the dying, howls of desperate grief. Oh, that tragic night! How we wept and how we prayed! Some were seen barbarously beating themselves, to punish themselves for being alive while their beloved were dead; and we wept in chorus, and sang in chorus.

I remember those lamentable chants: the passion of Jesus sung in Sicilian dialect, the sorrows of Mary, the praises of the Child Jesus,—all the Christian legends, all the songs of infancy. And it rained, it rained, and the earth continued to shake, implacably, and the day was slow in coming.

Oh, what eternal, what cruel waiting! When we were worn out with praying, there was deathly silence; but every little while a groan would bring us back to dreadful consciousness, and we would start up and begin rushing about. But to what purpose, for whose sake? The injured would ask for a mattress, a pillow, and water, water, water! And we had nothing to give them but a few nuts, an apple, a morsel of bread. And those who had fractured jaws, teeth which they spat out with bloody foam, or injuries to their throats, they merely must die of hunger!

We heard a whistle or two in the distance. We supposed it must be some steamer coming to help us; but no one came. The thought crossed my mind that a dirigible balloon might have gotten cognizance of the condition of Messina, but that hope, too, was vain. We spent another night in the mud; at daybreak the rain stopped. As soon as the first light appeared in the sky, there reawakened in all the mad desire to flee. Whither, in what direction, with what hope?

On this side the conflagration, on that, mountains of masonry. The sea had withdrawn. The steamers would take on no more; people had killed one another to get aboard. Where could we go? But go we must.

I had in a little hand-bag, saved I know not how, my provisions for the days that must pass before help came, or death. Two walnuts, a few filberts, a nibbled bit of nougat, and a chocolate watch, such as we buy for children, which was presented to me by a little boy whom I do not remember. He handed it to me unasked, and ran away. I had with me my railway-book. I placed it in the bosom of my dress, thinking that perhaps by means of it I might be identified when they found my body. That was my great preoccupation—to be found, to be identified, to shorten the anxiety of my husband, who was perhaps already looking for me, desperate, among the ruins.

Nicola Sclepis told me to follow him and his caravan, headed for the mountains; he offered me his house, all he had, —at Santa Lucia, I think it was. There I would certainly have been out of danger, but I would have had to wait to send news.

I hesitated for an instant. Then I reflected that by way of the sea I would soonest reach Catania. Death was perhaps lying in wait for me in that direction; but go I must, and I went. My companions followed me a short way, then we separated.

I lost my reason again, and I do not know where I went. I was quite alone, alone among the ruins, the dead, the fallen houses. Where was I? Near the cemetery, they told me. Some told me near the sea, others near the railroad; they did not understand what I said. Some who were crazy, some who were dazed, some who were wicked, misdirected me, sent me vainly wandering among the ruins, alone, forsaken, desperate.

I reached a place where the ruins had caught fire; I was forced to turn back. That had been a street, the handsomest in Messina; now the houses had fallen in, and the dead lay under them. Walking was easy there; but I could not bear to step on the wreckage; I knew of the human flesh throbbing beneath it; I caught glimpses of clothing, scraps of black. Oh, the horror of it!

I ran, I fell, I picked myself up; it began to rain again, but there were no more earthquakes. I came to an open place. Perhaps there had once been a church. I shall never know.

In the middle, a bronze Christ, maimed, wept, with his head bowed toward the right. In front of him a taper was burning. There were before me three roads. I took the one toward which the Christ was looking. Some one told me that was the right road. But what a road! How many crumbled houses, what destruction! I reached a place that was all like a marsh. I walked into it nearly to my knees. When I came out I could no longer walk: my clothes clung to me. I thought of taking them off, then I went down on my hands and knees, and crawled along like an animal. . . .

XII

HAROLD BRIDE'S STORY OF THE SINKING OF THE TITANIC

[*New York Times*, April 28, 1912. By permission.]

To begin at the beginning, I was born at Nunhead, England, twenty-two years ago, and joined the Marconi forces last July. I first worked on the *Haverford*, and then on the *Lusitania*. I joined the *Titanic* at Belfast.

I did n't have mucl. to do aboard the *Titanic* except to relieve Phillips from midnight until some time in the morning, when he should be through sleeping. On the night of the accident I was not sending, but was asleep. I was due to be up and relieve Phillips earlier than usual. And that reminds me—if it had n't been for a lucky thing, we never could have sent any call for help.

The lucky thing was that the wireless broke down early enough for us to fix it before the accident. We noticed something wrong on Sunday, and Phillips and I worked seven hours to find it. We found a 'secretary' burned out, at last, and repaired it just a few hours before the iceberg was struck.

Phillips said to me as he took the night shift, 'You turn in, boy, and get some sleep, and go up as soon as you can and give me a chance. I 'm all done for with this work of making repairs.'

There were three rooms in the wireless cabin. One was a sleeping room, one a dynamo room, and one an operating room. I took off my clothes and went to sleep in bed. Then I was conscious of waking up and hearing Phillips sending to Cape Race. I read what he was sending. It was traffic matter.

I remembered how tired he was, and I got out of bed without my clothes on to relieve him. I did n't even feel the shock. I hardly knew it had happened until the captain had come to us. There was no jolt whatever.

I was standing by Phillips, telling him to go to bed, when the captain put his head in the cabin.

'We 've struck an iceberg,' the captain said, 'and I 'm having an inspection made to tell what it has done for us. You better get ready to send out a call for assistance. But don't send it until I tell you.'

The captain went away and in ten minutes, I should estimate the time, he came back. We could hear a terrible confusion outside, but there was not the least thing to indicate that there was any trouble. The wireless was working perfectly.

'Send the call for assistance,' ordered the captain, barely putting his head in the door.

'What call should I send?' Phillips asked.

'The regulation international call for help. Just that.'

Then the captain was gone. Phillips began to send 'C. Q. D.' He flashed away at it and we joked while he did so. All of us made light of the disaster.

We joked that way while he flashed signals for about five minutes. Then the captain came back.

'What are you sending?' he asked.

'C. Q. D.,' Phillips replied.

The humor of the situation appealed to me. I cut in with a little remark that made us all laugh, including the captain.

'Send "S. O. S.,"' I said. 'It 's the new call, and it may be your last chance to send it.'

Phillips with a laugh changed the signal to 'S. O. S.' The captain told us we had been struck amidships, or just back of amidships. It was ten minutes, Phillips told me, after he had noticed the iceberg that the slight jolt that was the collision's only signal to us occurred. We thought we were a good distance away.

We said lots of funny things to each

other in the next few minutes. We picked up first the steamship *Frankfurd.* We gave her our position and said we had struck an iceberg and needed assistance. The *Frankfurd* operator went away to tell his captain.

He came back, and we told him we were sinking by the head. By that time we could observe a distinct list forward.

The *Carpathia* answered our signal. We told her our position and said we were sinking by the head. The operator went to tell the captain, and in five minutes returned and told us that the captain of the *Carpathia* was putting about and heading for us.

Our captain had left us at this time and Phillips told me to run and tell him what the *Carpathia* had answered. I did so, and I went through an awful mass of people to his cabin. The decks were full of scrambling men and women. I saw no fighting, but I heard tell of it.

I came back and heard Phillips giving the *Carpathia* fuller directions. Phillips told me to put on my clothes. Until that moment I forgot that I was not dressed.

I went to my cabin and dressed. I brought an overcoat to Phillips. It was very cold. I slipped the overcoat upon him while he worked.

Every few minutes Phillips would send me to the captain with little messages. They were merely telling how the *Carpathia* was coming our way and gave her speed.

I noticed as I came back from one trip that they were putting off women and children in lifeboats. I noticed that the list forward was increasing.

Phillips told me the wireless was growing weaker. The captain came and told us our engine rooms were taking water and that the dynamos might not last much longer. We sent that word to the *Carpathia.*

I went out on deck and looked around. The water was pretty close up to the boat deck. There was a great scramble aft, and how poor Phillips worked through it I don't know.

He was a brave man. I learned to love him that night, and I suddenly felt for him a great reverence to see him standing there sticking to his work while everybody else was raging about. I will never live to forget the work of Phillips for the last awful fifteen minutes.

I thought it was about time to look about and see if there was anything detached that would float. I remembered that every member of the crew had a special lifebelt and ought to know where it was. I remembered mine was under my bunk. I went and got it. Then I thought how cold the water was.

I remembered I had some boots, and I put those on, and an extra jacket and I put that on. I saw Phillips standing out there still sending away, giving the *Carpathia* details of just how we were doing.

We picked up the *Olympic* and told her we were sinking by the head and were about all down. As Phillips was sending the message I strapped his lifebelt to his back. I had already put on his overcoat.

I wondered if I could get him into his boots. He suggested with a sort of laugh that I look out and see if all the people were off in the boats, or if any boats were left, or how things were.

I saw a collapsible boat near a funnel and went over to it. Twelve men were trying to boost it down to the boat deck. They were having an awful time. It was the last boat left. I looked at it longingly a few minutes. Then I gave them a hand, and over she went. They all started to scramble in on the boat deck, and I walked back to Phillips. I said the last raft had gone.

Then came the captain's voice: 'Men, you have done your full duty. You can do no more. Abandon your cabin. Now it 's every man for himself. You look out for yourselves. I release you. That 's the way of it at this kind of a time. Every man for himself.'

I looked out. The boat deck was awash. Phillips clung on sending and sending. He clung on for about ten minutes, or maybe fifteen minutes, after the captain had released him. The water was then coming into our cabin.

While he worked something happened I hate to tell about. I was back in my room getting Phillips' money for him, and as I looked out the door I saw a stoker, or somebody from below decks, leaning over Phillips from behind. He was too busy to notice what the man was

doing. The man was slipping the lifebelt off Phillips' back.

He was a big man, too. As you can see, I am very small. I don't know what it was I got hold of. I remembered in a flash the way Phillips had clung on—how I had to fix that lifebelt in place because he was too busy to do it.

I knew that man from below decks had his own lifebelt and should have known where to get it.

I suddenly felt a passion not to let that man die a decent sailor's death. I wished he might have stretched rope or walked a plank. I did my duty. I hope I finished him. I don't know. We left him on the cabin floor of the wireless room, and he was not moving.

From aft came the tunes of the band. It was a rag-time tune, I don't know what. Then there was 'Autumn.' Phillips ran aft, and that was the last I ever saw of him alive.

I went to the place I had seen the collapsible boat on the boat deck, and to my surprise I saw the boat and the men still trying to push it off. I guess there was n't a sailor in the crowd. They could n't do it. I went up to them and was just lending a hand when a large wave came awash of the deck.

The big wave carried the boat off. I had hold of an oarlock, and I went off with it. The next I knew I was in the boat.

But that was not all. I was in the boat, and the boat was upside down, and I was under it. And I remember realizing that I was wet through, and that whatever happened I must not breathe, for I was under water.

I know I had to fight for it, and I did. How I got out from under the boat I do not know, but I felt a breath of air at last.

There were men all around me—hundreds of them. The sea was dotted with them, all depending on their lifebelts. I felt I simply had to get away from the ship. She was a beautiful sight then.

Smoke and sparks were rushing out of her funnel. There must have been an explosion, but we had heard none. We only saw the big stream of sparks. The ship was gradually turning on her nose—just like a duck does that goes down for a dive. I had only one thing on my mind—to get away from the suction. The band was still playing. I guess all of the band went down.

They were playing 'Autumn' then. I swam with all my might. I suppose I was 150 feet away when the *Titanic,* on her nose, with her after-quarter sticking straight up in the air, began to settle—slowly.

When at last the waves washed over her rudder there was n't the least bit of suction I could feel. She must have kept going just as slowly as she had been.

I forgot to mention that, besides the *Olympic* and *Carpathia,* we spoke some German boat, I don't know which, and told them how we were. We also spoke the *Baltic.* I remembered those things as I began to figure what ships would be coming toward us.

I felt, after a little while, like sinking. I was very cold. I saw a boat of some kind near me and put all my strength into an effort to swim to it. It was hard work. I was all done when a hand reached out from the boat and pulled me aboard. It was our same collapsible. The same crowd was on it.

There was just room for me to roll on the edge. I lay there, not caring what happened. Somebody sat on my legs. They were wedged in between slats and were being wrenched. I had not the heart left to ask the man to move. It was a terrible sight all around—men swimming and sinking.

I lay where I was, letting the man wrench my feet out of shape. Others came near. Nobody gave them a hand. The bottom-up boat already had more men than it would hold and it was sinking.

At first the larger waves splashed over my clothing. Then they began to splash over my head, and I had to breathe when I could.

As we floated around on our capsized boat, and I kept straining my eyes for a ship's light, somebody said, 'Don't the rest of you think we ought to pray?' The man who made the suggestion asked what the religion of the others was. Each man called out his religion. One was a Catholic, one a Methodist, one a Presbyterian.

It was decided the most appropriate prayer for all was the Lord's Prayer.

We spoke it over in chorus with the man who first suggested that we pray as the leader.

Some splendid people saved us. They had a right-side up boat, and it was full to its capacity. Yet they came to us and loaded us all into it. I saw some lights off in the distance and knew a steamship was coming to our aid.

I did n't care what happened. I just lay and gasped when I could and felt the pain in my feet. At last the *Carpathia* was alongside and the people were being taken up a rope ladder. Our boat drew near and one by one the men were taken off of it.

One man was dead. I passed him and went to the ladder, although my feet pained terribly. The dead man was Phillips. He had died on the raft from exposure and cold, I guess. He had been all in from work before the wreck came. He stood his ground until the crisis had passed, and then he had collapsed, I guess.

But I hardly thought that then. I did n't think much of anything. I tried the rope ladder. My feet pained terribly, but I got to the top and felt hands reaching out to me. The next I knew a woman was leaning over me in a cabin, and I felt her hand waving back my hair and rubbing my face.

I felt somebody at my feet and felt the warmth of a jolt of liquor. Somebody got me under the arms. Then I was hustled down below to the hospital. That was early in the day, I guess. I lay in the hospital until near night, and they told me the *Carpathia's* wireless man was getting 'queer,' and would I help.

After that I never was out of the wireless room, so I don't know what happened among the passengers. I saw nothing of Mrs. Astor or any of them. I just worked wireless. The splutter never died down. I knew it soothed the hurt and felt like a tie to the world of friends and home.

XIII

TELLING THE TALE OF THE TITANIC

ALEX. McD. STODDART

[*Independent*, May 2, 1912. By permission.]

At 1.20 A. M., Monday, April 15, the cable editor opened an envelope of the Associated Press that had stamped on its face 'Bulletin.' This is what he read:

Cape Race, N. F., Sunday night, April 14. —At 10.25 o'clock to-night the White Star Line steamship *Titanic* called 'C. Q. D.' to the Marconi station here, and reported having struck an iceberg. The steamer said that immediate assistance was required.

The cable editor looked at his watch. It was 1.20 and lacked just five minutes of the hour when the mail edition goes to press.

'Boy!' he called sharply.

An office boy was at his side in a moment.

'Send this upstairs; tell them the head is to come; double column and tell the night editor to rip open two columns on the first page for a one-stick despatch of the *Titanic* striking an iceberg and sinking.'

Every one in the office was astir in a moment and came over to see the cable editor write on a sheet of copy paper:

Set across two columns.
Titanic Sinking
in Mid-Ocean; Hit
Great Iceberg.

'Boy!' he called again; but it was not necessary—a boy in a newspaper office knows news the first time he sees it.

'Tell them that 's the head for the *Titanic.*'

Then he wrote briefly this telegraphic despatch, and as he did so he said to another office boy at his side: 'Tell the operator to shut off that story he is taking and get me a clear wire to Montreal.'

This is what he wrote to the Montreal correspondent, probably at work at his desk in a Montreal newspaper office at that hour:

Cape Race says White Star Liner *Titanic*

struck iceberg, is sinking and wants immediate assistance. Rush every line you can get. We will hold open for you until 3.30.

'Give that to the operator and find out if we caught the mail on that *Titanic* despatch,' he said quickly to the boy.

In a moment the boy returned.

'O. K. on both,' he said.

These night office boys can carry a message to Garcia.

The city editor, who had just put on his coat previous to going away for the night, took it off. At the copy desk where all the local copy (as the reporter's story is called) is collected, the night city editor and the telegraph editor stood together, joined later by the night editor, for the mail edition had left the composing room for the stereotypers and then to the pressroom, and from thence to be scattered wherever on the globe newspapers find readers.

The *Titanic* staff was immediately organized, for at that hour most of the staff were still at work. The city editor took the helm.

'Get the papers for April 11—all of them,' he said to the head office boy, 'and then send word to the art department to quit everything to make three cuts, which I shall send right down.'

Then to the night city editor: 'Get up a story of the vessel itself; some of the stuff they sent us the other day we did not use, and I ordered it put in the envelope.' (Morgue, obituary, call it what you will, are cabinets that contain envelopes filled with newspaper, magazine and other clippings on every conceivable subject, alphabetically arranged for immediate call.) 'Play up her mishap at the start. Get up a passenger list story and an obituary of Smith, her commander.'

There was no mention of Smith in the despatch, but city editors retain such things in their heads for immediate use, and this probably explains in a measure why they hold down their jobs; also having, it might be added, executive judgment, which is sometimes right.

'Assign somebody to the White Star Line and see what they've got.'

The night city editor went back to the ular table where the seven or eight ho read the reporters' copy were

as much as you can of the passenger list of the *Titanic*. She's sinking off Newfoundland,' he said briefly to one.

And to another: 'Write me a story of the *Titanic*, the new White Star liner, on her maiden trip, telling of her mishap with the *New York* at the start.'

And to another: 'Write me a story of Captain E. J. Smith.'

Then to a reporter, sitting idly about: 'Get your hat and coat quick; go down to the White Star Line office and telephone all you can get about the *Titanic* sinking off Newfoundland.'

Then to another reporter: 'Get the White Star Line on the 'phone and find out what they have got of the sinking of the *Titanic*. Find out who is the executive head in New York, his address and his telephone number.'

And in another part of the room the city editor was saying to the office boys: 'Get me all the *Titanic* pictures you have and a photo or cut of Captain E. J. Smith.'

Two boys instantly went to work, for the photos of men are kept separate from the photographs of inanimate things. The city editor selected three:

'Tell the art department to make a three-column cut of the *Titanic*, a two-column of the interior, and a two-column of Smith.'

In the meantime the Associated Press bulletins came in briefly. Stripped of their date lines they read:

Half an hour afterward another message came, reporting that they were sinking by the head and that women were being put off in the life-boats.

The weather was calm and clear, the *Titanic's* wireless operator reported, and gave the position of the vessel as 41.46 north latitude and 50.14 west longitude.

The Marconi station at Cape Race notified the Allan liner *Virginian*, the captain of which immediately advised that he was proceeding to the scene of the disaster.

The *Virginian* at midnight was about 170 miles distant from the *Titanic* and expected to reach that vessel about 10 A. M. Monday.

2 A. M. Monday.—The *Olympic* at an early hour this (Monday) morning was in latitude 40.32 north and longitude 61.18 west. She was in direct communication with the *Titanic*, and is now making all haste toward her.

The steamship *Baltic* also reported herself about 200 miles east of the *Titanic* and was making all possible speed toward her.

The last signals from the *Titanic* were heard by the *Virginian* at 12.27 A. M.

The wireless operator on the *Virginian* says these signals were blurred and ended abruptly.

Paragraph by paragraph the cable editor was sending the story to the composing room. What was going on upstairs every one knew. They were side-tracking everything else and the copy-cutter in the composing room was sending out the story in 'takes,' as they are called, of a single paragraph to each compositor. His blue pencil marked each individual piece of copy with a letter and number, so that when the dozen or so men setting up the story had their work finished the story might be put together consecutively.

'Tell the operator,' said the cable editor again to the office boy, 'to duplicate that despatch I gave him to our Halifax man. Get his name out of the correspondents' book.'

'Who wrote that story of the "*Carmania* in the Icefield"?' said the night city editor to the copy reader who 'handled' the homecoming of the *Carmania*, which arrived Sunday night, and the story of which was already in the mail edition of the paper before him. The copy reader told him. He called the reporter to his desk.

'Take that story,' said the night city editor, 'and give us a column on it. Don't rewrite the story. Add paragraphs here and there to show the vast extent of the ice field. Make it straight copy, so that nothing in that story will have to be reset. You have just thirty minutes to catch the edition. Write it in twenty.'

'Get the passenger lists of the *Olympic* and the *Baltic*,' was the assignment given to another reporter, all alert waiting for their names to be called, every man awake at the switch.

In the meantime the story from the Montreal man was being ticked off, and on another wire Halifax was coming to life.

'Men,' said the city editor, 'we have just five minutes left to make the city. Jam it down tight.'

Already the three cuts had been made, the telegraph editor was handling the Montreal story, his assistant the Halifax end, and the cable editor was still editing the Associated Press bulletins and writing a new head to tell the rest of the story the additional details brought. The White Star Line man had a list of names of passengers of the *Titanic* and found that they numbered 1300 and carried a crew of 860.

In the meantime the proofs of all the *Titanic* matter that had been set were coming to the desk of the managing editor, in charge over all, but giving his special attention to the editorial matter. All his suggestions went through the city editor and on down the line, but he himself went from desk to desk overlooking the work.

'Time's up,' said the city editor, but before he finished the cable editor cried to the boy: 'Let the two-column head stand and tell them to add this head':

Titanic Sinking
in Mid-Ocean; Hit
Great Iceberg.

And to this was added:

At 12.27 this Morning Blurred Signals by Wireless Told of Women Being Put Off in Lifeboats—Three Liners Rushing to Aid of 1,300 Imperiled Passengers and Crew of 860 Men.

'Did we catch it?' asked the cable editor of the boy standing at the composing room tube.

'We did,' he said triumphantly.

'One big pull for the last, men,' said the city editor. 'We're going in at 3.20. Let's beat the town with a complete paper.'

The enthusiasm was catching fire. Throughout the office it was a bedlam of noise—clicking typewriters, clicking telegraph instruments and telephone bells ringing added to the whistle of the tubes that lead from the city room to the composing room, the press room, the stereotype room and the business office, the latter, happily, not in use. But throughout the office men worked; nobody shouted, no one lost his head, men were flushed, but the cool, calm, deliberate way in which the managing editor smoked his cigar helped much to relieve the tension.

'Three-fifteen, men,' said the city editor, admonishingly. 'Every line must be up by 3.20. Five minutes more.'

The city editor walked rapidly from desk to desk.

'All up,' said the night city editor, and three minutes to the good.'

At the big table stood the city editor, cable editor, night city editor, and managing editor. They were looking over the completed headline that should tell the story to the world. It read:

(Across three columns.)
New Liner *Titanic* Hits An Iceberg;
Sinking by the Bow at Midnight;
Women Put off in Lifeboats;
Last Wireless at 12.27 A. M. Blurred.
(Single column.)
Allan Liner *Virginian*
Now Speeding Toward
the Big Ship.
Baltic to the Rescue, Too.
The *Olympic* Also Rushing to
Give Aid—Other Ships
Within Call.
Carmania Dodged Bergs.
Reports French Liner *Niagara*
Injured and Several Ships
Caught.
Big *Titanic's* First Trip. Bringing Many Prominent Americans, and Was Due in New York Tomorrow.
Mishap at very Start. Narrowly Escaped Collision with the American Liner *New York* when Leaving Port.

'That will hold 'em, I guess,' said the city editor, and the head went upstairs.

The men waited about and talked and smoked. Bulletins came in, but with no important details. Going to press at 3.20 meant a wide circulation. At 4.30 the Associated Press sent 'Good-night,' but at that hour the presses had been running uninterruptedly for almost an hour.

On Monday morning, at twelve o'clock, the city editor was at his desk half an hour earlier than usual. His assistant already had read the morning papers and the first editions of the afternoon papers, known as the 'bulldog edition,' which is really the morning papers rewritten, with just a new angle on the news. In a poker way, the 'bulldog' goes the morning paper one better.

'We got out a corker this morning,' said the assistant city editor, although he himself had been fast asleep and knew nothing and did nothing until he picked up his morning paper at the railway station, for assistant city editors, having day jobs, can live in the suburbs. But before noon the assistant city editor had dug out of the morning papers such events as would take place during the day as the city editor might care to 'cover,' the 'beats' the other papers had, the treatment of a story that was so different from the others as the city editor might be interested in, and anything that might interest him generally, all of the clippings clasped together and the schedule neatly typewritten telling in a line the time, the place and the thing.

As he handed it over he remarked to his chief: 'Practically nothing new on the disaster; all the passengers were taken off in lifeboats and are now on their way to Halifax, says Franklin of the White Star Line. By the way, I had a letter from Hitchens today. He's at St. John's. Don't you think it would be a good plan to send him over to Halifax even if it does break up his vacation?'

'Yes; and tell him to get a private wire when he reaches there.'

'Get this off quick,' he said, and he handed the following telegrams to his assistant. 'Better have the boy take them to the Marconi Wireless himself—27 William Street,' he added.

These were the Marconigrams—in duplicate to W. T. Stead, Major Archibald Butt and Jacques Futrelle:

Please send wireless exclusive *Titanic* sinking; your own rates.

It was signed by different names, not by the paper, because these men were known to the individuals and were friends. To Butt's telegram was left off 'Your own rates' and it was signed by the name of the Washington correspondent, a personal friend of many years' standing.

'Skipper wants to talk to you,' said the assistant to the city editor, and he pushed the bracket 'phone that both used toward his chief. 'Skipper' is the title in this office, and usually in all other offices, that is given to the ship news man.

'He says Franklin is not telling the truth, he believes, about the *Titanic*. Write this name and address down,' said the city editor, 'and rush this despatch:'

Can you get me the truth for private information, about the *Titanic?*

The despatch was sent to the head of one of Canada's great railways.

Meanwhile the city editor was perusing the schedule of suggestions of his assistant, to which he added his own, in more terse language. This is what it looked like:

Scenes at White Star Office .....Burnet
Passenger List .....Howard
First Steamer to Use Wireless .....Horry
Cape Race a Graveyard .....Wall
Description of *Titanic* .....Lynah
Titanic Accident Insurance and Losses Glover
Noted Men and Women on Board ...Griffen
Skippers Warned of Ice Peril .....Bush
Career of Captain Smith .....Payne
How the *Republic* Sank Off No Man's Land Kimpton
Careers of Millet, Harris, Ismay, Butt, Stead, Futrelle, Straus, Astor, Hays, Guggenheim and Moore .....Brewster
Northern Ice Packs Break up Early Elmendorf
Arctic Glaciers the Cause .....Whitten
Bulkheads at Fault .....Moors
Liners That Have Paid Toll .....Bromiley
Modern Safety Devices .....McDonald

And so the morning work was started. The other local news, however, must not be neglected, and there was no disappointment when, in looking over the assignment book, it was found that, at least for the present, the following men were out of it:

Hoe Book Sale .....Wilson
Gaynor Says He Is His Own Boss ...Poinier
Thaw's Sanity to be Tested .....Brown
Clark Offers Fund for Big Art Gallery.Ferris
Schumann-Heink Divorce? .....Alger
War Over $40,000,000 Estate .....Stuart
Her $150,000 Suit Off; Luke Marries ..Riker
Ask Receiver for Manhattan Securities Co. Graham

And so the staff separated, all to turn in by five o'clock, when the copy readers should begin their work, the stories assigned to them earlier in the day. The organization must never go to pieces, no matter how big the news, the paper must always take care of the other news, no matter how greatly it is overshadowed.

'My God!' said the city editor, as he read a despatch at seven o'clock that night, 'the skipper's right. The White Star Line and Franklin have lied to us.'

'Here,' he said, calling to Burnet to come to his desk, 'go back to the White Star Line and tell Franklin he is a liar! The *Titanic* sank at 2.20 this morning and not more than 700 were taken off in the boats. Tell it to him with my compliments, too.'

Every one looked up, for the voice of the city editor was pitched high and he was angry clear through. 'Here's a private despatch,' he said, 'I have just received from a friend in Canada, who says that the *Titanic* went down at 2.20 and the only ones saved are practically women and children.'

And then was begun the story telling the world Tuesday morning of the *Titanic* sinking four hours after hitting an iceberg, 866 being rescued by the *Carpathia,* with probably 1250 perishing in the sea; with Ismay safe, and probably Butt, Astor, Smith, Stead, Guggenheim, Millet, Harris, Futrelle, Straus and others less prominent sinking with the *Titanic.*

When the city editor arrived on Tuesday morning, again at noon, showing practically no wear of the eighteen-hour stretch he had gone through, he recalled Hitchens, now in Halifax, telling him to 'never mind' and proceed on his vacation, etc., for the *Carpathia,* 'the hospital ship,' was bound for New York where everything would center.

No reply came from Butt, Stead or Futrelle. Naturally. But what bothered the city editor was that the offer made by wireless to the wireless man aboard the *Carpathia* brought no response, not a word came in answer to the message to Captain Rostrom, of the *Carpathia,* not a word from any passenger of the three women who, it had been suggested to him, might be able 'to write the story.'

The ship news man was sent early to find out about the *Carpathia,* when she would arrive, what men would board her, what and when the revenue cutter would leave, how many men each paper might be permitted to have on board, and arrangements on the pier. This, some of it for publication and some of it for office information, was hard to get because 'everything up in the air,' he reported. Tuesday brought by wireless the passenger list, but not a scrap of information. Nevertheless there were half a dozen pages to fill, and this is the way the city editor mapped out his story; for certain things were evident: That the *Titanic* knew of the ice ahead (because she was warned by the *America;* Astor, Straus, Stead and Butt were given up for lost; there were not enough lifeboats; the *Titanic* was not 'unsinkable'; these were 'leads,' and so the staff got busy again.

There were the old stories to be covered again: the scenes at the White Star Line offices, *Titanic* accident, and life

insurance of men and women lost, and these additional stories that the news reports suggested: Criticism of the northern route; young Astor to send ship to seek his father; customs men to pass the *Carpathia* without delay; American regulations compared with British regulations as to lifeboat capacity; big Atlantic liners that are now lacking in lifeboats; sea patrol suggested for the ice-region; vessels not built that will not sink; scout cruisers rushed to scene of wreck; care of survivors when they arrive; steerage survivors to find aid; sea traffic not hurt by the disaster; facts about those on the *Titanic;* people from afar off coming to New York; Congress likely to say 'more lifeboats'; triumph for wireless and why was false news given out Monday night, when it was known that the *Titanic* foundered at 2.20 A. M. Monday.

Tuesday midnight came. This query was handed to the city editor:

'Have story that wreck was caused by high speed and panic,' wired St. John correspondent. 'Shall I send?'

'Wire "Let it come,"' said the city editor.

Five hundred words came. The city editor read it carefully, balanced it in the scales, as it were, and then, reluctantly, as if still in doubt, he said to the telegraph editor:

'Double-lead it; across two columns; put a four-column head on it and say in the head that the tale is discredited.'

The city editor was taking no chances. And so Wednesday morning brought six, seven and eight pages of the *Titanic* matter when the only news was the list of passengers reported by wireless.

Wednesday—another day with no news and with the plan of many engaged to thwart the newspapers and keep what news of the disaster they could from leaking out. The *Carpathia,* it was figured, would be in late Thursday night or possibly Friday morning. Absolutely no news was received, even her position being six, eight and ten hours behind. It was definitely stated, however, that no newspaper man would be permitted to board the vessel on her way up New York Bay, or at her pier in the Hudson River. Quick work was required and the aid of President Taft, Mayor Gaynor and Secretary McVeagh was sought both by the newspapers and those desiring to stop publicity. The newspapers won, and Secretary Nagel received instructions from the President to see that at least reporters were permitted to tell the world what had happened. Every newspaper would have been glad to have assigned twenty-four reporters to interview survivors, but at last it was decided that the press associations should be represented by six men each, the morning newspapers by four men each, and the evening newspapers by two men each. Photographers were barred. Admission to the pier only was given. Previous to this newspapers were given a number of pier passes; these, however, were canceled, and special tickets of the number quoted were to take their place.

How Thursday's paper was got out is merely a repetition of Tuesday. The great story was Thursday night, when the *Carpathia* should arrive. For the *Carpathia* absolutely refused to give out anything by wireless which should tell in advance what had happened on that Sunday midnight and when 1595 men, women and children perished off Newfoundland. The whole of America wanted to know, the whole civilized world wanted information, but this is what the Associated Press had to send to its clients, the newspapers of America:

'We have no assurance that we will get any wireless news from the *Carpathia,* as this vessel studiously refuses to answer all queries. Even President Taft's requests for information, addressed to the *Carpathia,* have been ignored.'

How the city editor laid his plans to get the *Carpathia's* story of the *Titanic* disaster, with only four men to go on the pier, is interesting. First, as near to the pier as he could get it, he arranged for four private wires, direct wires, that would lead into the editorial rooms. These four wires were for the four men, the main men on whom he depended to get the great story of the *Titanic's* foundering. They were picked men, no better, probably, than the rest, but luck is always on the side of the man who is a worker and is alert. In the office were four men, with typewriters, with an instrument held in place to the ear.

Whether the *Carpathia* got in at nine o'clock, or ten, or eleven, or twelve, or even one, the story would, must, be told. Time alone would give more opportunity as to whether the story could be told in two, four, six, eight, ten or twelve pages. The *Carpathia* docked at 9.35 o'clock, but that is getting ahead of the story.

Where the four private telephones were installed was the headquarters of the staff. Two blocks away, out of the way of the great crowd that should gather, were automobiles stationed to carry men to the office, the men who should write the advance stories of the crowds, the ambulances and other aid, the scenes on the pier, before the *Carpathia* came in.

The moment the *Carpathia* docked the real story would begin. Before six o'clock that night the four pier passes were distributed to the four men selected; the additional pier passes that were said to be of no use were also passed out, and in addition every member of the staff had his police card, which permits the reporter to go within the police lines.

At six o'clock that night sixteen men gathered around the city editor. By telephone or otherwise the men who were to gather the story were told to report promptly. They did. These sixteen men were the flying squadron, upon whom devolved the great task of the night. Outside the group, as it were, was the managing editor, who ordinarily is in entire charge of the paper. The night city editor, who is at the head of men who edit the reporters' copy, was near him. And near by were the telegraph and cable editors, whose *Titanic* work was practically finished, their work having been done on the nights when news really did come. Near by stood the four men who were assigned to take the stories over the telephone and write them on the typewriting machines. Other members of the staff stood by to hear how 'the chief,' as the city editor is sometimes called, intended to outline the story.

He began in a leisurely tone, as if telling a story. And this is what he said:

'When the *Carpathia* docks to-night which, as closely as I can figure it, will be between 9 and 9.15, there will probably be thirty thousand people held back by the police. The arrangements may go to pieces; but I imagine Waldo's men will not let the crowd break loose. But whatever happens, you will be up against a stiff game to get through the lines. We have established four telephones, which are direct wires between this office and the building on the northeast corner of Fourteenth Street and Eleventh Avenue.

'The four special passes which I have already given out will admit within the pier lines. The pier passes, which the customs people say now are not good. I have already given out. You may be able to break through lines here and there, but at any rate your police cards will be recognized. As you know, the main story is the arrival of the *Carpathia,* and the tales told by survivors and passengers who witnessed the rescues. The men with the special pier passes will get the story of the four officers who were saved and particularly the story of the second Marconi operator who came through alive. It may be another Jack Binns story and it may not, but we 've got to get it. Also the story of the wireless operator of the *Carpathia* must be had. These men ought to have thrilling stories. Captain Rostrom's story should tell from the time he turned his vessel toward the *Titanic* till he reached the pier. Bruce Ismay must be seen. He will give out a formal statement. It won't be worth the paper it is written on, but we 'll print whatever he says. Ask him how he came to be saved when Astor, Butt, Straus and Guggenheim went down. That 's the story we want —no statement.

'Mr. Burnet will see the second Marconi wireless man; and, if possible, the first officer.

'Mr. Howard will see the wireless man of the *Carpathia* and if possible the second officer.

'Mr. Horry will see Ismay and the third officer, if possible.

'Mr. Wall will see Captain Rostrom and incidentally ask him why Taft's message was ignored.

'In charge of the story will be Mr. Burnet; you may have to ignore some of these assignments; you men on the ground will be the better judge. If you want me, I'll be right here at my telephone.'

All the men were listening intently, for

an unusual scene like this is rarely witnessed in a newspaper office.

'You four men upon whom I am depending for the main story will see as many survivors as you can; get as many stories as you can and don't be afraid of duplicating. I'll take care of that.

'Every man will get survivors' stories; I repeat, don't be afraid of duplicating. I'll take care of that.

'Mr. Lynah will write the story on the arrival of the ship at the pier and interviews with survivors.

'Mr. Glover will write the story of the Senate committee that is on its way here, and which will arrive at eight o'clock, and interviews with survivors.

'Mr. Griffen will write the story of the tugs that will go out to intercept the *Carpathia* and interviews.

'Mr. Bush will write the story of the relief extended to survivors and get interviews.

'Mr. Payne will write the story of the crowd at the Battery and then follow the boat to the pier and get interviews.

'Mr. Kimpton will write the story of the distribution of the money sent by the stock exchange, and get interviews.

'Mr. Brewster will write the story of the autos and get interviews.

'Mr. Elmdorf will get the story of the crowds that will not get near the scene, and get interviews.

'Mr. Whitten will see Franklin and get what the White Star Line has to say, and get interviews.

'Mr. Moors will get interviews and then cover the hotels on Broadway between Twenty-seventh Street and Thirty-fourth Street.

'Mr. Bromiley will get interviews and cover the hotels between Thirty-fourth Street and Forty-fifth Street.

'Mr. McDonald will get interviews and cover the Fifth Avenue hotels, from the Holland House to the Plaza, and including the Ritz-Carlton.

'The autos for the men who are doing these hotels will be parked at Eighteenth Street and Eleventh Avenue. The chauffeurs of these machines will have a piece of white paper in their hats and will take instructions from any man who presents his police card. Mr. Payne, who will do the Battery first, will find his machine at the door.

'In getting the story of survivors and of those on the *Carpathia* to whom the survivors told their story, find out how Astor, Stead, Straus, Millet, Harris, Butt, Futrelle, Guggenheim and Smith died. Get every one to tell any story of heroism or cowardice he or she witnessed. Find out how the crew acted and the panic in the steerage, if there was one.

'The men who do the theaters will first send their stories over the telephone from the headquarters. If there is any jam on telephone we have arranged for three more wires at Twenty-third Street and Eleventh Avenue, the building on the southwest corner. But I don't expect any great jam. Then these men will do the hotels and telephone their story from whichever hotel they are in. The operator has been instructed to use every switch except one for the *Titanic* story, so there will be lots of wires, with men at each end to take stories. But it will help if the stories can come over the four special wires.

'The way the telephones will be cared for is this: When a man comes into headquarters, he will be told which telephone to use, so that the men at this end of the wire will not be interrupted. That is to say, over one wire will come the story of the arrival of the *Carpathia.*

'Over another wire will come the story of the wreck of the *Titanic.*

'Over a third telephone will come the story of the rescue work by the *Carpathia.*

'And over the fourth will come the story of survivors.

'As soon as a man gets into the office he will write down the name of the person he has interviewed. This list will be posted over each wire. If a reporter sees that the man he has interviewed is already posted, pass up the story.'

The city editor stopped talking.

'Are there any questions?' he asked. 'Have I made it clear what each man is to do?'

'You're the goods!' said the youngest of the group, marveling at this master mind that could see the whole scene long before it should be put into cold type and placed before a million readers.

'Then go to it!' said the city editor.

XIV

THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN SCOTT

LIEUT. E. R. G. R. EVANS, R.N.

[*New York Times*, February 11, 1913.—Copyright. By permission.]

CHRISTCHURCH, New Zealand, February 10.—Capt. Robert F. Scott's Antarctic ship, the *Terra Nova*, on January 18, this year, arrived at Cape Evans, the base on McMurdo Sound, where it was to meet the explorers on their return from the expedition in search of the South Pole and bring them back, if they were ready. It was learned from the shore party found at this base that Captain Scott and the four men with him had reached the Pole on January 18, 1912, but all had perished on the return journey, about the end of March. Their bodies were not found until a searching party discovered them on November 12, nearly eight months after the disaster.

Captain Scott, Dr. Edward A. Wilson, chief of the scientific staff, and Lieut. H. R. Bowers had made their way back to within 155 miles of Cape Evans, when they were caught in a blizzard and were overcome about March 29. They were then within eleven miles of One Ton Depot, where they would have found shelter and supplies.

. . . . . .

The search party left Cape Evans after the winter on October 30 last. The party, which was organized by Surgeon Atkinson, consisted of two divisions, Atkinson taking the dog teams with Garrard and Demetri, and Mr. Wright being in charge of a party including Nelson, Gran, Lashley, Crean, Williamson, Keohane, and Hooper, with seven Indian mules. They were provisioned for three months, as they expected an extended search.

One Ton Camp was found in order, and all provisioned.

Proceeding along the old southern route, Wright's party sighted Captain Scott's tent on November 12. Within it were found the bodies of Captain Scott, Dr. Wilson, and Lieutenant Bowers. They had saved their records, hard pressed as they were.

From these papers the following information was gleaned:—

The first death was that of Seaman Edgar Evans, petty officer of the Royal Navy, official number 160,225, who died on February 17 at the foot of the Beardmore Glacier. His death was accelerated by a concussion of the brain sustained while traveling over the rough ice some time before.

Capt. L. E. G. Oates of the Sixth Inniskillen Dragoons was the next lost. His feet and hands had been badly frostbitten from exposure on the march. Although he struggled on heroically, on March 16 his comrades knew that his end was approaching. He had borne his intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and he did not give up hope to the very end.

Captain Scott wrote in his diary this tribute to Captain Oates:

'He was a brave soul. He slept through the night, hoping not to wake, but he awoke in the morning. It was blowing a blizzard. Oates said, "I am just going outside and may be some time." He went out into the blizzard, and we have not seen him since.'

Another passage read: 'We knew that Oates was walking to his death, but, though we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman.'

On March 16 Oates was really unable to travel, but the others could not leave him and he would not hold them back. After his gallant death, Scott, Wilson, and Bowers pushed on northward when the abnormally bad weather would permit them to proceed. They were forced to camp on March 1, in latitude 79° 40′ S., longitude 169° 23′ E., eleven miles south of the big depot at One Ton Camp.

This refuge they never reached, owing to a blizzard, which is known from the records of the party at Cape Evans to have lasted nine days, overtaking them. Their food and fuel gave out and they succumbed to exposure.

In Captain Scott's diary, Surgeon Atkinson found the following, which is quoted verbatim:

MESSAGE TO THE PUBLIC

The causes of the disaster are not due to faulty organization, but to misfortune in all risks which had to be undertaken.

1. The loss of the pony transport in March, 1911, obliged me to start later than I had in-

tended, and obliged the limits of stuff transported to be narrowed.

2. The weather throughout the outward journey, and especially the long gale in 83° S., stopped us.

3. The soft snow in lower reaches of glacier again reduced pace.

We fought these untoward events with a will and conquered, but it cut into our provision reserve.

Every detail of our food supplies, clothing, and depots made on the interior ice-sheet and over that long stretch of 700 miles to the Pole and back, worked out to perfection. The advance party would have returned to the glacier in fine form and with surplus of food, but for the astonishing failure of the man whom we had least expected to fail. Edgar Evans was thought the strongest man of the party.

The Beardmore Glacier is not difficult in fine weather, but on our return we did not get a single completely fine day; this with a sick companion enormously increased our anxieties.

As I have said elsewhere we got into frightfully rough ice and Edgar Evans received a concussion of the brain—he died a natural death, but left us a shaken party with the season unduly advanced.

But all the facts above enumerated were as nothing to the surprise which awaited us on the Barrier. I maintain that our arrangements for returning were quite adequate, and that no one in the world would have expected the temperatures and surfaces which we encountered at this time of the year. On the summit in lat. 85°, 86° we had -20°, -30°. On the Barrier in lat. 82°, 10,000 feet lower, we had -30° in the day, -47° at night pretty regularly, with continuous head wind during our day marches. It is clear that these circumstances come on very suddenly, and our wreck is certainly due to this sudden advent of severe weather, which does not seem to have any satisfactory cause. I do not think human beings ever came through such a month as we have come through, and we should have got through in spite of the weather but for the sickening of a second companion, Captain Oates, and for a shortage of fuel in our depots for which I cannot account, and finally, but for the storm which has fallen on us within eleven miles of the depot at which we hoped to secure our final supplies. Surely misfortune could scarcely have exceeded this last blow. We arrived within eleven miles of our old One Ton Camp with fuel for one last meal and food for two days. For four days we have been unable to leave the tent—the gale howling about us. We are weak, writing is difficult, but for my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another, and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past. We took risks, we knew we took them; things have come out against us, and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last. But if we have been willing to give our lives to this enterprise, which is for the honor of our country, I appeal to our countrymen to see that those who depend on us are properly cared for.

Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance, and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale, but surely, surely, a great rich country like ours will see that those who are dependent on us are properly provided for.

(Signed) R. Scott

March 25, 1912.

Surgeon Atkinson and his party gathered the records and effects of the dead men and read the burial service over their bodies and erected a cairn and cross to their memory over the inner tent in which they buried them. A record of the finding of their bodies was left attached to the cross.

The party then searched for twenty miles south, endeavoring to discover the body of Captain Oates. It was not found, but another cairn and record were left in the vicinity to his memory.

It should here most certainly be noted that the southern party nobly stood by their sick companions to the end, and in spite of their distressing condition they had retained every record and thirty-five pounds of geological specimens which proved to be of the greatest scientific value. This emphasizes the nature of their journey.

C. INTERVIEWS AND PERSONAL SKETCHES

The interview generally deals with a particular moment rather than with a succession of events—a personality rather than a life history. The two *World* interviews which are given first place owe their interest not only to the importance of the personality evoked, but to the public concern about that personality at the moment each interview was published. It was a triumph in each of these cases to get an interview at all, and as great a triumph to make such skilful and significant use of the opportunity. The two interviews from the *New York Times*, that with Henry James and that with Sir J. M. Barrie, are both masterpieces of craftsmanship in their presentation of those subtle and delicate differences which distinguish the speech and gesture of the exceptional man from the hosts of his fellows; James's intellectual finesse is caught and rendered as skilfully as Sir J. M. Barrie's elusive whimsicality. Indeed it has been suggested of the latter interview that none but Barrie himself could have written it.

The personal sketch often relies more on narration than description, enabling the reader to grasp what the man is from what he has done. Within the limited compass of a newspaper or magazine article, it is no easy task to select those incidents in a man's life which will give the most vivid realization of his characteristics. Many readers have no doubt some acquaintance with the distinguished Americans here portrayed, and will be able to judge for themselves how far the writer has succeeded in producing a lifelike picture. The methods employed are various, and some of the examples were chosen precisely because they leave the beaten track to arrive at their end by ways not generally recognized. Mr. Harold Begbie's *Lloyd George* and M. Jean Richepin's *Joffre* are conspicuous instances of the possibilities of a mode of treatment out of the ordinary.

I

WOODROW WILSON'S RECOVERY

LOUIS SEIBOLD

World, New York, June 18, 1920. Copyright, 1920, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York *World*). By permission. For this interview, which gave the American public its first full acquaintance with President Wilson's condition of health and opinion after nine months of isolation due to his serious illness, the Trustees of Columbia University on the recommendation of the Advisory Board of the School of Journalism awarded in 1921 the prize of $1,000, established by the will of the late Joseph Pulitzer, for the best example of a reporter's work during the previous year, 'the test being strict accuracy, terseness, the accomplishment of some public good commanding public attention and respect.' The full interview gave the President's policies as to the League of Nations in view of the approaching presidential election, and occupied thirteen columns of the first and second pages of the *World;* it is here given only in part.]

My interview with the President, during which we discussed a wide range of subjects, was in the nature of a 'visit' on his part to the people of the country. It had been arranged in accordance with a suggestion made by me that the President indulge (through the New York *World*) in a visit with the citizens of the United States for a discussion of those intimate and personal topics which have no place in the formal and official documents through which he transacts the business of the Nation.

The date for my visit to the President was originally fixed for the first of June, but at my suggestion it was deferred until Tuesday last.

My appointment with the President was for 10.30 o'clock. At that hour I threaded the corridors of the office building to the west of the White House proper, where alert clerks and messengers, the regular detail of vigilant reporters that 'cover' the White House and little groups of sightseers provided a scene of activity always fascinating to the visitor.

An attendant piloted me under a long trellised arbor abutting the formal garden, riotous in splashes of redolent magnolias, hydrangeas, Duchess de Brabant roses, Japanese cherry trees and clinging clusters of Dorothy Perkins and Caroline Testout tree roses. Mr. Hoover, the major-domo of the White House, escorted me through the spacious corridors of the

nearest approach to an official palace we have in America.

I found the President and Mrs. Wilson on the south balcony, which juts in a semi-circle out from the mansion, is thirty feet deep, fifty in width, and looks out over an impressive stretch of velvety green lawn hedged in with magnolias, Japanese quince, spruce pines, majestic maples and squat dogwood.

In the middle distance a fountain purled and around the edge of it a dozen sheep, recently sheared, cropped in lazy content. In the further reaches towered the impressive Washington Monument, dazzlingly white, dizzily magnificent, but somber in majestic effect; to the right, through the space between the trees, the antennae of the powerful wireless apparatus linking the American capital with the far-flung spaces of the earth. From a giant plane soaring high up in the cloudless blue vault came the muffled purr of a motor.

I still retain the impression that my eyes hurriedly swept the tranquil landscape, recalling charming vistas of perfectly plotted estates in English Kent and picturesque chateaux in Normandy, and came to rest on the two figures silhouetted at the edge of the balcony against it.

One of these figures was standing. This was Mrs. Wilson, first lady of the land, gentle in mien, charming in pose and smiling a cordial welcome. The other figure was that of the President, seated in an office chair. Mrs. Wilson was standing with her left hand on the back of this chair and her right arranging some document in a square desk basket.

Like most men I am not very strong at describing the costumes of women, but I feel reasonably safe in appeasing the curiosity of the women readers of the *World* by saying that Mrs. Wilson's frock was of white figured foulard, and that she wore no jewels save her wedding ring. After paying my respects to the smiling chatelaine of the White House, I turned to the President. He extended his right hand and gave me a hearty grip, as he said:

'Seibold, I am very glad to see you. It was nice of you to come and visit with me. Sit down for a minute or two while I dispose of these things, and then we will have a visit with the country. Dr. Grayson here and Mrs. Wilson think I should not roam around yet, and of course I have to obey their orders.'

The President then excused himself and turned to the consideration of some official business that awaited his attention. While he was engaged in this task I had a very good opportunity to study him at close range and to make mental note of his system of working. The latter primarily engaged my attention for the reason that the task before him seemed to require complete concentration and absorption.

Mrs. Wilson took from basket documents requiring the President's attention. Mr. Tumulty drew up a chair to the office table before which the President sat and furnished explanations of the documents and circumstances of the subject matter when asked to do so.

Admiral Grayson excused himself to attend to some professional business elsewhere. At times Mrs. Wilson read to the President from the paper in her hand or gave the document to him. He scrutinized it closely, asked a question or two regarding it of Mr. Tumulty and then proceeded to dispose of the matter with the same studied deliberation that has always characterized his official methods.

Sometimes he directed that the document be sent back for further or clearer explanation. When he had reached the decision he turned to Charles Swem, his confidential stenographer, standing with notebook in hand between the President and Mr. Tumulty, and dictated rapidly his conclusions or orders and there was no suggestion of indecision in doing so.

Later on, when the President had dictated more than twenty letters, ranging in volume from three lines to four or five hundred words, he turned his attention to the disposition of documents that had already been reduced to typed writing and affixed his signature. At a distance of six feet, I could see that the President wrote firmly and without difficulty, and left on the document before him the same copper-plate signature that can be found on more official instruments probably than were ever signed by any other man living today. He affixed his signature with meticulous care and without the slightest trace of embarrassment. Once in a while the President collected a laugh out of the documents that passed in review, Mr.

Tumulty to Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Wilson to the President. There was one telegram that caused the President to knit his brows, purse his lips and then ejaculate: 'I wonder what he wants.'

The telegram was from a gentleman in the West who requested the President to give him some advice concerning a matter of which the President had no information.

'I wonder what he wants, Tumulty,' said the President. 'I mean, I wonder what kind of advice he wants. Here is something about which he probably knows everything there is to know, but regarding which I am absolutely in the dark. Perhaps you had better wire him and ask him to stipulate exactly what kind of advice he wants. I have several kinds.'

Sitting, as I was, six feet away from the President, I recalled some of the stories I had read in the newspapers regarding his physical condition or had heard repeated by gossips of both sexes in various parts of the country. My last preceding conversation with the President was on Sept. 27, in Southeastern Colorado.

That was the day before Mrs. Wilson and Dr. Grayson induced the President to abandon the tour he had undertaken to 'report' to the people of the United States on his work as the head of the American delegation to the Paris Peace Conference. It was apparent to every person who accompanied the President on that tour that he had drawn too heavily against nature and was not far from the point of physical and nervous collapse many days before he was obliged to stop. So I still held in my mind the picture of him returning to the train from a stroll with Mrs. Wilson and Dr. Grayson down one of the country roads in the Missouri Valley, near which the doctor had directed a halt in order to give the President badly needed exercise.

The President's condition the next morning, when he was scheduled to give an address at Wichita, Kan., fully justified Mrs. Wilson and Dr. Grayson in cancelling the remainder of the trip and directing his immediate return to Washington.

The man I studied at a distance of six feet on the rear portico of the White House on Tuesday did not appear to have changed greatly in facial characteristics since my last meeting with him eight months before. But there was a change. To assert that his face did not bear the marks of illness and suffering would be not only disingenuous but wholly incorrect.

It was the face of a man who had suffered greatly but who had endured it with a stoicism born of fine courage. It was the same angular face, quite as full in cheek, and not the least shrunken at the temples. It was the same face that I registered in a mental picture back eight months before. Yet the marks of illness and confinement were unmistakably there, which even a healthy color surging through the drawn gray skin could not entirely dispel.

The face seemed a bit sharpened, the nose a trifle thinner and more accentuated at the point of it. But the eyes were the Wilson eyes, all right, as they gleamed through the unusually large eyeglasses steadily and kindly. They were unmistakably the Wilson eyes, keen, searching and snappily intelligent.

I had read articles purporting to describe the face of the President as being drawn on one side, I think it was the left. I could not see anything to justify that statement in the direct glances or in the full features he turned on me at frequent intervals during the three hours that I spent in his company. Certainly beyond the natural pallor and the manifest consequences of protracted confinement there was nothing in the Wilson face to warrant reports regarding the effect of his illness, as far as his face is concerned at least.

He sat in his chair, drawn to the office desk at which he worked with the assistance of his cheerful and sympathetic helpmeet and his loyal secretary, Mr. Tumulty. It is worth noting, in passing, that every person connected with the White House with whom the President has come in contact since his illness is thoroughly devoted to him in every respect.

Drawn down over his head as I studied him on Tuesday was an old Panama hat of the sort that men wear on the golf course, soft and light and crinkled in rakishly after the cowboy style. The President was compelled to keep that on his head while at work in the open air because he had indulged in a hair cut earlier in the day.

He was garbed in a dark gray business suit, with a low cut, comfortable collar,

under which was knotted a gray tie, in the folds of which snuggled a gold eagle.

He had started to arise when I came onto the balcony to receive his welcome, but Mrs. Wilson with restraining hand prevented him from doing so. While it is true that the President sat during the first hour I spent in his company, I saw no indications of the complete paralysis described by persons who have never seen him, yet it was quite obvious that the President is forbidden by his physician to move around any more than is considered warranted by his condition.

I noticed a slight tendency on his part to 'favor' his left side. His arm, however, did not hang helplessly at his side, and he moved it frequently while I was with him, though with less freedom of movement than he displayed in the use of his right. The fact that the President has been a frequent sufferer from neuritis affecting his left arm probably had much to do with the favor he displayed to that limb. Neuritis is no new enemy to the President. He has at intervals suffered from it for many years. Physical exercise prescribed for him by Dr. Grayson has proved so satisfactory that the President's physician is confident the attendant discomfort will soon be conquered.

One has only to look at the President at short range to realize that Mr. Wilson has been a very sick man. But his appearance does not suggest any one of the organic afflictions that might be expected to result in complete physical incapacity. He is restrained from excessive exertion while corrective measures are repairing the damage resulting from his disregard of the rules of nature.

The President made only one reference to the long illness through which he has passed. This was when I felicitated him upon his recovery and expressed the hope that the improvement manifested in his appearance would continue. He turned his kindly eyes full upon me and said with fine courage:

'There is no denying, Seibold, that I have had a hard time of it. I disregarded the inexorable laws of nature by drawing too heavily on my physical resources, which were not strong enough to stand the strain. I regret that, of course, but I did it in a cause that lay nearest my heart and that I could not ignore. And I would do so again, though the knowledge of what would happen to me was even before me.

'I am coming around in good shape and could do a lot more things now if Mrs. Wilson and Dr. Grayson would kindly look the other way once in a while. I suppose that such tender vigilance is justified, but I can tell you now that I have been doing more amid this tranquil setting than I used to do when I spent my days in the office receiving all sorts of people on all sorts of errands.

'I have more time for deliberation and can concentrate with better advantage on the matters which come to me. This morning I was at my desk in my study at 9 o'clock going over matters that needed attention. I affixed my signature to a great many commissions, which is one of the penalities of being President. This afternoon I have a Cabinet meeting in my study, and then later on I may go for a motor ride. I get some exercise that is helpful to me, but it is not as much as I should like nor as much as I am going to indulge in later on.'

While Mrs. Wilson was engaged in the supervision of her household, which embraces thirty-two rooms, the President 'visited' with the people of the country through me. I recalled to him an address I had once heard him deliver. In it he had said that when he wanted to take counsel with the people of the country, he turned from the turmoil of the restless streets and permitted his eye and fancy to wander to the South and West, past the huge monolith over the murky Potomac, threading a brown ribbon between the municipal limits of the capital and the Virginia hills, and centered his vision on far-away California, Florida, Oregon and Maine, and in between, in an effort to 'feel the pulse' and probe the ambitions of the people, whose Executive he is.

'One of the greatest discomforts of my recent experience,' said the President, in commenting on this practice, 'has been that I am not permitted to indulge my wish to make a personal call upon the people directly. Perhaps that will come later on. I am eager that it shall.'

The President laughed when I called his attention to the charges frequently made during the Senate debates that he is an 'autocrat,' 'a dictator' and 'stubborn' and several other disagreeable things.

Laughingly, he said: 'You must remember, we have a political campaign on. All kinds of criticisms and charges fill the air; investigations are the rule. The purpose of them is easy to understand when you recall the fact that there is a political campaign in front of us. You would think sometimes we were bewailing a defeat instead of celebrating a victory.'

During the hour that the President and I gossiped leisurely and visualized the tranquil scene before us we emulated the example provided by the philosophic Carpenter and the sagacious Walrus immortalized in the inimitable drollery of the late Lewis Carroll. We talked of many things. We even discussed the high price of shoes, dissected the policies of certain Kings, and indulged in speculations as to the probable size of the cabbage crop. But I do not recall that either one of us mentioned sealing wax.

II

LENINE

ROBERT MINOR

[*World*, New York, February 4, 1919. By permission.]

I have just come from Moscow, where, a little more than one week ago, I had a talk with Lenine which bears materially upon the present difficulty in which the Entente finds itself in relation to the Bolshevik Government. Previously I had talked with him casually during my stay of nine months in Russia. This time Lenine knew he was giving an interview, and he appreciated the effect it might have on the outside world. As far as I know, it is the only interview he ever granted since he has been in power in Russia.

He couched his thoughts in terms of world revolution, as one riding wild horses who felt that his hold in the saddle depended on his maintaining the attitude of the world's most uncompromising rebel.

It will be noticed, however, that while his intransigent phrases flow with rapid automatic ease, his manner became different and much more deliberate when I introduced the subject that had led me to seek him—the relation of the Bolsheviki to the Entente and the possibility of an understanding.

I felt certain that Lenine wants peace. It was that feeling that took me to him. All Moscow, indeed, had been drifting into almost certain knowledge that he had become willing to comply with the prime prerequisite of peace—namely, to pay the war debts contracted by the old régime, which had been repudiated by the Soviets in the early days of their defiance.

In the note to President Wilson by Chicherin, the People's Commissary for Foreign Affairs, the tone was undeniably insolent, but tucked away under the sulphuric phrases one might detect a feeler as to the nature of the Allies' demands. I had noticed that while its sarcastic wording was accepted as orthodox by the Socialist Party hacks, the more alert caught in the phrases a significant willingness to pay the debts.

I may say it is not easy for the Bolshevik chiefs to show any spirit of compromise before the anarchist forces in Russia, which, while they are fast subsiding, yet remain much stronger than the men who are trying to rule Russia. I approached Lenine with a view of helping him to pave the way for a definite answer to the invitation to the various Russian factions to meet in conference with representatives of the Allies at Princes' Islands, in the Sea of Marmora. I said to him I was leaving Russia and wanted something definite to carry away. He exchanged glances with his collaborator, Boris Reinstein, the former Buffalo soapbox orator, and slowly replied:

'The Russian Government would be inclined to pay its debts if by that means the war against it could be stopped.' As he spoke I wrote down the words and read them aloud. 'That is correct,' he said.

After silence for a moment he went on: 'We want peace and have proposed peace many times, but'—pausing with an expression of intense seriousness—'we are prepared to go on with the war, and are confident of victory. Our armies have had fine successes since the capture of Kazan and Samara, down to the present time. In the last few days we have heard of nothing but new victories.'

Lenine evidently intended to rest with that, and so I approached to the second point of the interview.

'What about the League of Nations?'

I asked him. 'Has the recent entry of the Bolshevik leaders into the Government affected the eligibility of the Soviets for the League of Nations?'

Lenine caught me up before I had finished, his usually mild voice becoming suddenly harsh. 'They are not forming a League of Nations,' he said, 'but a league of imperialists to strangle the nations. President Wilson is a shrewd man,' he added dryly.

Turning to the other angle of the question he continued:

'The Menshevist Martoff came into the Government because he saw he must choose between the Russian Soviet and extreme reaction.'

Lenine could not afford to tell the whole truth about the entrance of the non-Bolsheviki into the Government, for he must maintain the intransigent front. The main fact in the new situation is that the so-called nationalization of Russian industry has put insurgent industry back into the hands of the business class, who disguise their activities by giving orders under the magic title of 'People's Commissaries.' That is the only title that commands obedience. Ignoring this essential fact, Reinstein mentioned the conversion of Maxim Gorky, and Lenine smiled. All the Russians make a god of Gorky. There were other vital points concerning which I wished to press Lenine, but he kept trying to interview me.

'What are the Allies going to do with their troops in Russia?' he demanded. 'Do they want to support the old feudal interest here, which is comparable to the German Junker interests? What are the American soldiers like individually; would they be susceptible to propaganda?'

In order to regain control of the interview, I asked:

'What will you do if the Allies send big armies against you?'

'If they send anything short of very big armies,' he replied, 'we will defeat them.'

'And if they do send big armies?' I persisted.

'Then they will make a very big war,' he answered, smiling, but without mirth.

Suddenly changing the subject, he asked: 'What do you think of the Red Army?' I said I thought the Red Army within a few weeks had submitted to the most exacting discipline in the world, revolutionary discipline, as the Bolsheviki call it, which contrasts as much as possible with the former propaganda against obedience to orders.

'What do you think of the decorations for the anniversary of the revolution?' Lenine went on. 'Do they look to you like the work of futurists, and if so, do they not promise for the revolution what futurism promises for art, after a period? How was it after the French Revolution? You know France, and what chance there is for a revolution there now.'

Then he asked me a question that astonished me, for the way he put it, rather than for the words he used.

'How soon will the revolution get to America?' was his question. The tone was confident. He did not ask me if it would reach America, but when, as if he took for granted that some day the red flag would wave in Washington. I did not reply, and he went on.

'I wonder how long,' he asked, 'Gompers can hold the labor unions as subservient to the imperialists as he is. Debs is an old man and in prison. I wonder if he will survive his term. It is a shame he was condemned. What is he like personally? I have never seen him. Why does n't the American Federation of Labor do anything about Big Bill Haywood's imprisonment? Is Jim Larkin a man of intellectual power? He is in prison, too, is n't he?'

This reminiscent interest in America is shared even by those who damn the Government. Every returned revolutionist retains affection for the country on one ground or another. Lenine continued:

'America is a great country, great in technical achievements. Marvelous developments are possible there. The American Daniel De Leon first formulated the idea of a Soviet government, which grew up in Russia on his idea. Future society will be organized along Soviet lines. There will be Soviet rather than geographical boundaries for nations. Industrial unionism is the basic state. That is what we are building.'

I did not agree with Lenine's idea of what he is building, but said nothing. There is no more industrial unionism in Lenine's highly centralized institutions than in the United States Post Office. What he calls industrial unionism is noth-

ing but nationalized industry in the highest degree of centralization.

This recent change has roused the bitter antagonism of the anarchist-syndicalists, the strongest opponents Lenine now has. Industrial unionism is a mere phrase in the Bolshevik dogma. I said to Lenine I was going to Germany, and his interest quickened.

'You will arrive in time for the second revolution,' he said. 'If you get a chance give my regards to Dr. Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg, and Clara Zetkaind.'

Lenine showed little interest in the present German control but said he was waiting for the triumphs of Bolshevism. I remember once he had told me, in the time of the Kaiser, how he had mechanical devices for smuggling propaganda into Germany to disrupt the army. Now that the German revolution had been accomplished without any show of warmth toward Soviet Russia, I asked him:

'What do you think of the refusal by the German Revolutionary Government of the trainload of bread you sent there?'

'Scheidemann was a mere lackey of the Kaiser,' he replied testily. 'What could the world expect of him? He will defeat the German revolution if possible, just as he did everything possible to prevent it; but he is only a passing phase of the German revolution. The revolution will have natural development.

'What the capitalist rulers do not understand—this is going to trip them up—is that they have no way of solving economical problems which are piling up after the war. Failure to solve them will surely bring revolution. The capitalist system is bankrupt. There is no solution but the Marxian. Exploitation of weak nations by strong capitalist nations cannot continue; in its place there must be exchange of product for product, without exploitation.'

As Lenine talked to me he kept hitching his chair nearer to mine until his knees touched mine, and his finger waved under my nose. I really felt submerged by his personality, which seemed to fill the room.

The tiptoeing stenographers and the sentries about him are seemingly treated as his equals, but it struck me they held him in greater awe than they had ever felt toward the Czar.

The interview was in the Kremlin, ancient seat of the Czars. As I came away two smart limousines drew up and deposited several well dressed men of business type. This class had been lying very low only a few months ago. They are of the type the Bolshevik creed denounces as 'blood-thirsty minions of predatory capital.'

There is a difference now. The business types ride in fine automobiles as before, live in fine mansions, and are again managing the old industries, with more authority than ever before. Now they are 'People's Commissaries'—servants of the proletariate—and the iron discipline of the army under red flags has been developed in order to protect them against all annoyance. A rose smells as sweetly to them under any other name.

III

HENRY JAMES'S FIRST INTERVIEW

PRESTON LOCKWOOD

[*New York Times*, March 21, 1915. By permission.]

One of the compensations of the war, which we ought to take advantage of, is the chance given the general public to approach on the personal side some of the distinguished men who have not hitherto lived much in the glare of the footlights. Henry James has probably done this as little as any one; he has enjoyed for upward of forty years a reputation not confined to his own country, has published a long succession of novels, tales, and critical papers, and yet has apparently so delighted in reticence as well as in expression that he has passed his seventieth year without having responsibly 'talked' for publication or figured for it otherwise than pen in hand.

Shortly after the outbreak of the war Mr. James found himself, to his professed great surprise, Chairman of the American Volunteer Motor Ambulance Corps, now at work in France, and today, at the end of three months of bringing himself to the point, has granted me, as a representative of the *New York Times*, an interview. What this departure from the habit of a lifetime means to him he expressed at the outset.

'I can't put,' Mr. James said, speaking with much consideration and asking that his punctuation as well as his words should be noted, 'my devotion and sympathy for the cause of our corps more strongly than in permitting it thus to overcome my dread of the assault of the interviewer, whom I have deprecated all these years, with all the force of my preference for saying myself and without superfluous aid, without interference in the guise of encouragement and cheer, anything I may think worth my saying. Nothing is worth my saying that I cannot help myself out with better, I hold, than even the most suggestive young gentleman with a notebook can help me. It may be fatuous of me, but, believing myself possessed of some means of expression, I feel as if I were sadly giving it away when, with the use of it urgent, I don't gratefully employ it, but appeal instead to the art of somebody else.'

It was impossible to be that 'somebody else,' or, in other words, the person privileged to talk with Mr. James, to sit in presence of his fine courtesy and earnestness, without understanding the sacrifice he was making, and making only because he had finally consented to believe that it would help the noble work of relief which a group of young Americans, mostly graduates of Harvard, Yale and Princeton, are carrying on along their stretch of the fighting line in northern France.

Mr. James frankly desired his remarks to bear only on the merits of the American Volunteer Motor Ambulance Corps. It enjoys today the fullest measure of his appreciation and attention; it appeals deeply to his benevolent instincts, and he gives it sympathy and support as one who has long believed, and believes more than ever, in spite of everything, at this international crisis, in the possible development of 'closer communities and finer intimacies' between America and Great Britain, between the country of his birth and the country, as he puts it, of his 'shameless frequentation.'

There are many people who are eloquent about the war, who are authorities on the part played in it by the motor ambulance and who take an interest in the good relations of Great Britain and the United States; but there is nobody who can tell us, as Mr. James can, about style and the structure of sentences, and all that appertains to the aspect and value of words. Now and then in what here follows he speaks familiarly of these things for the first time in his life, not by any means because he jumped at the chance, but because his native kindness, whether consciously or unconsciously, seemed so ready to humor the insisting inquirer.

'It is very difficult,' he said, seeking to diminish the tension so often felt by a journalist, even at the moment of a highly appreciated occasion, 'to break into graceful license after so long a life of decorum; therefore you must excuse me if my egotism does n't run very free or my complacency find quite the right turns.'

He had received me in the offices of the corps, businesslike rooms, modern for London, low-ceiled and sparsely furnished. It was not by any means the sort of setting in which as a reader of Henry James I had expected to run to earth the author of *The Golden Bowl,* but the place is, nevertheless, today, in the tension of war time, one of the few approaches to a social resort outside his Chelsea home where he can be counted on. Even that delightful Old World retreat, Lamb House, Rye, now claims little of his time.

The interviewer spoke of the waterside Chelsea and Mr. James's long knowledge of it, but, sitting not overmuch at his ease and laying a friendly hand on the shoulder of his tormentor, he spoke, instead, of motor ambulances, making the point, in the interest of clearness, that the American Ambulance Corps of Neuilly, though an organization with which Richard Norton's corps is in the fullest sympathy, does not come within the scope of his remarks.

'I find myself chairman of our corps committee for no great reason that I can discover save my being the oldest American resident here interested in its work; at the same time that if I render a scrap of help by putting on record my joy even in the rather ineffectual connection so far as "doing" anything is concerned, I need n't say how welcome you are to my testimony. What I mainly seem to grasp, I should say, is that in regard to testifying at all unlimitedly by the aid of the newspapers, I have to reckon with a certain awkwardness in our position. Here comes up, you see, the question of our

reconciling a rather indispensable degree of reserve as to the detail of our activity with the general American demand for publicity at any price. There are ways in which the close presence of war challenges the whole claim for publicity; and I need hardly say that this general claim has been challenged, practically, by the present horrific complexity of things at the front, as neither the Allies themselves nor watching neutrals have ever seen it challenged before. The American public is, of course, little used to not being able to hear, and hear as an absolute right, about anything that the press may suggest that it ought to hear about; so that nothing may be said ever to happen anywhere that it does n't count on having reported to it, hot and hot, as the phrase is, several times a day. We were the first American ambulance corps in the field, and we have a record of more than four months' continuous service with one of the French armies, but the rigor of the objection to our taking the world into our intimate confidence is not only shown by our still unbroken inability to report in lively instalments, but receives also a sidelight from the fact that numerous like private corps maintained by donations on this side of the sea are working at the front without the least commemoration of their deeds—that is, without a word of journalistic notice.

'I hope that by the time these possibly too futile remarks of mine come to such light as may await them Mr. Norton's report of our general case may have been published, and nothing would give the committee greater pleasure than that some such controlled statement on our behalf, best proceeding from the scene of action itself, should occasionally appear. The ideal would, of course, be that exactly the right man, at exactly the right moment, should report exactly the right facts, in exactly the right manner, and when that happy consummation becomes possible we shall doubtless revel in funds.'

Mr. James had expressed himself with such deliberation and hesitation that I was reminded of what I had heard of all the verbal alterations made by him in novels and tales long since published; to the point, we are perhaps incorrectly told, of replacing a 'she answered' by a 'she indefinitely responded.'

I should, indeed, mention that on my venturing to put to Mr. James a question or two about his theory of such changes he replied that no theory could be stated, at any rate in the off-hand manner that I seemed to invite, without childish injustice to the various considerations by which a writer is moved. These determinant reasons differ with the context and the relations of parts to parts and to the total sense in a way of which no *a priori* account can be given.

'I dare say I strike you,' he went on, 'as rather bewilderedly weighing my words; but I may perhaps explain my so doing very much as I the other day heard a more interesting fact explained. A distinguished English naval expert happened to say to me that the comparative non-production of airships in this country indicated, in addition to other causes, a possible limitation of the British genius in that direction, and then on my asking him why that class of craft should n't be within the compass of the greatest makers of sea-ships, replied, after brief reflection: "Because the airship is essentially a bad ship, and we English can't make a bad ship well enough." Can you pardon,' Mr. James asked, 'my making an application of this to the question of one's amenability or plasticity of the interview? The airship of the interview is for me a bad ship, and I can't make a bad ship well enough.'

Catching Mr. James's words as they came was not very difficult; but there was that in the manner of his speech that cannot be put on paper, the delicate difference between the word recalled and the word allowed to stand, the earnestness of the massive face and alert eye, tempered by the genial 'comment of the body,' as R. L. Stevenson has it.

Henry James does not look his seventy years. He has a finely shaped head, and a face, at once strong and serene, which the painter and the sculptor may well have liked to interpret. Indeed, in fine appreciation they have so wrought. Derwent Wood's admirable bust, purchased from last year's Royal Academy shown by the Chantrey Fund, will be permanently placed in the Tate Gallery, and those who fortunately know Sargent's fine portrait, to be exhibited in the Sargent Room at the San Francisco Exhibition, will recall its having been slashed into last year by the militant suffragettes, though

now happily restored to such effect that no trace of the outrage remains.

Mr. James has a mobile mouth, a straight nose, a forehead which has thrust back the hair from the top of his commanding head, although it is thick at the sides over the ears, and repeats in its soft gray the color of his kindly eyes. Before taking in these physical facts one receives an impression of benignity and amenity not often conveyed, even by the most distinguished. And, taking advantage of this amiability, I asked if certain words just used should be followed by a dash, and even boldly added: 'Are you not famous, Mr. James, for the use of dashes?'

'Dash my fame!' he impatiently replied. 'And remember, please, that dogmatizing about punctuation is exactly as foolish as dogmatizing about any other form of communication with the reader. All such forms depend on the kind of thing one is doing and the kind of effect one intends to produce. Dashes, it seems almost platitudinous to say, have their particular representative virtue, their quickening force, and, to put it roughly, strike both the familiar and the emphatic note, when those are the notes required, with a felicity beyond either the comma or the semicolon; though indeed a fine sense for the semicolon, like any sort of sense at all for the pluperfect tense and the subjunctive mood, on which the whole perspective in a sentence may depend, seems anything but common. Does nobody ever notice the calculated use by French writers of a short series of suggestive points in the current of their prose? I confess to a certain shame for my not employing frankly that shade of indication, a finer shade still than the dash. . . . But what on earth are we talking about?' And the Chairman of the Corps Committee pulled himself up in deprecation of our frivolity, which I recognized by acknowledging that we might indeed hear more about the work done and doing at the front by Richard Norton and his energetic and devoted co-workers. Then I plunged recklessly to draw my victim.

'May not a large part of the spirit which animates these young men be a healthy love of adventure?' I asked.

The question seemed to open up such depths that Mr. James considered a moment and began:

'I, of course, don't personally know many of our active associates, who naturally waste very little time in London. But, since you ask me, I prefer to think of them as moved, first and foremost, not by the idea of the fun or the sport they may have, or of the good things they may make of the job for themselves, but by that of the altogether exceptional chance opened to them of acting blessedly and savingly for others, though indeed if we come to that there is no such sport in the world as so acting when anything in the nature of risk or exposure is attached. The horrors, the miseries, the monstrosities they are in presence of are so great surely as not to leave much of any other attitude over when intelligent sympathy has done its best.

'Personally I feel so strongly on everything that the war has brought into question for the Anglo-Saxon peoples that humorous detachment or any other thinness or tepidity of mind on the subject affects me as vulgar impiety, not to say as rank blasphemy; our whole race tension became for me a sublimely conscious thing from the moment Germany flung at us all her explanation of her pounce upon Belgium for massacre and ravage in the form of the most insolent, "Because I choose to, damn you all," recorded in history.

'The pretension to smashing world rule by a single people, in virtue of a monopoly of every title, every gift, and every right, ought perhaps to confound us more by its grotesqueness than to alarm us by its energy; but never do cherished possessions, whether of the hand or of the spirit, become so dear to us as when overshadowed by vociferous aggression. How can one help seeing that such aggression, if hideously successful in Europe, would, with as little loss of time as possible, proceed to apply itself to the American side of the world, and how can one, therefore, not feel that the Allies are fighting to the death for the soul and the purpose and the future that are in *us*, for the defense of every ideal that has most guided our growth and that most assures our unity?

'Of course, since you ask me, my many years of exhibited attachment to the conditions of French and of English life, with whatever fond play of reflection and

reaction may have been involved in it, make it inevitable that these countries should peculiarly appeal to me at the hour of their peril, their need and their heroism, and I am glad to declare that, though I had supposed I knew what that attachment was, I find I have any number of things more to learn about it. English life, wound up to the heroic pitch, is at present most immediately before me, and I can scarcely tell you what a privilege I feel it to share the inspiration and see further revealed the character of this decent and dauntless people.

'However, I am indeed as far as you may suppose from assuming that what you speak to me of as the "political" bias is the only ground on which the work of our corps for the Allies should appeal to the American public. Political, I confess, has become for me in all this a loose and question-begging term, but if we must resign ourselves to it as explaining some people's indifference, let us use a much better one for inviting their confidence. It will do beautifully well if givers and workers and helpers are moved by intelligent human pity, and they are with us abundantly enough if they feel themselves simply roused by, and respond to, the most awful exhibition of physical and moral anguish the world has ever faced, and which it is the strange fate of our actual generations to see unrolled before them. We welcome any lapse of logic that may connect inward vagueness with outward zeal, if it be the zeal of subscribers, presenters or drivers of cars, or both at once, stretcher-bearers, lifters, healers, consolers, handy Anglo-French interpreters (these extremely precious), smoothers of the way; in short, after whatever fashion. We ask of nobody any waste of moral or of theoretic energy, nor any conviction of any sort, but that the job is inspiring and the honest, educated man a match for it.

'If I seem to cast doubt on any very driving intelligence of the great issue as a source of sympathy with us, I think this is because I have been struck, whenever I have returned to my native land, by the indifference of Americans at large to the concerns and preoccupations of Europe. This indifference has again and again seemed to me quite beyond measure or description, though it may be in a degree suggested by the absence throughout the many-paged American newspaper of the least mention of a European circumstance unless some not-to-be blinked war or revolution, or earthquake, or other cataclysm has happened to apply the lash to curiosity. The most comprehensive journalistic formula that I have found myself, under that observation, reading into the general case, is the principle that the first duty of the truly appealing sheet in a given community is to teach every individual reached by it—every man, woman and child—to count on appearing there, in their habit as they live, if they will only wait for their turn.

'However,' he continued, 'my point is simply my plea for patience with our enterprise even at the times when we can't send home sensational figures. "They also serve who only stand and wait," and the essence of our utility, as of that of any ambulance corps, is just to be there, on any and every contingency, including the blessed contingency of a temporary drop in the supply of the wounded turned out and taken on—since such comparative intermissions occur. Ask our friends, I beg you, to rid themselves of the image of our working on schedule time or on guarantee of a maximum delivery; we are dependent on the humors of battle, on incalculable rushes and lapses, on violent outbreaks of energy which rage and pass and are expressely designed to bewilder. It is not for the poor wounded to oblige us by making us showy, but for us to let them count on our open arms and open lap as troubled children count on those of their mother. It is now to be said, moreover, that our opportunity of service threatens inordinately to grow; such things may any day begin to occur at the front as will make what we have up to now been able to do mere child's play, though some of our help has been rendered when casualties were occurring at the rate, say, of 5000 in twenty minutes, which ought, on the whole, to satisfy us. In face of such enormous facts of destruction—'

Here Mr. James broke off as if these facts were, in their horror, too many and too much for him. But after another moment he explained his pause.

'One finds it in the midst of all this as hard to apply one's words as to endure one's thoughts. The war has used up words; they have weakened, they have

deteriorated like motor car tires; they have, like millions of other things, been more overstrained and knocked about and voided of the happy semblance during the last six months than in all the long ages before, and we are now confronted with a depreciation of all our terms, or, otherwise speaking, with a loss of expression through increase of limpness, that may well make us wonder what ghosts will be left to walk.'

This sounded rather desperate, yet the incorrigible interviewer, conscious of the wane of his only chance, ventured to glance at the possibility of a word or two on the subject of Mr. James's present literary intentions. But the kindly hand here again was raised, and the mild voice became impatient.

'Pardon my not touching on any such irrelevance. All I want is to invite the public, as unblushingly as possible, to take all the interest in us it can; which may be helped by knowing that our bankers are Messrs. Brown Brothers & Co., 9 Wall Street, New York City, and that checks should be made payable to the American Volunteer Motor Ambulance Corps.'

IV

BARRIE AT BAY: WHICH WAS BROWN?

[*New York Times*, October 1, 1914. By permission.]

As our reporter entered Sir James Barrie's hotel room by one door, the next door softly closed. I was alone (writes our reporter). I sprang into the corridor and had just time to see him fling himself down the elevator. Then I understood what he had meant when he said on the telephone that he would be ready for me at 10.30.

I returned thoughtfully to the room, where I found myself no longer alone. Sir James Barrie's 'man' was there; a stolid Londoner, name of Brown, who told me he was visiting America for the first time.

'Sir James is very sorry, but has been called away,' he assured me without moving a muscle. Then he added: 'But this is the pipe,' and he placed a pipe of the largest size on the table.

'The pipe he smokes?' I asked.

Brown is evidently a very truthful man, for he hesitated. 'That is the interview pipe,' he explained. 'When we decided to come to America Sir James said he would have to be interviewed, and that it would be wise to bring something with us for the interviewers to take notice of. So he told me to buy the biggest pipe I could find, and he practised holding it in his mouth in his cabin on the way across. He is very pleased with the way the gentlemen of the press have taken notice of it.'

'So that is not the pipe he really smokes?' I said, perceiving I was on the verge of a grand discovery. 'I suppose he actually smokes an ordinary small pipe.'

Again Brown hesitated, but again truth prevailed.

'He does not smoke any pipe,' he said, 'nor cigars, nor cigarettes; he never smokes at all; he puts that one in his mouth to help the interviewers.'

'It has the appearance of having been smoked,' I pointed out.

'I blackened it for him,' the faithful fellow replied.

'But he has written a book in praise of My Lady Nicotine.'

'So I have heard,' Brown said guardedly. 'I think that was when he was hard up and had to write what people wanted; but he never could abide smoking himself. Years after he wrote the book he read it; he had quite forgotten it, and he was so attracted by what it said about the delights of tobacco that he tried a cigarette. But it was no good; the mere smell disgusted him.'

'Odd, that he should forget his own book,' I said.

'He forgets them all,' said Brown. 'There is this *Peter Pan* foolishness, for instance. I have heard people talking to him about that play and mentioning parts in it they liked, and he tried to edge them off the subject; they think it is his shyness, but I know it is because he has forgotten the bits they are speaking about. Before strangers call on him I have seen him reading one of his own books hurriedly, so as to be able to talk about it if that is their wish. But he gets mixed up, and thinks that the little minister was married to Wendy.'

'Almost looks as if he had n't written his own works,' I said.

'Almost,' Brown admitted uncomfortably.

I asked a leading question. 'You don't suppose,' I said, 'that any one writes them for him? Such things have been. You don't write them for him by any chance, just as you blackened the pipe, you know?'

Brown assured me stolidly that he did not. Suddenly, whether to get away from a troublesome subject I cannot say, he vouchsafed me a startling piece of information. 'The German Kaiser was on our boat coming across,' he said.

'Sure?' I asked, wetting my pencil.

He told me he had Sir James's word for it. There was on board, it seems, a very small, shrunken gentleman with a pronounced waist and tiny, turned-up mustache, who strutted along the deck trying to look fierce and got in the other passengers' way to their annoyance until Sir James discovered that he was the Kaiser Reduced to Life Size. After that Sir James liked to sit with him and talk to him.

Sir James is a great admirer of the Kaiser, though he has not, like Mr. Carnegie, had the pleasure of meeting him in society. When he read in the papers on arriving here that the Kaiser had wept over the destruction of Louvain, he told Brown a story. It was of a friend who had gone to an oculist to be cured of some disease in one eye. Years afterward he heard that the oculist's son had been killed in some Indian war, and he called on the oculist to commiserate with him.

'You cured my eye,' he said to him, 'and when I read of your loss I wept for you sir; I wept for you with that eye.'

'Sir James,' Brown explained, 'is of a very sympathetic nature, and he wondered which eye it was that the Kaiser wept with.'

I asked Brown what his own views were about the war, and before replying he pulled a paper from his pocket and scanned it. 'We are strictly neutral,' he then replied.

'Is that what is written on the paper?' I asked. He admitted that Sir James had written out for him the correct replies to possible question. 'Why was he neutral?' I asked, and he again found the reply on the piece of paper: 'Because it is the President's wish.'

So anxious, I discovered, is Sir James to follow the President's bidding that he has enjoined Brown to be neutral on all other subjects besides the war; to express no preference on matters of food, for instance, and always to eat oysters and clams alternately, so that there can be no ill-feeling. Also to walk in the middle of the streets lest he should seem to be favoring either sidewalk, and to be very cautious about admitting that one building in New York is higher than another. I assured him that the Woolworth Building was the highest, but he replied politely, 'that he was sure the President would prefer him to remain neutral.' I naturally asked if Sir James had given him any further instructions as to proper behavior in America, and it seems that he had done so. They amount, I gather, to this, that Americans have a sense of humor which they employ, when they can, to the visitor's undoing.

'When we reach New York,' Sir James seems to have told Brown in effect, 'we shall be met by reporters who will pretend that America is eager to be instructed by us as to the causes and progress of the war; then, if we are fools enough to think that America cannot make up its mind for itself, we shall fall into the trap and preach to them, and all the time they are taking down our observations they will be saying to themselves, "Pompous asses."

'It is a sort of game between us and the reporters. Our aim is to make them think we are bigger than we are, and theirs is to make us smaller than we are; and any chance we have of succeeding is to hold our tongues, while they will probably succeed if they make us jabber. Above all, oh, Brown, if you write to the papers giving your views of why we are at war—and if you don't you will be the only person who has n't—don't be lured into slinging vulgar abuse at our opponents, lest America takes you for another university professor.'

There is, I learned, only one person in America about whom it is impossible, even in Sir James's opinion, to preserve a neutral attitude. This is the German Ambassador, whose splendid work for England day by day and in every paper and

reporters cannot, Sir James thinks, be too cordially recognized. Brown has been told to look upon the German Ambassador as England's greatest asset in America just now, and to hope heartily that he will be long spared to carry on his admirable work.

Lastly, it was pleasant to find that Brown has not a spark of sympathy with those who say that, because Germany has destroyed art treasures in Belgium and France, the Allies should retaliate with similar rudeness if they reach Berlin. He holds that if for any reason best known to themselves (such as the wish for a sunnier location) the Hohenzollerns should by and by vacate their present residence, a nice villa should be provided for them, and that all the ancestral statues in the Sieges-Allee should be conveyed to it intact, and perhaps put up in the back garden. There the Junkers could drop in of an evening, on the way home from their offices, and chat pleasantly of old times. Brown thinks they should be allowed to retain all their iron crosses, and even given some more, with which, after smart use of their pocket combs, they would cut no end of a dash among the nursemaids.

As for the pipe, I was informed that it had now done its work, and I could take it away as a keepsake. I took it, but wondered afterward at Brown's thinking he had the right to give it me.

A disquieting feeling has since come over me that perhaps it was Sir James I had been interviewing all the time, and Brown who had escaped down the elevator.

V

STORY STALKING WITH MERRICK

R. C. FELD

[*New York Times*, January 1, 1922. By permission.]

It is rarely one gets the sensation of living through a short story. It is rarer still to get the sensation of living through a Leonard Merrick short story with the author himself right on the premises to set the figures in motion. That experience comes at the end of a day the afternoon of which has been spent in getting an interview with the English writer.

'I do not believe Merrick will be interested in giving you an interview on American appreciation of foreign literature. You are much more likely to get on with Merrick by asking from him an appreciation of America's appreciation of him.' That was the warning given me by the friend of Mr. Merrick who gave me the note of introduction to him. In response to that note Leonard Merrick came forth from hiding in the country, where he had gone for a rest. The first thing he said, however, was that he did n't know a thing about formal interviews, did n't know what to say, did n't like them, and would n't it suit the writer just as well if the two just chatted like human beings?

'You see,' said Mr. Merrick, 'I was a reporter once in America. I was a mighty rotten one. I did n't know the first thing about reporting. What 's more, I was frightened stiff about going to people and asking them about the intimate details of their lives. I used to curl up inside with horror at the idea of intruding on their privacy. I was sent out once to cover a murder story. I went to the house, presented my card, and in response to it a young girl whose face was full of the story of a night of grief and sorrow came down the stairs to see me. She was the daughter of the man who had been killed. How could I ask her for the sordid details of the situation, feeling as she did? I did n't. I apologized for intruding and left her. I went back to the office, reported to the city editor and told him I was going. That was the end of my career as a newspaper man. I have never quite recovered from the dread of the term "interview."

'It is most certainly not to Americans that I object. It is the tone of that word I dislike. There is a very good reason for my special fondness for Americans. My English friends think I am a maniac on the subject. They can't understand it at all. Yet I suppose that it is due to America that I am here today. If it were n't for the American publications that took my stuff twenty and more years ago I should probably have died of starvation. That is n't exaggeration. I could n't sell my short stories in Eng-

land at all. Or, if I did, it was at the enormous sum of four shillings and sixpence a story. That's about ninety cents at present exchange. After a great while they raised my price to six shillings a story—a dollar and twenty cents. You can't live on that, no matter how simple your needs are.

'The stories were published in a weekly magazine, the kind that is read by red-tablecloth families. I should never have got anywhere if my stories had n't begun to go in America. It was my American readers who made it possible for me to go on plugging in the hope of really arriving some day.

'There are other associations that make America dear to me. When I was a little over 20 I came to the United States and stayed there for about nine months. It was then I had my reportorial experience. I stayed in a boarding house on West Fifteenth Street. What a boarding house! Never have I seen another like it and never do I hope to see another like it. It was a gem, a joy, an oasis in the desert! For $6 a week I had a jolly little room, not too large, but quite comfortable and very clean. What remains most clearly in my memory, however, are the meals. Three meals a day of the kind that I shall never forget. There are people here who tell me that Americans do not know how to cook, but I—I know better. I was a very hungry boy at the time—I had never had too much to eat in England. I most certainly was no modest admirer at the table of that boarding house.

'I came over to America a second time a few years later. On the boat I met an American woman whose name was Montgomery, I think. Montgomery is an American name, is n't it? She lived in Rochester. You know the way people get acquainted on a boat and the way they forget each other the minute they step off the boat. I left the lady, never expecting to see her again. I took my train to go out West, where I had some business to transact. At the time there was an effort made by some well-intentioned friends to turn me into a business man. That was their way of telling me most kindly what a rank failure I was as a spinner of tales. Maybe it would have been the wiser way to have continued in the path of their plans. I don't know. I was never very wise. Anyway, I did n't do it.

'To go on, however. While I was making myself comfortable in the train one of your nice, black-faced porters came along and shouted: "Mistah Mayrick—Mistah Mayrick—call foh Mistah Mayrick!" Nobody else answered, so I did. A gentleman whom I had never seen stood in the passageway waiting for me. He told me he was Mr. Montgomery, the husband of the lady to whom I had been so kind on the boat, and would I honor him by staying at their home for a week. They had never seen me before, never heard of me before, had accidentally discovered my existence on a boat, and here they were opening their house to me. No Englishman or woman would ever have dreamed of doing such a thing. I did n't accept their invitation; I could n't. You see, I was on the way to being turned into a successful business man.

'The plan did n't work, and I came back to London. Why, I don't know. I hate London. I think it is the dullest city in the world. I don't know why anybody ever comes here. It's ugly, drab and stupid. The climate is rotten. It rains six weeks on end, and every morning of the six weeks your porter at your hotel greets you with the words: "Nasty morning, sir, ain't it?" And when on the forty-second morning you get dead tired of hearing the same thing and tell him that he's said it for forty-one mornings before that, he looks hurt and unhappy. The sight of the sun is such an unusual thing for him that for weeks on end he keeps on reminding you of its absence. Added to that, every once in five or ten or fifteen or twenty years the papers come out with an article about London being the least attractive metropolis of the world. Why do they have to write articles about it? I know it every day of my life and try to forget it. But what with porters and newspapers, you can't.

'Paris, now—that's the place to live in. Yet they tell me that Paris, too, is no longer the city I once knew. I have n't been there since the beginning of the war. I hear it's you Americans who have changed Paris. You have the money and have turned it into the sort

of place that Parisians think you want. The Latin Quarter they tell me is full of black, velvet-jacketed Americans. Nobody else, they say, has the courage or the money to dress that way.

'Montmartre, too, has been turned into a quarter of amusement places for Americans and English. It's not what it used to be, I hear. And yet, I have a very sure feeling that if I went there again I could once more find the real Paris, the old Paris. Nobody can take away the thrill of walking through the streets of Montmartre in the early dawn and seeing Sacré Cœur arise out of the mists. No, it was n't that I used to get up to see this glorious sight: it was on my way home to bed that I would see its shining dome in the distance. Virtue has its own rewards. Mine was the virtue of knowing what to do with my Paris nights.'

It was 6:30 in the afternoon and the waiters where we had been having tea began making significant noises with the chairs and tea things. Mr. Merrick suggested that we adjourn to some other place for dinner. He asked me whether I wanted to go to a restaurant which all Americans loved, a place where steaming calves, almost entire, were wheeled down between the tables so that one could choose what portion one wanted. I said 'No,' and rose in Mr. Merrick's estimation. He then asked me for a suggestion, explaining that he had been away from London so long that he did not know the quieter restaurants. It was then the inspiration came around which, I am certain, Mr. Merrick will one day write a short story. Some English friends who had lived in Florence for many years had the day before taken me to a little Italian restaurant in Soho. I suggested this, the Isola Bella (the beautiful island), to Mr. Merrick. We went there. I had gone there before to eat; it was Mr. Merrick who discovered that there were charms to the place other than culinary.

He ordered the dinner with the help of the waiter. He asked the latter to 'compose' a good meal.

'I have discovered that there is much joy to be had in good eating,' said Mr Merrick in explanation. 'I have arrived at that state by virtue of many experiences. First of all, and not least important of all, is the fact that I did n't know what good food was when I was young. If I had had better food in those days I should probably be a stronger man today. Piled on top of that came my experiences in the war. It was the war that knocked me out completely. Everything went to smash—my home life, my health, my work. I was a special policeman. They put me into a uniform which I had to buy and assigned me to night duty. I used to walk behind the gates of Buckingham Palace. It almost always rained. That's a habit the English weather has. I used to be soaked to the skin periodically and then would sit around and wait for hours waiting to be relieved. What good was I there, a half-sick man in a wet uniform? you ask. I was guardin' me King and Queen. That was part of the game, and had to be played. I don't know why I am speaking about this except that I want to explain my interest in food.'

The dinner came. It was a delightful surprise to the English author who had been taken there by an American. He looked around the walls, paneled with paintings of every modern school of art, and began asking questions. Leonard Merrick, the spinner of tales, was on the alert. The waiter could n't answer all that was demanded of him. The proprietor came. It was then the material began to be woven that some day will surely appear in a story.

Francesco Barberi, the proprietor, brought a book of autographs of his patrons to the table. W. B. Yeats was there with a four-line poem; Lydia Lopokowa, drawn by a well-known English artist, was there; Russian Dukes and Princes, Italian prima donnas and Isaac Marcosson were there. Mr. Merrick looked through it all, then turned to Mr. Barberi.

'But yourself, tell me about yourself. How long have you been here, how did you get these people, what do you expect to do with this?'

'Ah, that is another story, Signor. If you are interested I will tell you. I am a Milanese. I was a waiter when I was young. I start working when I was 10½ years old. That is not good for a child, what, Signor? I am not satisfied in Milan. I go to America when I am very

young. I work in New York for nine months. I do not like it. I go to San Francisco. I stay there maybe six years. I grow homesick for Italy. I go to work on a steamer and come back to Italy by going around all the world. But I no longer can live in Italy, I do not like to work there. I speak English, so I come to England. I get a job as a waiter. I marry. I have a baby. The waiters, they do not get much pay then, Signor. I am not happy. I like books. Always I like books. I decide to open a bookshop of old books, antiquarian, you call them, Signor. I open a little shop. I know I cannot compete with people who sell English books, but I know where I can pick up books in Italian and Spanish. My little shop, it grow. I move into a bigger one. My wife is an angel and understands that I am happy now. I am not happy being a waiter. I am very happy being a bookseller.

'But, Signor, the war comes. It changes everything. People no more are interested in buying things to fill the head. My shop it is empty. I make no money. We are poor. We are hungry. I have a little money left. I know that people may leave their heads without food but never their stomachs. I tell my wife that I go back to the restaurant. But not as waiter, Signor, as owner. I open up this little place. I make up my mind that I will give the best food that Italy can make, just as I have sold the best books that Italy has written. You like this dinner tonight, Signor, I have succeeded. Other people have liked the dinners I give them. You see their names in this book. Will your guest and you have a liqueur with me, Signor? I thank you.

'You are interested in old books? Maybe you will do me the honor to come upstairs with me. I will show you some rare old volumes. They have come out of my little shop on Charing Cross Road. Thank you, Signor.'

We went upstairs. Mr. Barberi under the encouragement of Leonard Merrick brought out first a second edition of Boccaccio's life of Dante printed in 1477, a fully illustrated life of the Italian poet printed in March, 1497, the works of Petrarch printed in 1478, the first pocket edition of Dante printed in Venice in 1502, a book of Italian ballads printed in 1581. There were other volumes.

'You are interested in these old things, Signor? I will show you something not so old but also very beautiful.' He went to a cabinet and brought out two pictures. They were of a very lovely young girl.

'My daughter. Now you have touched the warmest spot of my life. She sings, Signor. She is going to be a prima donna. She is now at Milan, where she gives concerts. I know the music of my country. I can tell from where a song comes when I hear it. But, Signor, I am ignorant how music is made. Not so my daughter. She sings and she makes music. Some day she will be great. I will be very happy that day. I will give up the restaurant. I will go back to the bookshop.'

That was all. It was 10 o'clock, and we went home. Leonard Merrick had said if he returned to Paris he would once again find the romance of the boulevards. It was easy to believe that, after seeing him turn the restaurateur of Soho into a figure of romance.

VI

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

LYMAN ABBOTT

[*Outlook*, January 15, 1919. By permission.]

Mr. Roosevelt was to me a wise counselor, a courageous comrade, an inspiring personality, and always a loyal and considerate friend. Writing on the day of his death and under the shadow of a great sorrow, I will not trust myself to give any expression to my personal feeling about him, who was the foremost statesman of his time, and, because of his sterling virtues, was at once the best beloved and the most bitterly execrated of America's public men. But I may perhaps do something to interpret to *Outlook* readers the inspiration of his power and the secret of his extraordinary career.

All good government is government of the worse elements by the best. How to secure this is still the unsolved problem of society. Absolutism assumed that the king was 'the Lord's anointed,' chosen

by Jehovah to rule his people, and therefore possessed of a divine right. Aristocracy assumed that a long course of hereditary breeding would create a noble class fitted to govern the common people. The Puritans assumed that the religious men should rule the world, and therefore vested political power in the church members. Jeremy Bentham and his followers assumed that the people, if left to themselves, would select wise rulers whose interest it would be to govern well that they might be reëlected. All these forms of government agreed that the few must govern and the many must be governed, though they differed widely upon the question of how these rulers should be selected.

Modern democracy denies the assumption that the few must govern and the many must be governed; and to Aristotle's three forms of government—government by the one, by the few, by the many—it is gradually adding a fourth: self-government. For in lieu of government by the best class in the community over the rest it is substituting government by the best in every man over the worse elements in every man.

In my judgment, no man in the history of America, not even Abraham Lincoln, did so much as Theodore Roosevelt to expedite the era of self-government.

Entering politics at twenty-two resolved to make it his profession, Mr. Roosevelt assumed from the outset that politics is the science and practice of government, and that to succeed in the science and practice of government would require the best that was in him. He was ambitious, not to govern, but to lead. He brought to his earliest campaign a frankness and a courage which were novelties in American politics. He had a keen sense of moral values and a dominating faith in moral forces. With an inspired instinct which men call genius, he perceived that virtue and intelligence are characteristic of the American people, and to that virtue and that intelligence he habitually appealed—never to their prejudices or their passions, though he never lacked the courage to rebuke those prejudices and confront those passions. His methods of appeal were sometimes ingenious, but they were always courageous, and his aim was always the same.

When he was Civil Service Commissioner and Congress attempted to thwart Civil Service reform by cutting down appropriations, he appealed to the people by abandoning examinations in those districts whose representatives had voted for reducing appropriations and continuing examinations in those districts whose representatives had supported Civil Service reform. When he was Police Commissioner, by his fairness he won the loyal support of every honest policeman, and by the result proved that the rascals who had brought disrepute upon the Police administration were in a minority. When he was elected Governor of the State of New York, he announced his intention to consult with both Mr. Low and Mr. Platt, and faced the hostility both of the Old Guard and of the radical reformers because he did not wish to govern the Republican party, but to lead it. When he became President, he was equally ready to confer with a cowboy or a college president, a labor leader or a millionaire. His tests of character were not conventional; they were not learning, or culture, or social position, or political influence, or wealth. They were the common virtues—courage, frankness, political honesty, personal purity. His messages to Congress were messages to the American people; and it has been well said of them that they were 'quite as often treatises on the moral principles of government as they were recommendations for specific legislation or administrative policies.' 'I am accused of preaching,' he once said to a group of his friends; 'but I have got such a bully pulpit.'

This habit of appeal to the best in every man kept Mr. Roosevelt in what his critics sometimes called the 'middle of the road.' He denounced corruptionists, whatever their position or political party. He attacked, often in the same speech, 'malefactors of great wealth' and 'undesirable citizens.' He urged on the Senate a general arbitration treaty more radical than it was willing to adopt, and at the same time insisted that until an International Supreme Court is firmly established the Nation must have an army and navy adequate to protect the rights of its citizens; and when such a court is established the nations must be prepared to

maintain its decrees against any recalcitrant nation. The last-published letter he wrote illustrated the judicial poise of a nature always controlled by a passion for even-handed justice. 'We should insist,' he said, 'that if the immigrant who comes here in good faith becomes an American and assimilates himself to us, he shall be treated on an exact equality with every one else.' At that time he also said: 'There can be no divided allegiance here. Any man who says he is an American, but something else also—he is not an American at all. We have room for but one flag, the American flag, and this excludes the red flag.'

This appeal of Mr. Roosevelt to the American people for justice, equal rights, and a fair opportunity for all gives symmetry and cohesion to his varied administrations as Civil Service Commissioner, Police Commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army, Governor of New York, and President of the United States. It made him as bitter enemies in influential quarters as any public man in American politics has ever known; but it also made him the most widely admired and best-loved American of his time.

And it did more. It went far toward converting American politics from a trade to a profession; it inspired his colleagues and his party associates; it summoned into political activity followers in both parties and in all sections of the country. Men had thought of politics as a traffic which no man could enter without dishonor. His life proved to them that the highest success is possible to honor, courage, and purity if mated to ability. It raised the ideals and the standards of public life for the entire American people. Its influence in creating the genuine and self-sacrificing patriotism which called the Nation into this world war with a voice which love of ease and dread of war could not resist cannot be estimated. And it has done more than any other one influence, if not more than all other influences combined, to inspire the citizens of this country with a real faith in the intelligence and virtue of their fellowmen, and so in the practicability of that self-government which is the foundation of a true democracy because of a true brotherhood of man.

VII

THE ROOSEVELT SPIRIT IS NOT DEAD

JULIAN STREET

[*Collier's*, February 1, 1919. By author's permission.]

He is a great man who is what he is from nature, and who never reminds us of others.—EMERSON.

We, whom Theodore Roosevelt used proudly and affectionately to call his 'fellow Americans,' have always listened with great relish to characteristic stories of him. His qualities, physical and spiritual, were so utterly his own, his individuality so intense and overmastering, that he seemed somehow to be projected among us, to be intimately known even to those of us who had never touched his hand or even seen him. It was this curious feeling as of personal acquaintance with him that caused us so to delight in the flavor of a typical Roosevelt story.

'Isn't that just like him!' we would say, as we might of a story hitting off familiar traits of our own father.

But whereas, on the night of January 5, 1919, a Roosevelt story might by many of us have been regarded merely as something entertaining, the next morning witnessed a great change. The wand of Death touching him gently as he slept, releasing him to further high adventure, to great, final explorations, transformed not him alone, but the environment and the legend of him. To every possession of his, from the wife and children he loved to such small objects as that ink-stand, made from an elephant's foot, which stood upon his desk at Sagamore Hill, or the very pens and pencils there, thenceforth attached a quite new sacredness. And so, for us, his fellow Americans, new sacredness attaches now to the rich legacy of wisdom he has left us, to every thought of his that we can learn, to every belief he held, and consequently to every authentic story that can in any way contribute to our knowledge of him.

In the vast amount of matter that has been printed of the Colonel I do not re-

call having seen any reference to a certain theory that he had (and, having it, of course he put it into practice) in connection with the bringing up of children. It was a characteristic theory, and now it, like all else, takes on a new significance.

As long since as when he was Governor of New York it was his practice to go every Saturday afternoon for a tramp in the country with Mrs. Roosevelt and the children. And it was understood between them that in the course of all such tramps he would lead them to some physical obstacle which must be overcome. Sometimes it would be merely the obstacle of long distance over a difficult terrain, calling for sustained effort in face of great fatigue; sometimes it would be a wide brook to be crossed at a difficult place; sometimes a deep ravine full of tangled underbrush to be traversed; and on one memorable occasion, less than a fortnight before the Colonel was nominated for Vice-President—that nomination designed by political enemies within his own party to terminate his political career—there was a steep cliff of crumbling slate to be ascended and descended.

The idea that Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt attempted to fasten in the children's minds was that life frequently presents obstacles comparable with those encountered on these walks, and that it is the part of good manhood and good womanhood squarely to meet and surmount them, going through or over, but never around. Thus early the Roosevelt children, whose later record has been so worthy of their father and their mother, had begun to learn primary lessons in resourcefulness, perseverance, courage, stoicism, and disregard for danger—for sometimes, as in the Adventure of the Slate Cliff, there was danger.

The bank, soft and almost perpendicular, at first appeared insurmountable, but after an hour and a half all but one of that day's walking party had managed to climb up and down again. The exception was Alice Roosevelt, then a girl of sixteen, who, having reached the top, found herself unable to descend.

On this day Elon Hooker, an old friend of the Roosevelts, was with them. Walking along the base of the cliff, this young man found a stout tree growing up beside it. Climbing the tree, he leaned out and seizing with one hand a hummock of slate at the crest of the little precipice, offered his arm as a bridge over which Alice could step into the tree, whence it would be no very difficult matter to climb down to earth.

The hummock was less secure than it appeared. As she stepped upon his arm the slate to which he was holding broke away and his arm fell beneath her. She had, however, managed to grasp with one hand a branch, and to this she clung until he succeeded in catching her and drawing her safely into the tree.

In reaching the ground they discovered that the fallen mass of slate had struck the Colonel fairly on the head, laying open his scalp from the forehead to a corresponding point at the back of the skull. Though the wound bled freely, they were immediately reassured by his smile. Finding a brook, they washed the gash as best they could; later a surgeon took a dozen stitches in the Colonel's scalp; and when, some ten days after, he attended the Republican National Convention he was none the worse for the accident. Few persons, indeed, knew of it at all, for it was characteristic of him to avoid any mention of his injuries or ailments, and if forced to mention them he would invariably pass them off as being of no consequence.

Thus, for example, when it became known a twelve-month or so ago that he had been for many years stone blind in the left eye, as the result of a blow received in boxing, the news came as a surprise to numerous friends who knew him well. Yet he had been blind in that eye when he shot lions in Africa. He was not in the least sensitive about his blindness, nor do I think he tried particularly to conceal it. It was simply that he had an aversion, resembling that of the aboriginal American, for the discussion of bodily ills; a contempt for the inconvenience or suffering resulting from them. And still, when others suffered physically or spiritually, he was the most solicitous, the gentlest, the tenderest of men.

It was like him, too, that throughout the afternoon on which he went to the hospital for a grave operation, a year ago, he continued to dictate letters to his secretary, and that while dictating he had a hemorrhage and fainted three times, only

to revive and resume his dictation. And until the doctor forbade it, he even contemplated going that night to a dinner at which he had agreed to speak.

On his hunting trips, when traveling, and more lately when confined to his bed in the hospital, he utilized every moment of his time for work, study, and reflection; he would concentrate upon a book or a conversation while enduring pain to a degree that would have rendered it impossible for most men to think consecutively, let alone converse upon important topics with a succession of visitors.

He was afraid neither to live nor to die. And in the purely orthodox sense he had no cause to fear death, for his soul was as clean as that of a little child. The ultimate biographer of Roosevelt will not have so much as one single item to gloss over or conceal. And I am not sure that that is not the finest thing that may be said of any man.

Until a year ago I never heard him speak of death, but since then I have known him to speak of it more than once. I am wondering now if it merely happened so, or whether, as he lay there in the hospital a year ago, and again in the last months of the year just past, he may not have had a premonition that the end was perhaps nearer than those about him supposed. Certainly he knew a year ago, at the time of the operation for an abscess in the middle ear, which rapidly extended to the inner ear, that he was at death's door. Dr. Arthur B. Duel, his surgeon, told him so, and the Colonel promptly expressed a brave resignation.

I saw him in the hospital a few days after the operation. He was reading a book. After we had spoken a few words he said:

'Lying here, I have often thought how glad I would be to go now if by doing so I could only bring the boys back safe to Mrs. Roosevelt.'

One day at luncheon last April, when we all thought him as vigorous as ever, he spoke again of his boys, and there was in what he said as much apprehension for them as he ever allowed himself to show—or perhaps I should say as much apprehension of the blow that the loss of any one of them would be to the remainder of the family.

'Mrs. Roosevelt has been perfectly wonderful,' he said, 'about their going to fight. We both realize that we have a very full, interesting, satisfying life to look back upon. Whatever may come now, we have had more than thirty years of happiness together, with all our children spared to us.'

And again, less than a month ago, as I write, when I called the hospital, Mrs. Roosevelt—who always stayed there with him—spoke in the same terms, though in the interim the blow had fallen. It was of Quentin, the eagle, that she spoke.

'We have been until now a singularly united family,' she said. 'This is the first loss from our immediate circle. Life has been kind to us. We have much to be thankful for.'

The story I have told of his walks with the children and the obstacles over which he led them was, until the morning of January 6, only a typical Roosevelt story. Since then it has become an allegory. For his feeling for us all was in a very fine sense paternal. He was the father; we the children. 'Face the obstacles,' he always urged us. 'Go through or over; never around.'

Or to quote his own words, uttered in that great speech twenty years ago:

I preach to you, then, my countrymen, that our country calls not for the life of ease, but for the life of strenuous endeavor. The twentieth century looms before us big with the fate of many nations. If we stand idly by, if we seek merely swollen, slothful ease and ignoble peace, if we shrink from the hard contests where men must win at hazard of their lives and at the risk of all they hold dear, then the bolder and stronger peoples will pass by us and will win for themselves the domination of the world.

Let us therefore boldly face the life of strife, resolute to do our duty well and manfully; resolute to uphold righteousness by deed and by word; resolute to be both honest and brave, to serve high ideals, yet to use practical methods. Above all, let us not shrink from strife, moral or physical, within or without the Nation, provided we are certain the strife is justified; for it is only through strife, through hard and dangerous endeavor, that we shall ultimately win the goal of true national greatness.

That, I believe, was the essence of Roosevelt's personal and national philosophy. Simply he thought and spoke and

lived and died. And that, without exception, has been true of all our greatest men. Like Lincoln and Franklin, he was one of us. When he spoke we understood him. He never juggled thoughts or words to baffle us, confuse us, stupefy us with the brilliancy of his performance. Nor did he ever speak or write to mask a purpose or a lack of purpose. He never thought, as he tried to set down his ideas: 'Now I am writing something that will live. Now I am making history.' He was impatient of such notions, just as he was impatient of the applause that interrupted him when he was making public speeches. Time and again I have seen him hold up his hand to stop applause. He wanted to go on. It was the thing to be accomplished that obsessed him.

Thinking of the ingratitude that we have sometimes shown him, and of the follies we have committed, on occasion, in face of his exhortation to be brave and prompt and ready, I once asked him how he had kept from becoming cynical about mankind.

'I am not cynical,' he said, 'because I have observed that just when our people seem to be becoming altogether hopeless they have a way of suddenly turning around and doing something perfectly magnificent.'

What a prophecy that was!—for he said it in the hour of our national shame, when we were crying gratefully: 'He kept us out of war!'

Well may we be thankful that Roosevelt lived to see his profound faith in us justified; to see us at last take up arms in answer to his repeated call; to see us quit 'the life of ease' for that of 'strenuous endeavor'; to see us spurn 'ignoble peace' and enter the 'hard contest where men must win at hazard of their lives.' That the poison of pacifism did not ruin the nation is due to the fact that we had Roosevelt as an antitoxin.

Thus his greatest single service to his country was performed, not while he was President, but in the last years of his life; not while he held the reins of government, but as a private citizen whose unofficial power lay solely in the nation's admiration for him; its faith in him and in his vision; its heed to what he said.

There will, of course, be a memorial to Roosevelt. It will be a noble thing of marble. But such a thing, however glorious, will mean much more to us than it could mean to him. We shall erect it to give ourselves the mournful satisfaction of doing our dead hero honor. But let us not forget, meanwhile, that the one memorial he would have wished cannot be built of tangible materials, but must be made of thoughts and deeds.

He has taken his last tramp with his own children, and with us. He has guided them, and us, up to the last obstacle we were destined to meet and overcome under his leadership. And the one thing he would ask of us is this: That we go on without him. That we learn the simple lessons he has taught by precept and example. That we be foresighted, prompt, practical, honest, resolute, courageous.

So, in ourselves, we will make his spirit live.

VIII

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AT THE GUILDHALL

HAROLD BEGBIE

[*Daily Chronicle*, London, Eng., November 11, 1918. By permission.]

There was a flourish of trumpets from outside, a sudden feeling of final excitement in the crowded library, and then a burst of cheering reached us from people in the corridors and on the stairs which lead to this beautiful apartment.

The official at the far end, almost buried under a red and white sash, may or may not have announced 'The Right Honorable David Lloyd George, Member of Parliament, Prime Minister of England'; the second official, half-way up the library, wearing a red and white rosette the size of a good cabbage, may or may not have repeated this announcement with becoming unction; all we heard was the sound of cheers, and all we cared about was to look at this little gray man of destiny advancing up the excited room, not as if he were unaware of his triumph, but as if he were thinking of something else.

I never saw him look more grim. He came slowly up the room, his chin tucked into the gold-laced collar of his uniform,

his head down, his brows drawn together, no wrinkles of laughter round his eyes, no gentleness of smile at his lips. His eyes looked deliberately to right and left of him, but without interest, without emotion. He seemed cold and gray, buried in thought.

One knew now that he had not come to be the bellman of victory. But why had he come? Why had he not invented an excuse and remained at his work? One began to feel that he had felt himself charged to come and give the world some message infinitely more solemn than a declaration of victory.

Before his advent the pageant of the library had held us fascinated, and amused, for nearly an hour. The coming of Venezelos had sent a wave of enthusiasm through the great room. Arthur Balfour, who has the secret of being able to exaggerate smile and bow without loss of dignity, had passed up to the Lord Mayor's dais like an operatic tenor at the height of his triumph. Eric Geddes, tumultuously cheered, and looking like a tug at full steam, had gone up between those huzzaing people as if he intended to give some guilty alderman a blow between the eyes. Winston Churchill and his handsome wife had passed up the room as if they were hurrying to a jolly supper after a delicious dance. M. Cambon, whose appearance brought down the house, advanced up the seething room with a stately and ambassadorial dignity which the new diplomacy will find it hard to improve upon.

And with these great and splendid-looking people, whose names were like the announcement of a victory, came unhappy nonentities, who hurried up the library in a freezing silence, horribly ashamed of their unknown names, one tucking in the base of his spine till he looked like a Derby dog; another glancing wildly to left and right as if the police were after him, all of them staggering up the dais in a state of partial collapse, and then hiding themselves in the palms at the side, which were so unkind as to disarrange their hair.

Comedy watched her opportunity in this pageant. The gentleman in the enormous red and white sash, whose pronunciation was like a stage nobleman, would call out some historic name preceded by an unending string of titles, and immediately after would give us, in exactly the same grandiloquent tones, 'The Chairman of the Metropolitan Water Board,' or 'The Master of the Haberdashers' Company.' At one moment, in a roar of cheers, some gorgeous Ambassador, blazing with orders, would pass handsomely up to the Lord Mayor's dais; at the next, a little old paunchy alderman with a nice little matronly wife would come waddling along, talking energetically to each other for comfort, and comically bumping together because they were so horribly nervous.

At the end of all this came the Prime Minister, and his coming changed the whole atmosphere of the pageant. In some way his aspect seemed to convey to an expectant world that he had a greater thing to say to it than the word Victory, and that more hours of death and destruction must go by before mankind could draw its breath and say, 'The war is over.'

But what had he come to say?

When he rose to speak in the Guildhall the excitement was so tense that one was conscious almost of pain. The speakers preceding him had been too long with their words. The air was exhausted. Women who had looked fresh and beautiful an hour before were now pale and haggard. People had left the side tables and pressed into the center of the hall, crowding against the guests seated at the principal tables. Tobacco smoke hung heavily in the dense atmosphere. Old gentlemen were inclined to close their eyes and let their heads nod. Civic ladies had given up listening to speeches, and through lorgnettes were studying the wonderful pearls of the little slim Duchess of Marlborough. On all sides people had begun to growl rather ominously. It was ten minutes past ten.

The Prime Minister, standing under the oak canopy, with its mace and sword of maintenance, had for his immediate background helmeted policemen, flunkeys with soaped hair, firemen, jaded waiters, and one officer of the British Army leaning wearily on a brass-tipped wand of office—Major Corbett Smith, author of *The Retreat from Mons*. The presence of this

single officer with the Mons ribbon seemed to make one feel that behind the words of the Prime Minister were the valor and glory and immortal honor of the British Armies. One began to know why he had come. He was here to remind the nation of the Past: not to speak of triumph, but of the pain and faith and sacrifice by which that triumph had been accomplished.

I heard the great 'ramshackle empire' speech at the Queen's Hall, a speech of unforgettable passion, in which every word burned with scorn and flamed with indignation; that speech was the utterance of a prophet, and it quivered with the lightnings of prophetic denunciation. But tonight another voice sounded from those same lips, another spirit inspired the speaker's words: all the agony and bloody sweat of four long years of calamitous war clothed him as with a garment; he was like Destiny lifting its head above the ruins of unrighteousness and gazing upward to the pale stars of God. He was very quiet, very composed, very solemn and reflective.

'Justice, divine Justice,' he cried, lifting his arm, 'must be satisfied.'

'This generation will have passed away ere the torture and suffering of this war will have ceased.' And then, 'The country that recklessly plunged the world into that agony must accept a stern reckoning.'

All through his speech one could hear that single voice, the voice of Justice.

He spoke of the debt we owe to our immortal dead, to our heroic wounded, and to our unconquerable hosts still in the field. He bade us solemnly think of what we owe to them, and then: 'Yea; also, what we owe to the mothers who bore them, to the wives who cherished them, and the fathers who have grown gray in anxiety for their gallant boys in deadly peril.' Justice, divine Justice, had mind of those things.

'It is a great hour,' he cried out, 'the greatest of all history; it is the hour of Justice.'

'I have waited,' he said, 'for this hour.'

When he uttered that last brief sentence, slowly, quietly, and quite unboastfully, one seemed to see the personal romance of this man's career, his part in the mysterious providence which works with and by and for humanity to ends of which the wisest can scarcely dare to dream. Think of what he was, and what he has become, this Prime Minister of England who has held the world together in the fierce hour of Armageddon.

His father was a village schoolmaster, who died and left wife and children to the mercies of chance. An uncle received that little homeless family under his roof, and to earn bread for them worked harder than ever at his cobbler's bench. David stood beside his toiling uncle learning the great organ music of the English Bible; the old man would pause in his work to read a passage, and the boy would repeat it after him. And behind the shop, David's mother, in the kitchen, was striving so to economize this and that that she might have a sixpence over at the end of the week. 'That was my mother's life,' he once told me; 'a never-ending anxiety to have sixpence of my uncle's money saved at the end of each week. It is the life of the poor.'

And now tonight he announces the overthrow of the Hohenzollerns!

This little David, of the Welsh hills, more than any one man in the world, has destroyed the Goliath of Prussianism. He stands in the Guildhall telling mankind that the Hohenzollerns have gone, that great and illustrious family whose pride had become immeasurable, and whose shining sword had seemed but four short months ago invincible. Facing him are the statues of Wellington and Nelson, all round those gray walls hang the gay banners of the Free Nations, and he is the voice of destiny in that ancient place of civic splendor and outworn pageantry, this cobbler's nephew, telling us that the Hohenzollerns are gone—gone forever.

What a romance!

He speaks, almost with awe, of 'this solemn moment of triumph, one of the greatest moments in the history of the world . . . this great hour which rings in a new era . . . and which is going to lift humanity to a higher plane of existence for the ages of the future.' And as he speaks these words, this shepherd boy of democracy, one feels that more than any one man it is he who has brought the world to this solemn moment of triumph,

he and none other. Is there any more dramatic romance in the history of men?

President Wilson is the Voice of the Free Nations. Lloyd George is the unconquerable Will of Democracy. History will give to President Wilson a just meed of praise, and for all time his place in the gratitude of the world will be one of great honor and noble dignity; but to the humble Prime Minister of these ancient islands, the mother of America, history must surely give the supreme place; for he will ever stand, not above the conflict, but in the very midst of the whirlwind, and he will live, not as a Voice, but as a passionate Will, not as an austere Virtue, but as a burning and a living Faith.

From the first hour until now he has been the soul of the world's struggle with the Powers of Darkness. His reward is certain. About his name storms will rage for a little time; mistakes will be brought up against him by small-minded enemies; his faults of temperament will be exaggerated; and unscrupulous politicians will seek by every means to cover and dissemble his triumph; but history will say that he inspired the democracies of the world with faith, that he saw the first truth when it was hidden from the wise and powerful, that in the darkest hour he never wavered, that when strong influences were brought against him to change his heart he remained unshakably steadfast, and that in order to overthrow the Hohenzollerns and storm the last stronghold of dynastic tyranny, this son of democracy first overthrew here in our islands political powers high in the public approval and military incompetence which the nation had been hysterically led to mistake for military strength.

His solemn speech at the Guildhall should bring home to the democracy of these islands, if they follow history from the dark spring of this year to its glorious autumn, that generations yet unborn will feel towards this statesman of freedom and justice a reverence touched with wonder that any man among his contemporaries was ungrateful for his service to the world.

IX

JOFFRE

JEAN RICHEPIN
[of the French Academy]

[Translated from *Le Figaro*, August 30, 1915.]

If I had the honor of counting among the intimate friends of General Joffre before August, 1914, I should find the undertaking of this portrait a task of insuperable difficulty. Indeed, I believe I should give it up at once, and that I should not venture on even the vaguest sketch, I should be so certain of not getting a real likeness.

The fact is that General Joffre, such as he was able to reveal himself six months ago, had nothing in common with the man of the present hour. Nothing at all, whether he likes it or not, and whether those about him are or are not conscious of the fact. There existed in the middle of last year—General Joffre; let us say, if you insist on it,—Generalissimo Joffre. What existed in the year 1915 is simply, without title—Joffre.

Now the intimate friends of the former are evidently the least fitted to make us acquainted with the latter. What they know of the one hinders them from telling us about the other. They can hardly recognize their friend of yesterday in the new figure of today. And this new figure is nevertheless the real figure, and the only figure to be a likeness for us, since it is under this figure Joffre takes his place in our presence and by our instrumentality, as a living person, not only in History, but also and already in Legend.

And that is why I do not hesitate to undertake this difficult portrait. My absolute ignorance of General Joffre is the source from which I draw all my courage in the face of Joffre. And if I do not despair of making a likeness, it is because I shall look at my sitter with the eyes of childhood which the poet keeps to his last look, with the heart of the people which is always open to receive the seeds which flower into Legend.

But, come to think of it, are there not eyes of childhood more childlike than those

of the poet? Is there not a heart more entirely the heart of the people than mine? There are the eyes of children. There is the heart of the people. Instead of seeking in myself the lines, the accents, the strokes of color of this portrait, suppose I took them on the wing here in the street, there in the trenches; everywhere where in simpleness of heart among humble folk, soldiers, children, women, old men, there is talk of Joffre, our Joffre, as they say!

And I have taken them on the wing, here and there, scattered traits of a portrait which at the time I did not think of drawing. I gathered them without even paying attention to the unconscious work of my faithful handmaid, my memory, which registered and put away in drawers all these hasty impressions. And today at my first appeal the drawers are opened, the impressions are developed and offered to me pellmell, all together. I have only to run over the proofs, all printed and wonderfully impressive.

Two little apprentice girls, from twelve to fourteen years of age, are admiring a large chromo in striking colors among others which transform a closed shop-front into a gallery of pictures, the dearest of which is five cents.

'Ah!' says one, 'does n't he look well, with his heavy eyebrows! He looks as if he had two mustaches.'

'Yes,' answers the younger one, 'but under the upper mustache, look at his eyes, how clever they are.'

'That 's so,' responds the first. 'Clever and kind. I had n't noticed it.'

'Is n't it so?' adds the little one. 'Little elephant's eyes.'

'Yes,' concludes the elder. 'An elephant which is also a poodle.'

In an ambulance a wounded man tells me about the battle of the Marne. He is still bewildered by having withdrawn day after day, convinced that it was necessary, and then having counterattacked, equally convinced that it was the right thing to do.

'Well, since he had seen it so, and wanted it so, it must be so. He knows his business, sure thing!'

Then there is this detail recounted by another soldier, a sergeant still at the front, who received it from an auto-driver, that day the chauffeur of a *liaison* officer. The order of the great leader to all the other great leaders of the army had been the same, and it said:—

'Attack! Never cease attacking!'

'But if my men give way?'

'Attack all the same.'

'And if there are none left?'

'Attack! Attack!'

This one is a veteran of '70, who has four sons at the front; he does not complain, for this reason:—

'I 'm not worried. They are led by some one who knows where he 's going. Ah! if we had had one like him at Metz in the old days!'

At the so-called rest camp, where they are to pass a few days before returning to the trenches, two poilus, busy taking off the scales of clay which ensheath their cloaks, amuse themselves with the idea that they have been moles.

'We must be fond of him to want to stay in that mud because he wants us to.'

'But he wants us to because he has to, you fool! As Napoleon said, the thing is to be the strongest at a chosen point, at a chosen time.'

'Chosen by whom?'

'Why, by him.'

This time, the scene is at the front, in a trench. Three days before there had bravely perished a graduate of the École Normale and a clergyman, lieutenant and sergeant major of the same company. The men talked of their lost comrades, whom they loved and respected for their valor and also for the charm of their talk. They remembered that the two young scholars called 'him' sometimes Turenne and sometimes Fabius Cunctator. One innocent asked if these were his Christian names. A scamp of a Parisian said 'yes,' and added seriously, after a moment's reflection:

'After all, he deserves them.'

I come back to my Paris impressions and find myself in a sculptor's studio where a poor old model out of work asks for help. We give him something and ask him about the man whose countryman he is proud to be.

'Yes, yes,' says he, 'a Catalonian, like me. But mind you, a Catalonian of the North. Not a talker, but a doer, quiet, thickset, heavybuilt. They have patience

and perseverance in our parts. The soil is heavy, red and thick. We plow with mules. But it produces a wine full of sunshine. Yes, it is a good country where he was born—and so was I—at Rivesaltes.'

Again on the Paris pavement, before another shop-front changed to a chromo gallery. It is an old grandmother who, not content to admire the leader's likeness, begins to bargain, and draws from the bottom of her pocket the ten cents which buys the very largest portrait; before rolling it up carefully to carry it off for the adornment of her garret, she gives him a smacking kiss as she says:

'We can really love him, you know! He does n't throw our boys' lives away!'

These impressions in their succession and combination are moving; the unanimity of their testimony is evident and significant. From them springs, finished, the legendary portrait.

Don't you see it rise, finished all at once, the legendary portrait? It is the portrait of a father at the head of an army which he loves and spares as if every soldier were his only son; and it is at the same time the portrait of a leader who knows and can say with authority to every one of them when the hour strikes:

'The time has come to sacrifice your life to save the honor of your mother.'

And that is why they all obey him with a formidable tenderness, with the assurance of victory, and with a smile.

X

MARSHAL FOCH'S RETURN FROM THE U. S. A.

STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

[Translated from *Le Matin*, December 19, 1921.]

On board *SS. Paris*, December 18.—I said to Marshal Foch:

'*Monsieur le Maréchal*, you have traveled over thirteen thousand miles, gone through thirty-two States, seen twenty million men march past you, delivered one hundred and sixty-four speeches, and, from this ship which is carrying us towards the shores of France, we can still hear the last clamors of enthusiasm of all those who came to greet you. What impression, Marshal, are you taking away from a journey which will be recorded in history?'

The Marshal answered:

'Wait, that is easy. I carry away with me the memory of having seen a prodigious country, but, understand me well, this country is still more prodigious for what it stores up for us in the future than for what it shows us in the present.

'One night when I was crossing a State line, the Governor—I have forgotten his name—came to meet me. I asked him: "What is the area of your State?" He gave me figures which indicated that it was equal to the area of France. I asked again: "How many inhabitants?" He answered: "Four millions." I kept on asking: "Could you take more inhabitants? Could you feed forty millions and give them work?" He replied: "Yes, I guess so." Well, this is America! It is today a country of one hundred and twenty million inhabitants, which may some day hold four hundred millions.

'But it is not enough to register citizens.

'One must assimilate them; one must give them the same soul. America does this too. She knows better than any other nation in the world how to sow Liberty and make it spring up. She links with indestructible bonds the millions of human beings we do not know how to keep with us and whom she knows how to attract to her. Though I have gone through Italian, Polish, German, Czech settlements, I have but seen Americans already kneaded and shaped in the American mold.'

The Marshal puffed at his eternal pipe and went on:

'Yes, a prodigious country, but also an admirable country. It has grown not only in strength and numbers but also in feeling and ideals. I have gone all over it from bottom to top and right to left, passed through all its cities. Yet I have never been able to dismiss the thought of the War from my mind, and when I was at its farthest end, in San Francisco—that mixture of Toulon, Naples and Constantinople,—even when I was at the antipodes of our continent, I could not help saying to myself: "Four years ago

men started from here. They made the same enormous journey I have just made to go and fight by a ditch along the Meuse or the Somme. It was because an idea as big as the world was pushing them forward, because they really believed they had set out for a crusade. Yes, (I said to myself,) I remember that I saw them marching past me with their colors flying, filled with what I thought was a breeze, but which was a sweeping wind that had blown over a whole continent and a whole ocean.'

'It was also,' I broke in, 'because they loved France, *Monsieur le Maréchal.* You, who have just seen them so near, do you believe that they love France?'

'Yes,' said the Marshal, 'I believe in their affection as I believe in the light of the sun. I am not a man to be easily moved, yet I have been moved as much by the last reception I was given as by the first one. On the last day I was at Hartford (Connecticut). They took me out of the train, ushered me into a little house, and said to me:

'"Stand by this table."

'I ask why. "Because" (came the answer,) "at the same place, in the same room, by the same table, Lafayette stood 97 years ago." I stood there a quarter of an hour and then went out. When I reached my train again, what did I see? Within a quarter of an hour they had bedecked it with flowers and foliage. I ended my journey in a train which looked as if it were in blossom.'

Thus the Marshal runs over the strings of memory while the ship is bearing us across the Atlantic, and I wonder what I should admire the more in him, his genius or his simplicity, for the modesty of this man perhaps exceeds his genius. Over there he was worshiped like a god. Women sent their children to touch his gray coat, as one would touch a sacred relic. Men called him Cæsar, Alexander, Napoleon, and bestowed on him the title of the greatest conqueror in history. But he, while the perfume of incense was rising to his nostrils, remained very calm, his hand leaning on a poilu's cane, and he mumbled his eternal word: 'Wait, wait.' Then his lips opened, and such simple and quiet phrases as these issued from them: 'I thank you for your cheers. To me they have but one meaning, they mean: "You have done your duty."' Or else he repeated to the crowds: 'If we have resisted, it is because we were united. Let us remain united; we will thus still resist.' Or again: 'You are pleased with our work, that is good; but remember that one must work not only in war; good work must also be done in peace.'

This question of work, of good work in peace, haunted him ceaselessly; to this he reverted time and again.

The other day I heard him say, with his strong but calm voice, to M. Viviani:

'What are we going to do? We have bad tools in our hands. This treaty is a bad treaty, bad because it does not give France guarantees of safety, guarantees of being paid.

'The guarantee of safety was the Rhine. There was our real frontier, a frontier we could hold with nothing. I had figured it out: one division at Cologne, one at Mayence, one at Coblentz, three others behind, six in all. With that I would have undertaken to hold and defend all the Rhine. With that we could have disarmed.

'I said it, repeated it; nobody listened to me. And I did more than say it, I wrote it to each of Clemenceau's ministers. I told them and wrote them: "You are spoiling our victory, you are drafting a treaty by which we shall be neither defended nor paid. A day will come when this country, seeing what you have done, will rise with a start. For myself, in view of that day, I wish to take all precautions, and having a clear conscience, I am anxious to have my papers in order as well. That is why I am writing to you and keeping a copy of my letters."

'"You are a factious general," M. Tardieu said to me one day.

'This remark made me laugh—but they will not laugh on the day we go before the High Court of Justice.'

'Yes,' concluded M. Viviani who had listened to Marshal Foch as he spoke, without hatred but without fear, 'but after all, Marshal, there will be a slight difference betwen you and them—you will go there only as a witness.'

XI

JOSEPH PULITZER: REMINISCENCES OF A SECRETARY

ALLEYNE IRELAND

[Reprinted by courtesy of the *Metropolitan.*]

Before I had time to examine my surroundings Mr. Pulitzer entered the room on the arm of the majordomo. My first swift impression was of a man very tall and thin, with a noble head, a roughly pointed reddish beard streaked with gray, jet black hair, swept back from the forehead and lightly touched here and there with silvery white. One eye was dull and half-closed, the other was of a deep, brilliant blue, which, so far from suggesting blindness, created the instant effect of a searching, eaglelike glance. The outstretched hand was large, strong, nervous, full of character, ending in well-shaped and immaculately kept nails.

A high-pitched voice, clear, penetrating, and vibrant, gave out the strange challenge: 'Well, here you see before you the miserable wreck who is to be your host; you must make the best you can of him. Give me your arm in to dinner.'

I may complete here a description of Mr. Pulitzer's appearance, founded upon months of close personal association with him. The head was splendidly modeled, the forehead high, the brows prominent and arched; the ears were large, the nose was long and hooked; the mouth, almost concealed by the mustache, was firm and thin-lipped; the length of the face was much emphasized by the flowing beard and by the way in which the hair was brushed back from the forehead. The skin was of a clear, healthy pink, like a young girl's; but in moments of intense excitement the color would deepen to a dark, ruddy flush, and after a succession of sleepless nights, or under the strain of continued worry, it would turn a dull, lifeless gray.

I have never seen a face which varied so much in expression. Not only was there a marked difference at all times between one side and the other, due partly to the contrast between the two eyes and partly to a loss of flexibility in the muscles of the right side, but almost from moment to moment the general appearance of the face moved between a lively, genial animation, a cruel and wolflike scowl, and a heavy and hopeless dejection. No face was capable of showing greater tenderness; none could assume a more forbidding expression of anger and contempt.

The well-known Sargent portrait is a remarkable revelation of the complex nature of its subject. It discloses the deep affection, the keen intelligence, the wide sympathy, the tireless energy, the delicate sensitiveness, the tearing impatience, the cold tyranny, and the flaming scorn by which his character was so erratically dominated. It is a noble and pathetic monument to the suffering which had been imposed for a quarter of a century upon the intense and arbitrary spirit of this extraordinary man.

The account which I am to give of Mr. Pulitzer's daily life during the months immediately preceding his death would be unintelligible to all but the very few who knew him in recent years if it were not prefaced by a brief biographical note.

Joseph Pulitzer was born in the village of Mako, near Buda Pesth, in Hungary, on April 10, 1847. His father was a Jew, his mother a Christian. At the age of sixteen he emigrated to the United States. He landed without friends, without money, unable to speak a word of English. He enlisted immediately in the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry Regiment, a regiment chiefly composed of Germans and in which German was the prevailing tongue.

Within a year the Civil War ended, and Pulitzer found himself, in common with hundreds of thousands of others, out of employment at a time when employment was most difficult to secure. At this time he was so poor that he was turned away from French's Hotel in New York for the lack of fifty cents with which to pay for his bed. Twenty years later he bought French's Hotel, pulled it down, and erected in its place the Pulitzer Building, at that time one of the largest business buildings in New York, where he housed the *World.*

What lay between these two events may

be summed up in a few words. At the close of the Civil War Mr. Pulitzer went to St. Louis, and in 1868, after being in various occupations, he became a reporter on the *Westliche Post*. In less than ten years he was editor and part proprietor. His amazing energy, his passionate interest in politics, his rare gift of terse and forcible expression, and his striking personality carried him over or through all obstacles.

After he had purchased the St. Louis *Dispatch*, amalgamated it with the *Post*, and made the *Post-Dispatch* a profitable business enterprise and a power to be reckoned with in national and state politics, he felt the need of a wider field in which to manœuver the forces of his character and his intellect.

He came to New York in 1883 and purchased the *World* from Jay Gould. At that time the *World* had a circulation of less than twelve thousand copies a day and was practically bankrupt. From this time forward Mr. Pulitzer concentrated his every faculty on building up the paper. He was scoffed at, ridiculed, and abused by the most powerful editors of the old school. They were to learn, not without bitterness and wounds, that opposition was the one fuel of all others which best fed the triple flame of his courage, his tenacity, and his resourcefulness.

Four years of unremitting toil produced two results. The *World* reached a circulation of 200,000 copies a day and took its place in the front rank of the American press as a journal of force and ability, and Joseph Pulitzer left New York, a complete nervous wreck, to face in solitude the knowledge that he would never read print again and that within a few years he would be totally blind.

Joseph Pulitzer as I knew him, twenty-four years after he had been driven from active life by the sudden and final collapse of his health, was a man who could be judged by no common standards. His feelings, his temper, his point of view had been warped by years of suffering. His health and his comfort were at the mercy of a thousand contingencies.

Had his spirit been broken by his trials, had his intellectual power weakened under the load of his affliction, had his burning interest in affairs cooled to a point where he could have been content to turn his back upon life's conflict, he might have found some happiness, or at least some measure of repose akin to that with which age consoles us for the loss of youth. But his greatest misfortune was that all the active forces of his personality survived to the last in their full vigor, inflicting upon him the curse of an impatience which nothing could appease, of a discontent which knew no amelioration.

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This somewhat cynical outburst [as to the accuracy of the New York papers] brought down upon me an overwhelming torrent of protest from Mr. Pulitzer.

'My God!' he cried, 'I would not have believed it possible that any one could show such a complete ignorance of American character, of the high sense of duty which in the main animates American journalism, of the foundations of integrity on which almost every successful paper in the United States has been founded. You do not know what it costs me to try and keep the *World* up to a high standard of accuracy—the money, the time, the thought, the praise, the blame, the constant watchfulness. I do not say that the *World* never makes a mistake in its news columns. I wish I could say it.

'What I say is that there are not half a dozen papers in the United States which tamper with the news, which publish what they know to be false. But if I thought that I had done no better than that I would be ashamed to own a paper. It is not enough to refrain from publishing fake news, it is not enough to take ordinary care to avoid the mistakes which arise from the ignorance, the carelessness, the stupidity, of one or more of the many men who handle the news before it gets into print; you have got to do much more than that; you have got to make every one connected with the paper—your editors, your reporters, your correspondents, your rewrite men, your proofreaders—believe that accuracy is to a newspaper what virtue is to a woman.

'When you go to New York ask any of the men in the dome to show you my instructions to them, my letters written from day to day, my cables; and you will

see that accuracy, accuracy, accuracy, is the first, the most urgent, the most constant demand I have made on them.

'I do not say that the *World* is the only paper which takes extraordinary pains to be accurate; on the contrary, I think that almost every paper in America tries to be accurate. I will go further than that. There is not a paper of any importance published in French, German, or English, whether it is printed in Europe or in America, which I have not studied for weeks or months, and some of them I have read steadily for a quarter of a century; and I tell you this, Mr. Ireland, after years of experience, after having comparisons made by the hundred, from time to time, of different versions of the same event, that the press of America as a whole has a higher standard of accuracy than the European press as a whole. I will go further than that. I will say that, line for line, the American newspapers actually *attain* a higher standard of news accuracy than the European newspapers; and I will go further than that and say that although there are in Europe a few newspapers, and they are chiefly English, which are as accurate as the best newspapers in America, there are *no* newspapers in America which are so habitually, so criminally stuffed with fake news as the worst of the European papers.'

Mr. Pulitzer paused and asked me if there was a glass of water on the table—we were seated in his library—and after I had handed it to him, and he had drained it nearly to the bottom at one gulp, he resumed his lecture. I give it in considerable detail, because it was the longest speech he ever addressed to me, because he subsequently made me write it out from memory and then read it to him, and because it was one of the few occasions during my intercourse with him on which I was persuaded beyond a doubt that he spoke with perfect frankness, without allowing his words to be influenced by any outside considerations.

'As a matter of fact,' he continued, 'the criticisms you hear about the American press are founded on a dislike for our headlines and for the prominence we give to crime, to corruption in office, and to sensational topics generally; the charge of inaccuracy is just thrown in to make it look worse. I do not believe that one person in a thousand who attacks the American press for being inaccurate has ever taken the trouble to investigate the facts.

'Now about this matter of sensationalism: a newspaper should be scrupulously accurate; it should be clean; it should avoid everything salacious or suggestive, everything that could offend good taste or lower the moral tone of its readers; but within these limits it is the duty of a newspaper to print the news. When I speak of good taste and of good moral tone I do not mean the kind of good taste which is offended by every reference to the unpleasant things of life; I do not mean the kind of morality which refuses to recognize the existence of immorality —that type of moral hypocrite has done more to check the moral progress of humanity than all the immoral people put together. What I mean is the kind of good taste which demands that frankness should be linked with decency; the kind of moral tone which is braced and not relaxed when it is brought face to face with vice.

'Some people try and make you believe that a newspaper should not devote its space to long and dramatic accounts of murders, railroad wrecks, fires, lynchings, political corruption, embezzlements, frauds, graft, divorces, what you will. I tell you they are wrong, and I believe that if they thought the thing out they would see that they are wrong.

'We are a democracy, and there is only one way to get a democracy on its feet in the matter of its individual, its social, its municipal, its state, its national conduct, and that is by keeping the public informed about what is going on. There is not a crime, there is not a dodge, there is not a trick, there is not a swindle, there is not a vice, which does not live by secrecy. Get these things out in the open, describe them, attack them, ridicule them in the press, and sooner or later public opinion will sweep them away.

'Publicity may not be the only thing that is needed, but it is the one thing without which all other agencies will fail. If a newspaper is to be of real service to the public, it must have a big circulation: first because its news and its comment must reach the largest possible number of people; second, because circulation means advertising, and advertising means money, and money means independence. If I

caught any man on the *World* suppressing news because one of our advertisers objected to having it printed, I would dismiss him immediately; I would n't care who he was.

'What a newspaper needs in its news, in its headlines, and on its editorial page is terseness, humor, descriptive power, satire, originality, good literary style, clever condensation, and accuracy, accuracy, accuracy.'

Mr. Pulitzer made this confession of faith with the warmth generated by an unshakable faith. He spoke, as he always spoke when he was excited, with vigor, emphasis, and ample gesture. When he came to an end and asked for another glass of water I found nothing to say. It would have been as impertinent of me to agree with him as to differ from him.

After all, I had to remember that he had taken over the *World* when its circulation was less than 15,000 copies a day; that he had been for thirty years and still was its dominating spirit and the final authority on every matter concerning its policy, its style, and its contents; that he had seen its morning circulation go up to well over 350,000 copies a day; that at times he had taken his stand boldly against popular clamor, as when he kept up for months a bitter attack against the American action in the Venezuelan boundary dispute, and at times had incurred the hostility of powerful moneyed interests, as when he forced the Cleveland administration to sell to the public on competitive bids a bond issue which it had arranged to sell privately, at considerably below market value, to a great banking house.

Before leaving the subject of newspapers I may describe the method by which Mr. Pulitzer kept in touch with the news and put himself in the position to maintain a critical supervision over the *World*.

An elaborate organization was employed for this purpose. I will explain it as it worked when we were on the yacht, but the system was maintained at all times, whether we were cruising or were at Cap Martin, at Bar Harbor, at Wiesbaden, or elsewhere, merely a few minor details being changed to meet local conditions.

In the Pulitzer Building, Park Row, New York, there were collected each day several copies of each of the morning papers, including the *World*, and some of the evening papers. These were mailed daily to Mr. Pulitzer according to cabled instructions as to our whereabouts. In addition to this a gentleman connected with the *World*, who had long experience of Mr. Pulitzer's requirements, cut from all the New York papers, and from a number of other papers from every part of the United States, every article that he considered Mr. Pulitzer ought to see, whether because of its subject, its tenor, or its style. These clippings were mailed by the hundred on almost every fast steamer sailing for Europe. In order that there might be the greatest economy of time in reading them, the essential matter in each clipping was marked.

So far as the *World* was concerned, a copy of each issue was sent, with the names of the writers written across each editorial, big news story, or special article.

As we went from port to port we got the principal French, German, Austrian, and Italian papers, and the *World* bureau in London kept us supplied with the English dailies and weeklies.

Whenever we picked up a batch of American papers, each of the secretaries got a set and immediately began to read it. My own method of reading was adopted after much advice from Mr. Pulitzer and after consultation with the more experienced members of the staff, and I do not suppose it differed materially from that followed by the others.

I read the *World* first, going over the 'big' stories carefully and with enough concentration to give me a very fair idea of the facts. Then I read the articles in the other papers covering the same ground, noting any important differences in the various accounts. This task resolved itself in practice into mastering in considerable detail about half a dozen articles—a political situation, a murder, a railroad wreck, a fire, a strike, an important address by a college president, for example—and getting a clear impression of the treatment of each item in each paper.

With this done, and with a few notes scribbled on a card to help my memory, I turned to the editorial pages, reading each editorial with the closest attention and making more notes.

The final reading of the news served to

give me from ten to twenty small topics of what Mr. Pulitzer called 'human interest,' to be used as subjects of conversation as occasion demanded. As a rule I cut these items out of the paper and put them in the left-hand pocket of my coat, for when we walked together J. P. always took my right arm, and my left hand was, therefore, free to dip into my reservoir of cuttings whenever conversation flagged and I needed a new subject.

The cuttings covered every imaginable topic—small cases in the magistrates' courts, eccentric entertainments at Newport, the deaths of centenarians, dinners to visiting authors in New York, accounts of performing animals, infant prodigies, new inventions, additions to the Metropolitan Museum, announcements of new plays, anecdotes about prominent men and women, instances of foolish extravagance among the rich, and so on.

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On rare occasions he talked of his early days, telling us in a charmingly simple and unaffected manner of the tragic and humorous episodes with which his youth had been crowded. Of the former I recall a striking description of a period during which he filled two positions in St. Louis, one involving eight hours' work during the day, the other eight hours during the night. Four of the remaining eight were devoted to studying English.

His first connection with journalism arose out of an experience which he related with a wealth of detail which showed how deeply it had been burned into his memory.

When he first arrived in St. Louis he soon found himself at the end of his resources and was faced with the absolute impossibility of securing work in that city. In company with forty other men he applied at the office of a general agent who had advertised for hands to go down the Mississippi and take up well-paid posts on a Louisiana sugar plantation. The agent demanded a fee of five dollars from each applicant, and by pooling their resources the members of this wretched band managed to meet the charge. The same night they were taken on board a steamer which immediately started down river. At three o'clock in the morning they were landed on the river bank about forty miles below St. Louis, at a spot where there was neither house, road, nor clearing. Before the marooned party had time to realize its plight the steamer had disappeared.

A council of war was held, and it was decided that they should tramp back to St. Louis and put a summary termination to the agent's career by storming his office and murdering him. Whether or not this reckless program would have been carried out it is impossible to say, for when, three days later, the ragged army arrived in the city, worn out with fatigue and half-dead from hunger, the agent was found to have decamped.

A reporter happened to pick up the story, and by mere chance met Pulitzer and induced him to write out in German the tale of his experiences. This account created such an impression on the mind of the editor through whose hands it passed that Pulitzer was offered, and accepted with the greatest misgivings, as he solemnly assured us, a position as reporter on the *Westliche Post*.

The event proved that there had been no grounds for J. P.'s modest doubts. After he had been some time on the paper things went so badly that two reporters had to be got rid of. The editor kept Pulitzer on the staff, because he felt that if any one was destined to force him out of the editorial chair it was not a young, uneducated foreigner, who could hardly mumble half a dozen words of English. The editor was mistaken. Within a few years J. P. not only supplanted him, but became half proprietor of that paper.

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It was not only in regard to mental accomplishments, however, that J. P. pursued his plan of educating everybody around him. He insisted, among other things, that I should learn to ride, not because there was any lack of people who could ride with him, but because by means of application I could add a new item to the list of things I could do. After a dozen lessons from a groom I progressed so far that, having acquired the ability to stay more or less in the saddle while the horse trotted, Mr. Pulitzer frequently took me riding with him.

We always rode three abreast, a groom on J. P.'s right and myself on his left, and conversation had to be kept up the whole

time. This presented no peculiar difficulties when the horses were walking, but when they trotted I found it no easy task to keep my seat, to preserve the precise distance from J. P. which saved me from touching his stirrup and yet allowed me to speak without raising my voice, and to leave enough of my mind unoccupied to remember my material and to present it without betraying the discomfort of my position.

During these rides, and especially when we were walking our horses along a quiet, shady stretch of road, J. P. sometimes became reminiscent. On one of these occasions he told me the story of how he lost his sight. As I wrote it down as soon as we got back to the house, I can tell it almost in his own words.

We had been discussing the possibility of his writing an autobiography, and he said, throwing his head back and smiling reflectively:

'Well, I sometimes wish it could be done. It would make an interesting book; but I do not think I shall ever do it. My God! I work from morning to night as it is. When would I get the time?'

Then, suddenly changing his mood: 'It won't do any harm for you to make a few notes now and then, and some day, perhaps, we might go through them and see if there is anything worth preserving. Has any one ever told you how I lost my sight? No? Well, it was in November, 1887. The *World* had been conducting a vigorous campaign against municipal corruption—a campaign which ended in the arrest of a financier who had bought the votes of aldermen in order to get a street railroad franchise.'

At this point he paused. His jaws set, and his expression became stern, almost fierce, as he added: 'The man died in jail of a broken heart, and I—and I—' He took a deep breath, and continued as though he were reciting an experience which he had heard related of some stranger.

'I was, of course, violently attacked, and it was a period of terrible strain for me. What with anxiety and overwork I began to suffer from insomnia, and that soon produced a bad condition of my nerves. One morning I went down to the *World* and called for the editorials which were ready for me to go over. I always read every line of editorial copy. When I picked up the sheets I was astonished to find that I could hardly see the writing, let alone read it. I thought it was probably due to indigestion or to some other temporary cause and said nothing about it. The next morning on my way downtown I called in at an oculist's. He examined my eyes and then ordered me to go home and remain in bed in a darkened room for six weeks. At the end of that time he examined me again, told me that I had ruptured a blood vessel in one of my eyes, and ordered me to stop work entirely and to take six months' rest in California.

'That was the beginning of the end. Whatever my trouble had been at first, it developed into separation of the retina in both eyes. From the day on which I first consulted the oculist up to the present time, about twenty-four years, I have only been three times in the *World* building. Most people think I 'm dead, or living in Europe in complete retirement. Now go on and give me the morning's news. I 've had practically nothing, so you can just run over it briefly, item by item.'

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On October 25, 1911, we put in to the harbor of Charleston, S. C. There was the usual business of receiving mail, newspapers, and so on, for J. P., after five days at sea, was eager to pick up the thread of current happenings.

On the following day Mr. Lathan, editor of the Charleston *Courier,* lunched on the yacht. He and Mr. Pulitzer had an animated discussion about the possibilities of a Democratic victory in 1912. I had never seen J. P. in a more genial mood or in higher spirits.

Whether it was due to the excitement of receiving a visitor whose conversation was so stimulating I do not know, but on Friday, October 27, J. P. was feeling so much out of sorts that he did not appear on deck. On Saturday he remained below only because Brocklebank, who always kept the closest watch over his health, persuaded him to have a good rest before resuming the ordinary routine. J. P. was anxious to take up some business matters with Henderson, but Brocklebank induced him to give up the idea.

At three o'clock in the morning of Sunday, October 29, Brocklebank came to my

cabin and, without making any explanation, said:

'Mr. Pulitzer wishes you to come and read to him.'

I put on a dressing gown, gathered up half a dozen books, and in five minutes I was sitting by Mr. Pulitzer's bedside. He was evidently suffering a good deal of pain, for he turned from side to side and once or twice got out of bed and sat in an easy chair.

I tried several books, but finally settled down to read Macaulay's essay on Hallam. I read steadily until about five o'clock, and J. P. listened attentively, interrupting me from time to time with a direction to go back and read over a passage.

About half-past five he began to suffer severely, and he sent for the yacht's doctor, who did what was possible for him. At a few minutes after six J. P. said: 'Now, Mr. Ireland, you 'd better go and get some sleep; we will finish that this afternoon. Good-by, I 'm much obliged to you. Ask Mr. Schmidt to come to me. Go, now, and have a good rest, and forget all about me.'

I slept till noon. When I came on deck I found that everything was going on much as usual. One of the secretaries was with J. P.; the others were at work over the day's papers.

At lunch we spoke of J. P. One man said that he seemed a little worse than usual; another that he had seen him much worse a score of times.

Suddenly the massive door at the forward end of the saloon opened. I turned in my seat and saw the towering figure of the head butler framed in the doorway, I faced his impassive glance and received the full shock of his calm but incredible announcement: 'Mr. Pulitzer is dead.'

XII

HENRY WATTERSON

[*Christian Science Monitor*, December 23, 1921. By permission.]

In American journalism there has been, perhaps, no more forceful character, individually, than Henry Watterson. Certainly there has been none more picturesque, none who has more indelibly impressed his identifying mark upon his work and the scattering, hurriedly-written pages which have made up the simple, unpretentious record of his days and years. In contemporary journalism the world has been taught that it must not expect to read, from day to day, the carefully compiled product of the essayist, the studied conclusions of the scholar and student, the wise ponderings of the philosopher, or the adroit and convincing arguments of the diplomatist and political leader. And yet a combination of these is sometimes found in just the places where those who sought, carelessly and without expectation, might have believed they were searching in vain. When it is discovered, it is recognized at once as the product of that intensive pressure which is found nowhere outside the editorial rooms of a daily newspaper. Into it there must have entered all the skill and erudition of the literary alchemist, the logic of the scholar, the keenness and adroitness of the trained observer, the wisdom and foresight, not alone of those who design and plan, but of those who build and of those who tear down. Such accomplishments are approached, occasionally they are achieved. Few, surprisingly few, in the somewhat brief history of American journalism, have stood so long in the front rank, have maintained, by sheer force of sustained effort, the position of eminence gained and held by Henry Watterson.

Distinctively, emphatically, and unalterably of the old South, Mr. Watterson was for many years a national figure. It is doubtful if those who knew him best ever referred to him as a genius. He was not, and such praise would not be fitting. He was, instead, a product of that sturdy school, in his case the school of Americanism, though it may as well be called the school of circumstance, for it knows no single country or clime. In it he was compelled to learn lessons which, half appreciated, might have embittered and narrowed him. He was, in his younger days, the champion of a lost cause. For many years he was a leader in the ranks of a political party whose policies some of his closest friends did not care to defend. But he never was an iconoclast. He was a reconstructor, a builder, but by methods which seemed sometimes to be peculiarly his own. He opposed secession, but entered the Confederate army and rose to the rank of

major. He was the friend or the implacable foe of politicians and statesmen from the time of Lincoln, whom he admired and reverenced. No other political friendship was sacred to him. He would follow no partisan leader beyond the limit which he himself set, a limit which he seldom if ever had occasion to excuse or to amend. It was this courage and this fearlessness, this unquestioned honesty, which made him feared and respected in the councils of both the great parties. His individuality has been stamped upon more than one national party platform, and his invisible mark has as certainly been placed upon important papers of state and upon many treaties and conventions to which the government to which he was always loyal was a party. It has been said that those who find only in the daily newspapers a channel for the things they have to say, write but as on water. It can hardly be true. Surely the words of Henry Watterson will live.

XIII

MARY WHITE

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

[*Emporia Gazette*, May 16, 1921. By permission.]

The Associated Press reports carrying the news of Mary White's death declared that it came as the result of a fall from a horse. How she would have hooted at that! She never fell from a horse in her life. Horses have fallen on her and with her—"I 'm always trying to hold 'em in my lap," she used to say. But she was proud of few things, and one was that she could ride anything that had four legs and hair. Her death resulted not from a fall, but from a blow on the head which fractured her skull, and the blow came from the limb of an overhanging tree on the parking.

The last hour of her life was typical of its happiness. She came home from a day's work at school, topped off by a hard grind with the copy of the High School Annual, and felt that a ride would refresh her. She climbed into her khakis, chattering to her mother about the work she was doing, and hurried to get her horse and be out on the dirt roads for the country air and the radiant green fields of the spring. As she rode through the town on an easy gallop she kept waving at passers-by. She knew every one in town. For a decade the little figure with the long pig-tail and the red hair ribbon has been familiar on the streets of Emporia, and she got in the way of speaking to those who nodded at her. She passed the Keers, walking the horse, in front of the Normal Library, and waved at them; passed another friend a few hundred feet further on, and waved at her. The horse was walking and as she turned into North Merchant Street she took off her cowboy hat, and the horse swung into a lope. She passed the Tripletts and waved her cowboy hat at them, still moving gaily north on Merchant Street. A *Gazette* carrier passed—a High School boy friend—and she waved at him, with her bridle hand; the horse veered quickly, plunged into the parking where the low-hanging limb faced her, and while she still looked back waving, the blow came. But she did not fall from the horse; she slipped off, dazed a bit, staggered and fell in a faint. She never quite recovered consciousness.

But she did not fall from the horse, neither was she riding fast. A year or so ago she used to go like the wind. But that habit was broken, and she used the horse to get into the open to get fresh, hard exercise, and to work off a certain surplus energy that welled up in her and needed a physical outlet. That need had been in her heart for years. It was back of the impulse that kept the dauntless, little brown-clad figure on the streets and country roads of this community and built into a strong, muscular body what had been a frail and sickly frame during the first years of her life. But the riding gave her more than a body. It released a gay and hardy soul. She was the happiest thing in the world. And she was happy because she was enlarging her horizon. She came to know all sorts and conditions of men; Charley O'Brien, the traffic cop, was one of her best friends. W. L. Holtz, the Latin teacher, was another. Tom O'Connor, farmer-politician, and Rev. J. H. J. Rice, preacher and police judge, and Frank Beach, music master, were her special friends, and all the girls, black and white, above the track, in Pepville and Stringtown, were among

her acquaintances. And she brought home riotous stories of her adventures. She loved to rollick; persiflage was her natural expression at home. Her humor was a continual bubble of joy. She seemed to think in hyperbole and metaphor. She was mischievous without malice, as full of faults as an old shoe. No angel was Mary White, but an easy girl to live with, for she never nursed a grouch five minutes in her life.

With all her eagerness for the out-of-doors, she loved books. On her table when she left her room were a book by Conrad, one by Galsworthy, *Creative Chemistry* by E. E. Slosson, and a Kipling book. She read Mark Twain, Dickens and Kipling before she was ten—all of their writings. She was entered as a student in Wellesley for 1922; was assistant editor of the High School Annual this year, and in line for election to the editorship of the Annual next year. She was a member of the executive committee of the High School Y. W. C. A.

Within the last two years she had begun to be moved by an ambition to draw. She began as most children do by scribbling in her school books, funny pictures. She bought cartoon magazines and took a course—rather casually, naturally, for she was, after all, a child with no strong purposes—and this year she tasted the first fruits of success by having her pictures accepted by the High School Annual. But the thrill of delight she got when Mr. Ecord, of the Normal Annual, asked her to do the cartooning for that book this spring, was too beautiful for words. She fell to her work with all her enthusiastic heart. Her drawings were accepted, and her pride—always repressed by a lively sense of the ridiculousness of the figure she was cutting—was a really gorgeous thing to see. No successful artist ever drank a deeper draught of satisfaction than she took from the little fame her work was getting among her schoolfellows. In her glory, she almost forgot her horse—but never her car.

For she used the car as a jitney bus. It was her social life. She never had a 'party' in all her nearly seventeen years—would n't have one; but she never drove a block in the car in her life that she did n't begin to fill the car with pick-ups! Everybody rode with Mary White—white and black, old and young, rich and poor, men and women. She liked nothing better than to fill the car full of long-legged High School boys and an occasional girl, and parade the town. She never had a 'date,' nor went to a dance, except once with her brother, Bill, and the 'boy proposition' did n't interest her—yet. But young people—great spring-breaking, varnish-cracking, fender-bending, door-sagging carloads of 'kids' gave her great pleasure. Her zests were keen. But the most fun she ever had in her life was acting as chairman of the committee that got up the big turkey dinner for the poor folks at the county home; scores of pies, gallons of slaw; jam, cakes, preserves, oranges and a wilderness of turkey were loaded in the car and taken to the county home. And, being of a practical turn of mind, she risked her own Christmas dinner by staying to see that the poor folks actually got it all. Not that she was a cynic; she just disliked to tempt folks. While there she found a blind colored uncle, very old, who could do nothing but make rag rugs, and she rustled up from her school friends rags enough to keep him busy for a season. The last engagement she tried to make was to take the guests at the county home out for a car ride. And the last endeavor of her life was to try to get a rest room for colored girls in the High School. She found one girl reading in the toilet, because there was no better place for a colored girl to loaf, and it inflamed her sense of injustice and she became a nagging harpy to those who, she thought, could remedy the evil. The poor she had always with her, and was glad of it. She hungered and thirsted for righteousness; and was the most impious creature in the world. She joined the Congregational Church without consulting her parents; not particularly for her soul's good. She never had a thrill of piety in her life, and would have hooted at a 'testimony.' But even as a little child she felt the church was an agency for helping people to more of life's abundance, and she wanted to help. She never wanted help for herself. Clothes meant little to her. It was a fight to get a new rig on her; but eventually a harder fight to get it off. She never wore a jewel and had no ring but her High School class

ring, and never asked for anything but a wrist watch. She refused to have her hair up; though she was nearly seventeen. 'Mother,' she protested, 'you don't know how much I get by with, in my braided pigtails, that I could not with my hair up.' Above every other passion of her life was her passion not to grow up, to be a child. The tomboy in her, which was big, seemed to loathe to be put away forever in skirts. She was a Peter Pan, who refused to grow up.

Her funeral yesterday at the Congregational Church was as she would have wished it: no singing, no flowers save the big bunch of red roses from her Brother Bill's Harvard classmen—Heavens, how proud that would have made her! and the red roses from the *Gazette* force—in vases at her head and feet. A short prayer, Paul's beautiful essay on 'Love' from the Thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians, some remarks about her democratic spirit by her friend, John H. J. Rice, pastor and police judge, which she would have deprecated if she could, a prayer sent down for her by her friend, Carl Nau, and opening the service the slow, poignant movement from Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, which she loved, and closing the service a cutting from the joyously melancholy first movement of Tschaikowsky's Pathetic Symphony, which she liked to hear in certain moods on the phonograph; then the Lord's Prayer by her friends in the High School.

That was all.

For her pall-bearers only her friends were chosen: her Latin teacher, W. L. Holtz; her High School principal, Rice Brown: her doctor, Frank Foncannon; her friend, W. W. Finney; her pal at the *Gazette* office, Walter Hughes; and her brother Bill. It would have made her smile to know that her friend, Charley O'Brien, the traffic cop, had been transferred from Sixth and Commercial to the corner near the church to direct her friends who came to bid her good-by.

A rift in the clouds in a gray day threw a shaft of sunlight upon her coffin as her nervous, energetic little body sank to its last sleep. But the soul of her, the glowing, gorgeous, fervent soul of her, surely was flaming in eager joy upon some other dawn.

XIV

A GENIUS OF THE SHORT STORY

KATHLEEN NORRIS

[*Cosmopolitan*, September, 1918. By permission. Copyright, 1918, by the International Magazine Company.]

Whenever I think of Fannie Hurst, I think of the word 'genius.' Like everybody else, I have my own private definition of genius. A merely talented person is one who adapts his product to his market; he gives the public what the public wants, and is rewarded in a greater or less degree. But the genius can only give one thing, and that is so much a part of himself that he cannot give more and will not give less. He offers it, and sometimes the world is a long time accepting it, and, meanwhile, the genius starves, or lives hungry, like Francis Thompson and Gissing and Poe. Starving talent is pitiful and commonplace, but starving genius is sublime.

Therefore, it is an extremely rare and pleasant thing to meet a genius that the world has instantly and gratefully made welcome—I might add that it is an extremely pleasant thing to meet Fannie Hurst under any circumstances. She knows nothing of cruel editors and cold attics and dwindling pennies and thin shoes, and the last words to be mentioned in connection with her are 'bitterness' and 'starvation.' Among all the writers in New York she is the exception, not the rule, and one studies her case with a sort of patient and unresentful wonder. Where some of us climb, she flies, and where we are pleased occasionally to touch the target's outside ring, she calmly reaches the bull's-eye over and over again. Her work is not like that of any one else; it appeared unheralded and unknown, and yet the actual interval between her first serious offering to her public and that public's enthusiastic reception of it was but a few months.

Her own story is quite as surprisingly usual as are the stories of many of her characters, quite as humanly simple as the material she almost always selects. She never knew the incentive of want; her childhood in St. Louis was pro-

tected and prosperous; she was an only child; life was made very pleasant for her. When she finished college at home, she was given a year or two in New York for post-graduate work, and to try her wings in any fashion that seemed likely to satisfy her ambition. The stage always interested her, and she tells me that she wrote stories at ten, and fourteen, and eighteen, and was not much encouraged in writing them.

'I didn't understand it then,' she said joyously—she is among the most joyous of human creatures—'but last year, at home, I found some of my old stories, and then I realized why the family thought it kinder to discourage me.'

But I don't believe that. I think that even in the ten-year-old child's stories there must have been some hint of the extraordinary quality that marks her work today. At all events, when she came to New York, she began to think of fiction seriously, and there was no more discouragement then.

That was about five years ago. The first story was written, and the question of placing it arose. Some friend suggested that she send it to a weekly magazine with an enormous circulation. Fannie Hurst was also advised to put a price on her story, and she priced it at one hundred dollars. A check for three hundred was sent her instead, and since then the popularity of her work and the size of her accruing checks have risen steadily together. Wherever writing folk gather, Fannie Hurst and her work are discussed; she has become a sort of literary Great Cham, and nothing is too fabulous to be believed about her.

Personally, she is extremely good to look upon, cream-skinned and dark-eyed, still in the pleasant zone of the middle twenties, and interested in everything in the world inclusive. She lives, except when she is visiting her home people, in a distractingly attractive little apartment near Central Park, New York City, and has monastery doors, old rugs, steps up and down, Gothic windows, and a scatter-brained puppy to amuse her. I gather that she works hard and slowly, producing with much doubt and difficulty the lines that read as easily as if one were listening to the speaker. Every line, every word is weighed and tested and changed interminably, and whole pages of the painfully wrought copy are destroyed; but she herself is its only tribunal, and when it leaves her hands, she is satisfied that she can do no better. Her happiest times, she tells me, come when the story is finished, and when she is pleased with it, before she gives it to the world. In its publication and reception she has little interest; she is off again on the newer story that is going to come just a little nearer than its predecessors to the garment's hem of True Romance. She gives a public of several millions exactly what she would give a public of one, or what she would write for no public at all. Take it or leave it, it is Fannie Hurst.

At present, she is apparently the only writer in the Union who is not confidently planning the Great American Novel. She loves just what she is doing and finds the medium of the short story the one that suits her best. And it is hard to imagine her in any other field than this one which she has made peculiarly her own. To analyze one of her stories is to arrive nowhere; it is the old mystery of the flower in the crannied wall. Yet there is technique as well as sheer instinct in the way that it is done; the apparently rambling conversations develop the plot in a series of hammer-strokes, and the sobbing ejaculations, in their aimless repetition, have a perfectly human fashion of wringing the heart.

There are certain stories among the twenty-five or thirty upon which this astonishing reputation rests that I never can read with dry eyes. There is something about the hot kitchens, and the crowded basement-shops, and the shabby clothes, and the beauty of love and sacrifice creeping up through the sordidness that is always new. The angry, loyal love of a mother, the protecting sister-love, the weak love of the parasite—sometimes I think that it is the theme of love running through them all that is their real secret. Two obscure forms emerge from a dingy doorway or a subway hood, and, lo! we have the strength of weakness and the weakness of strength, selfishness turned into beauty and courage, and false joy stripped of its mask and crumbling into black despair.

So I use the word 'genius' for Fannie Hurst, and for no other writer of short stories—unless Mr. Conrad's novelettes come into that category—today. Other

writers follow a certain formula, more or less deliberately concede convention something, pattern themselves, perhaps unconsciously, upon Kipling or O. Henry or George Moore. She copies no one.

A hundred years from now, when the children of a democratic world are patiently memorizing the dates of the Great War, it might be interesting to see what place Fannie Hurst will hold in American literature. I rather fancy that she will not be in a group even then. She is young, and may add riper work to this first work, may try the novel, after all.

But even on the strength of those twenty-five stories, she is entitled to a place of her own.

XV

FROM VAUDEVILLE TO OPERA IN A YEAR

PIERRE V. R. KEY

[*Harper's Bazaar*, February, 1919. By permission. Copyright, 1919, by the International Magazine Company.]

She walked into the maestro's studio with the same insouciance which had been the distinguishing characteristic of her entrance upon the Riverside theater stage the night before. The maestro noted this the instant his gaze rested upon the girl's face. Instinctively he felt again the same compelling influence that had brought him, a dozen hours earlier, into an erect and alert position in his theater seat.

The maestro quitted his chair and advanced toward his visitor. Her own frank smile drew the response from the man who happened to be one of the few understanding the singing voice.

The girl's smile was such another as she had given by way of greeting to her vaudeville audience; very like the one she later bestowed on them after she had sung her songs and, followed by her sister, withdrawn into the wings.

'Boshko advised me to come,' said Rosa Ponselle simply. 'He said you liked my voice.'

The maestro nodded.

'He told me the opera was a possibility —for me. Did you say that?'

'Such is my judgment,' replied the man. 'After hearing you last evening I used the word "possibility." That is why—'

'Yes,' interrupted the girl. She was eagerly nervous.

'—I wished to hear you here,' finished the maestro. 'To turn your voice inside out and learn in the test of a few trial lessons whether we may substitute for "possibility" a more encouraging word.'

Rosa's lips parted; her figure, which was femininely tall and in the lithe lines suggestive of strength, seemed to tremble.

'"Probability," is that the word you mean?'

The maestro inclined his head.

If this were fiction instead of fact, the events could not be more colorfully romantic. An American girl renouncing vaudeville and a bank president's salary to heed the beckoning finger of Mistress Grand Opera possesses story possibilities.

In fiction there would be at least two available avenues of development. The heroine might triumph gloriously over obstacles and the villain, and after the thrilling performance leave the opera house in a taxi with her sweetheart for the Little Church Around the Corner. Or—she might fail ignominiously, perhaps because the singing teacher proved himself (like so many happen to be) a charlatan. Then, with her ruined voice, she would retrace her way sorrowfully to vaudeville only to discover that art had stripped her former powers clean of the trickery necessary to send into the seventh heaven those patrons who previously had clung to Rosa as a radiant star. Then Miss Ponselle would—or could, in the fancy of the author—stagger to her dressing-room a crushed soul.

Of course her faithful suitor would appear presently to tell her it did n't matter. He had continued to love her. Now that she had failed he was in a transport of joy; for they could be married, and with no career-clouds hovering ominously over their little Bronx home happiness supreme would be their lot.

But, Rosa Ponselle's case, it turned out very differently. Which after all gives us a story, because the truth of it is so astonishing. In this instance, particularly, do we discover substantiation of the statement that truth is stranger than fiction and may be quite as interesting.

Just a year ago the episode set forth at the beginning of this narrative actually happened. The maestro, whose studio is in New York City, did hear Rosa Ponselle at a vaudeville performance, where he dropped in to relax a fatigued mind.

Miss Ponselle and her sister Carmella were part of that evening's 'bill.'

The maestro was impressed with the potentialities of both sisters. So much that he mentioned his experience the next day to one of his pupils. Observe now how ordinary a thing may be the finger of coincidence. This pupil, the 'Boshko' of whom Rosa spoke, chanced to be living in the same house that sheltered the Ponselle girls, whose family name by the way is Ponzillo. In Meriden, Connecticut, where they were born, the name and the girls are well known. It was in Meriden that they began their careers—in restaurants, from which they graduated into singers of songs in motion-picture theaters.

Boshko, having heard the sisters more frequently than the maestro, was that much more an ardent admirer. His beliefs confirmed by one whose opinion meant more to him than any other, Boshko became instantly and uncontrollably enthusiastic. Being a do-it-now young man, he not only promised to send Rosa and Carmella to the maestro, but fulfilled that promise so quickly after the completion of his lesson that before the day's end Rosa had ventured calling upon one of those persons (teachers of singing), for whom she had always held a vague sense of distrust.

Rosa did not go to the maestro's studio alone. If she had, this story would not possess so odd a twist; because, you see, she would have focused upon herself all the attention, which is the opposite of what occurred during that introductory visit and on subsequent days. Carmella, who went with Rosa, was much more concerned about singing teachers than her younger sister. And the maestro himself rather fancied the mezzo-soprano voice of Carmella. He held a peculiar notion also about teaching two members of one family. So for all his encouragement to Rosa on that day of days the maestro had ears chiefly for the older Carmella; and very soon afterward she began her studies.

Under right guidance some singing voices which are defective progress very fast. As the defects become eradicated, and the true position of each tone becomes more nearly what it should be, the voice enhances in all the ways a voice should. It is like releasing a bird that has nearly learned to fly; with an easy rising motion it soars aloft. Somehow that was the way Carmella Ponzillo's voice behaved after she had had a dozen lessons under the tutelage of this maestro, who knew his business. Rosa, hearing her sister practising in their New York home, began directly to be restless. She confessed to Carmella that she was undergoing a changed opinion about singing teachers—especially this one.

Then there ensued a suggestion to the maestro that he accept a second pupil from the Ponzillo family. Somewhat reluctantly the consent was given. The maestro hesitated further, he admits, because he recalled Rosa's vocal flourishes during her vaudeville act; scales and tricks that had taken the real Rosa Ponselle's voice from its natural groove, and brought about muscular interference inside her throat. The maestro was n't so sure, in his own mind, about the straightening of Rosa's vocal tangles.

Of course he eventually yielded to Carmella's intercession and to Rosa's ingratiating appeal. She was not easily to be resisted; and the maestro's heart had its tender spot.

So Rosa commenced her studies.

That was last December.

In a month's time Rosa began to do things—or her voice did them—that caused her guide to lift the corners of his mouth in a way he does when things in his studio proceed as they should. Not long afterward Rosa found herself set at tasks resembling the learning of arias from an opera and some of the duets. All this time Carmella, the mezzo-soprano, had been keeping step in a singing way with her sister. One afternoon the girls sang several arias each and finished with a duet from *Aïda*. After they left the maestro rubbed his hands, as a man will while in the act of washing them.

The half dozen experts, friends of the teacher, who were invited on a winter afternoon in 1918 to hear the two 'promising pupils,' went their ways when the singing was over experiencing varied degrees of enthusiasm. They were willing to guess, infer, and surmise that these two talents were something far enough above the common run to make a fuss over. Rosa, having a dramatic soprano voice, attracted their attention more particularly for the reason that the true dramatic soprano nowadays is like

the basso profundo—something, if you please, that is as easy to find as a seat in a New York subway train during any rush hour.

Besides Rosa happened, among other desirable qualities, to have the sort of temperament that sent shivers of satisfaction racing along the spinal column of whomever heard her sing. She played the piano too; she was an excellent musician and not only learned readily, but she never seemed to forget what she once lodged firmly in her mind. Also Rosa had a strong body. She worked faithfully and with intelligence, and, once corrected, a fault in her work seldom made its reappearance.

Then the spring of 1918 came—and Enrico Caruso.

The greatest singer of them all consented to hear Rosa Ponselle (she was still 'Miss Ponzillo,' the professional name 'Ponselle' having been chosen some time later). Caruso's opinion did not differ materially from other opinions already rendered; it merely carried added weight because it was Caruso's. His verdict settled certain matters.

It must not be presumed that Rosa Ponselle was engaged to sing leading rôles by the Metropolitan Opera Company management after her first audition last spring. She sang three times. The initial hearing was all general manager Giulio Gatti-Casazza could have wished; far more than was anticipated by the blasé members of the company (conductors and star singers), who were invited to 'sit in' at the audition. But Mr. Gatti wanted to make no mistake. He therefore asked to hear Rosa again—to be sure that his ears and those of the others had not been tricked.

At the second audition Rosa Ponselle, being slightly indisposed and laboring under a mental strain, fainted dead away after the second aria. Carmella rushed from the Metropolitan wings, where she had been standing in anticipation of just what occurred, barely in time to catch her sister before she fell in a heap to the stage.

Yet it is common belief, when a singer succeeds in opera, that to get and stay there is comparatively easy.

Naturally the thing had to be done all over again; which meant a third audition, ···ely to be more trying upon nerves than either of the previous two. This time, though, there was no collapse; and the Metropolitan judges were unanimously agreed. Several days later a ceremony took place that made Rosa Ponselle a member of the Metropolitan and gave her a contract; the sort of contract very few singers inexperienced in operatic routine ever have owned.

But if by any chance the reader opines that the worst was over this assumption is both previous and erroneous. All last summer, and continuously until two days before she made her début as Leonora in Giuseppe Verdi's *La Forza del Destino*, Rosa slaved—'like a dog,' she will tell you. It is true that she possesses inherent dramatic talent, and in a remarkable degree. Still, making a début at the Metropolitan is an ordeal which has staggered, and will continue to stagger, the greatest and most eminent of singers—no matter where they come from. And Rosa, one should not forget, was as fresh operatically as so much paint; as green in the ways of the grand opera stage as early spring grass. Her gifts and vaudeville experience and nerve were assets that swung the balance in the desired direction; these things and an attractive youthful personality.

By the time September arrived matters were moving in a manner to solidify Mr. Gatti's confidence that he had not erred in giving an unknown and untried American girl an almost unheard-of chance—to début in a dominant rôle in the revival of an opera and with Enrico Caruso. Mr. Gatti was thus tranquilly cogitating when there occurred something utterly unforeseen or even dreamed of.

Out of a clear sky and without warning, Rosa contracted Spanish influenza.

But the girl refused to die; she recovered. What worried her maestro, however, and Mr. Gatti—and most of all Rosa herself—was the tardy return of the girl's usual strength. She could not seem to shake off a constant bodily weakness or a general feeling of listlessness. Worse and worse, her voice appeared to have lost its former endurance. It tired quickly and did n't stand up under the strain of the extremely difficult music Verdi wrote for Leonora. Then Mr. Gatti began to worry, quite privately, and to ask himself repeatedly a question beginning with the word 'if.'

Mid-October brought an improvement in Rosa's physical well-being, and when November had rolled round the soprano was more nearly her normal self. The days passed, and at length arrived the morning that was to tell part of the story, the morning of the always-to-be-dreaded dress rehearsal. For many artists it is more difficult than an actual performance; all the hard-shell critics of every sort attend a Metropolitan dress rehearsal—and one who sings misses the stimulating encouragement of that fourth-dimension of a performance, an audience.

The writer was among those in the Metropolitan that morning. He had heard Rosa Ponselle ten months before, when she commenced her operatic start; and perhaps eight or ten times thereafter. That morning she surpassed every expectation. She had only to attain, two evenings later, seventy per cent. of that vocal and dramatic achievement to write high and large her chosen name. Rosa and self-possession appeared the only things Rosa had to concern herself about, until she should step before her audience.

But on her way home in a taxicab, the soprano felt the need of fresh air. She was still warm from the excessive exertion of her rehearsal and its nervous excitement. A lowered window, a draught of cold air and . . . next morning Rosa's neck was too stiff to permit the turning of her head!

The girl breathed with relief when the stiffness yielded to treatment; and on Friday evening, November twentieth, at six o'clock Rosa Ponselle reached her dressing room on the north side of the Metropolitan Opera House stage. The supreme moment was near; she was confusedly jubilant and restrained. There remained nothing to be done, preparatory to donning her first-act costume and making up, other than to warm the voice into proper elasticity—the voice which the singer had not attempted to use since the dress rehearsal.

Rosa's maestro was with her. Outwardly he was smilingly confident. He sat down at the piano in the soprano's room, sounded a chord, and indicated that his star pupil should begin her first gentle exercise.

The girl opened her mouth and made the tone. But it was not the Rosa Ponselle voice that these two persons heard. They assert stoutly, each of them, that the feeling this tone gave them was as coming from another person. It sounded like a tone 'dead' and nothing at all resembling the velvety resonance which she was accustomed to giving forth on that note.

'I swear to you,' said Rosa's maestro in telling the story, 'that if a knife had cut deep into any part of my flesh at that moment I would have felt no sensation. I was mummified! Could such a thing be,' I asked myself, 'that having gone thus far we were to have seemingly certain victory pulled grimly from us?

'Neither of us spoke. We could n't. Rosa just stood there looking at me, her eyes more eloquent than any words she could have uttered.

'The tenseness ended in a half a dozen seconds, though at the time I seemed to be living through agonizing years. I got myself together somehow.

'Rosa,' I said, 'your voice is not responsive, but you will sing to-night, and you will succeed. You *can* sing, even in your condition. I have in you supreme confidence, because of your intelligence. This is your first great obstacle in your career; you must and you will overcome it. I will go get a spray for your throat, and then we will work the voice slowly to the point where it will respond.'

As for the rest—it is operatic history. Rosa Ponselle did in the Metropolitan Opera performance of *La Forza del Destino* that night what no other débutante ever did before in that famous institution. Not in many years has any distinguished artist of ripe experience surpassed, and few have approached, the achievement of this twenty-two-year-old American girl. She has been the subject of opera veterans' discussion ever since. They pronounce her, with but little dissent, a marvel—a singer with potentialities which should make her in a comparatively short time one of the greatest singers of her time.

Which is n't such an unfiction-like ending, even though it happens to be pure fact.

D. EXPOSITORY AND EDITORIAL ARTICLES

The previous sections have dealt mainly with persons and things; expository and editorial articles present, or should present, ideas. The editorial writer must first 'catch his hare,' no matter how much skill he may display in the cooking. The best articles of this type are the outcome of strong feeling or profound conviction, for the layman's notion of the hired swashbucklers of the press is, in the main, simply a popular delusion. Dr. Charles R. Miller, for many years editor-in-chief of the New York *Times*, said in answer to questions put to him by the Senate Committee on the Ship Purchase Bill on March 15, 1915: 'The men who write these opinions believe them. Nobody in the *Times* office is ever asked to write what he does not believe.' This is true of every large and well-conducted newspaper office, in which the editorial council is a long-established institution, and a decision on an important public issue is carefully discussed so that the resulting article is the product of more brains than one.

'Every newspaper that enjoys continuity of existence and management' (again to quote Dr. Miller's evidence) 'has a certain body of principles. They are called the policy of the paper. Those are the principles and beliefs that guide its expression of opinion. . . . The managers and editorial writers are the persons responsible for the expression of opinion. They are men. They have neither haloes nor horns. They form their opinions just as other men form their opinions, by observation and reflection and information. When it comes to a specific public measure they express in their own opinions, which they write, the opinions of the paper. The opinions and policy of one paper differ from those of another. Some are for high tariff, and some are for low tariff. Some papers are radical, and some are conservative. But each paper has a body of principles that guides its utterances.'

The man who writes over his own signature enjoys greater freedom, because he carries less responsibility, his opinion being merely a personal one: but he too is under the necessity of clear and original thinking before he can write anything worth while. After that, his task, if not easy, is at least half done. The articles selected for this section show an extraordinary variety of subject and treatment, but they are all alike in this — that the writer has something to say and knows how to say it. Such consummate masters of the art of expression as Mr. Arthur Brisbane and Mr. Clutton Brock — to take one American and one English example — have very definite ideas to present as well as admirable phrases to convey their meaning. Mr. Woodrow Wilson's article on the ideal university is as remarkable for its orderly arrangement and skilful statement as are the historic despatches he composed as President of the United States in a momentous crisis of the national life. The ambitious student will do well to ponder these great examples and strive to catch something of the qualities that give them distinction — intellectual insight, emotional sympathy, a firm grasp on great principles, and the power of using words to set forth precisely and forcefully the thesis the writer has in mind or the cause he has at heart.

I

THE EDITORIAL WRITER'S OPPORTUNITY

[ARTHUR BRISBANE]

[*New York Evening Journal*, November 12, 1912. By permission.]

We have been asked to express an opinion as to 'the opportunity' of the editorial writer, for the benefit of young men studying journalism under Dr. Talcott Williams, at Columbia University. Here is an outline of what might be said, among other things, on this subject:

Writing for a newspaper is merely talking wholesale. Instead of talking to one man, or a hundred at one time, we talk through newspapers to five millions or more.

The editorial writer's opportunity is the opportunity to say something.

It is the greatest and most generally neglected opportunity in the world. Young men who intend to write editorials might learn by heart Boileau's lines:

'Ma pensée au grand jour partout s'offre et s'expose.
'Et mon vers, bien ou mal, dit toujours quelque chose.'

Particularly the last line, which means:

'My verse, good or bad, always says something.'

The editorial writer's opportunity is the chance to say something. Many writers neglect that opportunity.

The newspaper is many things in our life. It is the principal literature of the American people, and therefore, 'good or bad,' it is highly important to the country.

Among other things, the newspaper's editorial column takes the place of the public square at Athens, where one man could talk to all the citizens.

The writer of the editorials is the talker in the public square of today. He can, if he chooses, do as much for this age as the Greek with the voice, instead of the pen or typewriter or phonograph, did in his age.

The best description of newspaper work, and a very early expression also of foolish misunderstanding of newspaper work, may be found in one short quotation from Schopenhauer's essay, 'Some Forms of Literature':

The newspaper is the second-hand in the clock of history; and it is not only made of baser metal than those which point to the minute and the hour, but it seldom goes right —if it's wrong, the clock is wrong.

The so-called leading article is the chorus to the drama of passing events.

Exaggeration of every kind is as essential to journalism as it is to the dramatic art, for the object of journalism is to make events go as far as possible. Thus it is that all journalists are, in the very nature of their calling, alarmists; and this is their way of giving interest to what they write. Herein they are like little dogs—if anything stirs they immediately set up a shrill bark.

Therefore, let us carefully regulate the attention to be paid to this trumpet of danger, so that it may not disturb our digestion. Let us recognize that a newspaper is at best but a magnifying glass, and very often merely a shadow on the wall.

The newspaper, it is true, is the 'second-hand' on the face of the clock of history. It must exaggerate each second's importance, otherwise the seconds could not be counted.

It exaggerates, in comparison with the slow moving hour-hand. But it does not exaggerate, considering the needs of the individual reader.

For if the newspaper is the second-hand 'in the clock of history,' the individual is the second-hand in the clock of humanity. The nation is the minute-hand, and the race is the hour-hand.

The journalistic second-hand in its rapid, exaggerated talking keeps pace with that human second-hand, the individual, in his enforced concentration on the little things that happen in his little life.

An editorial can do four important things:

Teach,
Attack,
Defend,
Praise.

Teaching is the most important and the most difficult.

Attacking is the easiest and the most unpleasant, although sometimes necessary.

The defending of good causes, of the weak against the strong, of the new idea against ridicule, is important and usually neglected by editorial writers.

Praise also is neglected, except in a partizan sense without meaning.

The newspaper is not as Schopenhauer says, 'a shadow on the wall,' although many a newspaper is a mere shadow of what a newspaper should be.

A newspaper is a mirror reflecting the public, a mirror more or less defective, but still a mirror. The papers of the different nations reflect the nations more or less accurately. And the paper that the individual holds in his hand reflects that individual more or less accurately.

Some mirrors and some newspapers are preserved as interesting old relics, although they have ceased to reflect anything.

And some newspapers startle the unaccustomed public with the accuracy of the reflection shown, and the public takes time to get used to it.

The newspaper does about what the public does; it is the public, not the newspaper, that sets the pace.

If you have every newspaper in the United States giving first place to the result of a contest between eighteen men playing baseball and accomplishing nothing useful in a 'championship series,' you may be sure that the public is concentrated on that game.

If you have newspapers devoting space to the secret, pre-arranged murder of a gambler by other gamblers instigated by a police officer, you may know that the public's mind is concentrated on that crime and not on the proceedings of some scientific convention.

The opportunity for the editorial writer is the greatest opportunity that exists. For men have developed as men only since language gave to the individual the power to transfer his thought complete to the brain of another.

The power to transfer your thought and make it effective is the greatest power, excepting the exceptional power to discover new scientific truth.

It is possible for the editorial writer now to talk to at least five millions every day. That actually happens.

With our newspaper machinery as it exists it will be possible to talk to the entire reading public every day. No power can be greater than that. The editorial writer's power is the power of suggestion and the power of repetition—very great forces.

The opportunity of the editorial writer is wasted usually. It is true that nearly always the so-called 'leading article' or editorial 'is the chorus to the drama of passing events.' But that is not always true and it will be true less and less as the newspapers and newspaper readers realize their duty and opportunity.

The newspapers are like the churches. There are eminently respectable preachers that say nothing and less numerous preachers that say something.

In the days of slavery the Episcopal Church in New Jersey rejected a picture offered as a frontispiece for a prayer book, because it showed kneeling at the feet of Christ, with the widow and the orphan, a black slave in chains. The good religious gentlemen said that such a picture might be misconstrued as an attack on slavery and stir up hard feeling. Those good gentlemen were 'the conservative press' of their church.

At about the same time Henry Ward Beecher, in his church in Brooklyn, put up a runaway slave girl in the pulpit and sold her at public auction, the proceeds to be devoted to the work of freeing the slaves.

He was the 'yellow journalist' of the church.

He was more successful than the respectable clergymen, because he deserved to be more successful!

First have something to say. Then say it so that people will see it, read it, understand it, and believe it.

Those are the four things; the reader must see, he must read, he must understand, he must believe.

If you want to write an editorial defending Moses against the attack of Rabbi Hirsch, who denounces some of Moses's teachings, you can put almost any kind of a heading on your editorial.

If you head it 'Analysis of the Dietetic Teachings of the Ancients,' 90 per cent. of those that 'see' the heading won't read.

You can write the same editorial, head it, 'Be Kind to Poor Moses, He Had No Icebox,' and 90 per cent. of those that see will read.

II

THE *LUSITANIA* ANNIVERSARY

[FRANK H. SIMONDS]

[*New York Tribune*, May 7, 1916. By permission. For this editorial the Trustees of Columbia University on the recommendation of the Advisory Board of the School of Journalism awarded in 1917 the prize of $500, established by the will of the late Joseph Pulitzer for the best editorial article written during the previous year, 'the test of excellence being clearness of style, moral purpose, sound reasoning and power to influence public opinion in the right direction.']

On the anniversary of the sinking of the *Lusitania* it is natural and fitting that Americans should review all that has happened since a wanton murder first brought to this side of the Atlantic a nascent realization of the issue that was being decided on a world battlefield.

There will be no anger and no passion in American minds. We have never asked, never desired, that the slaughter should be avenged. No portion of the American people or of the American press has clamored for vengeance, no man or political party has demanded that there should be German lives taken because American lives had been ended.

It is not too difficult to reconstitute our own minds as we stood in the presence of that supreme atrocity. The horror that seized a whole nation in that moment has

no counterpart in our history. We have known war, we have fought Great Britain twice, we have fought Spain and Mexico; within our own boundaries we have conducted the most desperate civil war in human history.

But it was not the emotion provoked by war or the acts of war which moved Americans. It was not even the emotion stirred by the sinking of the *Maine* nearly two decades ago. It was certainly something utterly remote from the feelings of our fathers and grandfathers on the morrow of the firing on Fort Sumter.

The *Lusitania* Massacre was not an act of war. The victims were not soldiers, only a portion of them were men. Essentially the thing was a new phenomenon to the American people. It was at first incomprehensible, unbelievable. Despite the solid and inescapable evidences of death, men's intelligence doubted what their senses told them.

So for days and weeks the American people stood doubtful and puzzled. They waited for that evidence they expected, they believed would come; that there had been an accident, a mistake, the blunder of a subordinate which would be repudiated by a government, the crime of a navy which would be disavowed by a people. But instead far borne across the seas they heard the songs of triumph of thousands of German men and women, who hailed the crime as a victory, the eternal disgrace as an everlasting honor.

Day by day, week by week, we Americans have since then been learning what Europe has known for nearly two years. We have been learning that we are not in the presence of a war between nations, a conflict between rival powers; that we are not the agonized witnesses of one more conflagration provoked by conflicting ambitions of hereditary enemies. We have been learning that what is going forward remorselessly, steadily, is a war between civilization and barbarism, between humanity and savagery; between the light of modern times and the darkness of the years that followed the collapse of Rome.

Time and again Americans have been murdered, time and again our government, our people, have had recourse to the ordinary machinery and the ordinary conceptions of civilized life. But each time we have beheld the utter collapse of every appeal based upon reason, justice, common humanity. The Germans who slew our women and our children flung us back the challenge that they and not we possessed the true civilization, and that their civilization, their Kultur, was expressed in their works, which were altogether good and right.

Slowly, steadily, we have been learning. We still have much to learn, but the primary truth is coming home to many day by day. This German phenomenon which fills the world is a new thing and an old thing; it is new in our generation, it is new in recent centuries; but it is as old as that other barbarism which, descending upon the Roman civilization, beat upon it and spread destruction until it was conquered and tamed amidst the ruins and the desert it had created.

The French, who see things as they are, have beheld and appraised the German phenomenon justly. The British, like ourselves, have partially and temporarily failed to understand the nature of the German assault. We have insisted upon applying to the German mind our own standards and upon believing that the Germans thought as we thought, believed as we believed, but were temporarily and terribly betrayed by a military spirit and by dynastic madness.

Nothing is less true, nothing more fatal to a just appreciation of the essential fact in the world in which we live. These things which we name crimes are neither accidents nor excesses; they are not regretted or condemned by a majority or even a minority of the German people. They are accepted by Kaiser and peasant; they are practised by Crown Prince and private soldier; they are a portion of what Germany holds to be her right and her mission.

The *Lusitania* Massacre should have been a final illumination for us. Blazing up as it did, it should have revealed to us the ashes of Belgium and the ruins of Northern France. We should have seen in our slain women and children the sisters and fellows in misfortune of those who died more shamefully in Louvain and a score more of Belgian cities. We should have seen the German idea working here as there and revealing in each incident the same handiwork, the same detail. All these things were similar as the different impressions left by a single stamp.

We did not see. We have not yet as a nation, or as a people, perceived that the German phenomenon is an attack upon civilization by barbarism, a barbarism which combines the science of the laboratory with the savagery of the jungle, but a barbarism because it denies all those doctrines and principles which have been accepted after long years as the proof of human progress and the glory of mankind's advance.

In France the people will show you the atrocities of Germany committed not upon human beings, but upon inaminate things, the destruction of the village church and the Rheims Cathedral, of the little thing of beauty quite as well as the larger and more famous thing, with far more emphasis than they will recount the horrors suffered by women and children. In the assault upon things beautiful because they are beautiful, an assault provoked neither by lust nor by passion, they recognize the revelation of that which is essential barbarism.

For us the *Lusitania* Massacre was a beginning. It was only a beginning, but it was not possible then, it is hardly possible now, for men and women, living in peace, under the protection of laws framed to protect human liberty and human rights, living in the full sunlight of this Twentieth Century, to believe that suddenly there has broken out from the depths the frightful and the all-destroying spirit of eras long forgotten.

We have been learning—we must continue to learn. The road of suffering and humiliation is still long. But the *Lusitania* was a landmark and it will endure in American history. Our children and our children's children recalling this anniversary will think of it as did the Romans over long generations, after the first inroads of the barbarians had reached their walls.

Today is not a day for anger or passion. It is not in anger or in passion that civilized men go forth to deal with wild animals, to abolish the peril which comes from the jungle or out of the darkness. We do not hate Germans and we shall not hate Germans because on this day a year ago American men, women and children were slain wilfully, wantonly, to serve a German end, slain without regard to sex or condition, slain in the broad daylight by German naval officers and men whose countrymen hailed the killing as the supreme evidence of German courage, manhood, and Kultur.

But as we view the thing without passion we must see it without illusion. If the German idea prevails, all that we believe in government, in humanity, in the thing we call civilization, is doomed. If Germany succeeds in this war then it is not again time, as Pitt said after Austerlitz, 'To roll up the map of Europe,' but it is time to burn our ancient parchments and dismiss our hard won faith. All that there is in the German idea was expressed in the *Lusitania* Massacre, it was expressed in the killing of women and children, innocent of all offense, entitled to all protection as helpless, unoffending, as the children of a race not at war, at least entitled to immunity which hitherto was reckoned the right of women and children, neutral or belligerent.

The war that is being fought in Europe is a war for civilization. The battle of Great Britain, of France, of Russia, is our battle. If it is lost, we are lost. If it is lost, we shall return to the standards and the faiths of other centuries. The truth of this is written for us in the *Lusitania,* it is written in the wreck of Belgium and the desert of Northern France for those who may see. Where the German has gone he has carried physical death, but he has done more, he has carried spiritual death to all that is essential in our own democratic faith, which derives from that of Britain and France.

This war in Europe is going on until the German idea is crushed or conquers. The world cannot now exist half civilized and half German. Only one of two conceptions of life, of humanity, can subsist. One of the conceptions was written in the *Lusitania* Massacre, written clear beyond all mistaking. It is this writing that we should study on this anniversary; it is this fact that we should grasp today, not in anger, not in any spirit that clamors for vengeance, but as the citizens of a nation which has inherited noble ideals and gallant traditions, which has inherited liberty and light from those who died to serve them, and now stands face to face with that which seeks to extinguish both throughout the world.

III

VAE VICTIS!

HENRY WATTERSON

[*Courier-Journal*, Louisville, Kentucky, April 7, 1917. By permission. For this and another editorial, 'War Has Its Compensations,' published in the same paper, April 10, the Pulitzer Prize for the best editorial article written during the year was awarded in 1918 by the Columbia Trustees, under the same conditions as are indicated at the head of the preceding selection.]

'Rally round the flag, boys'—Uncle Sam's
Battle song;
'Sound the bold anthem! War dogs are
howling;
Proud bird of Liberty screams through the
air!'

—*The Hunters of Kentucky.*

It is with solemnity, and a touch of sadness, that we write the familiar words of the old refrain beneath the invocation to the starry banner, the breezy call of hero-breeding bombast quite gone out of them; the glad shout of battle; the clarion note of defiance; because to us, not as to Nick of the Woods, and his homely co-mates of the forest, but rather as to the men of '61, comes this present call to arms.

We may feel with the woman's heart of Rankin of Montana, yet repudiate with manly disdain the sentimental scruples of Kitchin of North Carolina.

There are times when feeling must be sent to the rear; when duty must toe the line; when the aversion brave men have for fighting must yield to the adjuration, 'Give me liberty, or give me death!' That time is now upon us.

Unless Patrick Henry was wrong—unless Washington and the men of the Revolution were wrong, that time is upon us. It is a lie to pretend that the world is better than it was; that men are truer, wiser; that war is escapable; that peace may be had for the planning and the asking. The situation which without any act of ours rises before us is as exigent as that which rose before the Colonists in America when a mad English King, claiming to rule without accountability, asserted the right of Kings and sent an army to enforce it. A mad German Emperor, claiming partnership with God, again elevates the standard of right divine and bids the world to worship, or die.

From the beginning the issue was not less ours than of the countries first engaged. Each may have had ends of its own to serve. Nor were these ends precisely alike. At least France—to whom we owe all that we have of sovereignty and freedom—and Belgium, the little David of Nations—fought to resist invasion, wanton, cruel invasion; to avert slavery, savage, pitiless slavery. Yet, whatever the animating purpose—whatever the selfish interests of England and Russia and Italy—the Kaiser scheme of world conquest justified it.

In us it sanctifies it. Why should any American split hairs over the European rights and wrongs involved when he sees before him grim and ghastly the mailed figure of Absolutism with hand uplifted to strike Columbia where these three years she has stood pleading for justice, peace, and mercy? God of the free heart's hope and home forbid!

Each of these three years the German Kaiser was making war upon us. He was making war secretly, through his emissaries in destruction of our industries, secretly through his diplomats plotting not merely foreign but civil war against us, and, as we now know, seeking to foment servile and racial insurrection; then openly upon the high seas levying murder upon our people and visiting all our rights and claims with scorn and insult—with scorn and insult unspeakable—at this moment pretending to flout us with ignominy and contempt. Where would the honest passivist draw the line?

Surely the time has arrived—many of us think it was long since overdue—for calling the braves to the colors. Nations must e'en take stock on occasion and manhood come to a showdown. It is but a truism to say so.

Fifty years the country has enjoyed surpassing prosperity. This has over-commercialized the character and habits of the people. Twenty-five years the gospel of passivism, with 'business is business' for its text, has not only been preached—indiscriminately—oracularly—without let or hindrance, but has been richly financed and potentially organized. It has established a party. It has made a cult, jus-

tifying itself in a fad it has called Humanity—in many ways a most spurious humanity—and has set this above and against patriotic inclination and duty.

Like a bolt out of the blue flashed the war signal from the very heart of Europe. Across the Atlantic its reverberations rolled to find us divided, neutral, and unprepared. For fifteen years a body of German reservists disguised as citizens have been marching and counter-marching. They grew at length bold enough to rally to the support of a pan-German scheme of conquest and a pro-German propaganda of 'kultur,' basing its effrontery in the German-American vote, which began its agitation by threatening us with civil war if we dared to go to war with Germany. There followed the assassin sea monsters and the airship campaign of murder.

All the while we looked on with either simpering idiocy or dazed apathy. Serbia? It was no affair of ours. Belgium? Why should we worry? Foodstuffs soaring—war stuffs roaring—everybody making money—the mercenary, the poor of heart, the mean of spirit, the bleak and barren of soul, could still plead the Hypocrisy of Uplift and chortle: 'I did not raise my boy to be a soldier.' Even the *Lusitania* did not awaken us to a sense of danger and arouse us from the stupefaction of ignorant and ignoble self-complacency.

First of all on bended knee we should pray God to forgive us. Then erect as men, Christian men, soldierly men, to the flag and the fray—wherever they lead us—over the ocean—through France to Flanders—across the Low Countries to Köln, Bonn and Koblenz—tumbling the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein into the Rhine as we pass and damming the mouth of the Moselle with the débris of the ruin we make of it—then on, on to Berlin, the Black Horse Cavalry sweeping the Wilhelmstrasse like lava down the mountain side, the Junker and the saber rattler flying before us, the tunes being 'Dixie' and 'Yankee Doodle,' the cry being 'Hail the French Republic—Hail the Republic of Russia—welcome the Commonwealth of the Vaterland—no peace with the Kaiser—no parley with Autocracy, Absolutism and the divine right of Kings—to Hell with the Hapsburg and Hohenzollern.'

IV

LAW AND THE JUNGLE

H. E. NEWBRANCH

[*Evening World-Herald*, Omaha, Neb., September 30, 1919. Awarded Pulitzer Prize for the year as above. By permission of author and publisher.]

There is the rule of the jungle in this world, and there is the rule of law.

Under jungle rule no man's life is safe, no man's wife, no man's mother, sister, children, home, liberty, rights, property. Under the rule of law protection is provided for all these, and provided in proportion as law is efficiently and honestly administered and its power and authority respected and obeyed.

Omaha Sunday was disgraced and humiliated by a monstrous object lesson of what jungle rule means. The lack of efficient government in Omaha, the lack of governmental foresight and sagacity and energy, made the exhibition possible. It was provided by a few hundred hoodlums, most of them mere boys, organized as the wolf-pack is organized, inflamed by the spirit of anarchy and license, of plunder and destruction. Ten thousand or more good citizens, without leadership, without organization, without public authority that had made an effort to organize them for the anticipated emergency, were obliged to stand as onlookers, shamed in their hearts, and witness the hideous orgy of lawlessness. Some of them, to their blighting shame be it said, respectable men with women and children in their homes, let themselves be swept away by the mob spirit. They encouraged if they did not aid the wolf-pack that was conspiring to put down the rule of law in Omaha—that rule which is the sole protection for every man's home and family.

It is over now, thank God!

Omaha henceforth will be as safe for its citizens, and as safe for the visitors within its gates, as any city in the land. Its respectable and law-abiding people, comprising 99 per cent. of the population, will see to that. They have already taken the steps to see to it. The first step was taken when the rioting was at its height—taken belatedly, it is true, because they

had placed reliance on the public authorities to safeguard the order and good name of Omaha. The blistering disgrace of the riot has aroused them. There will be no more faltering, no more recklessness, no more procrastination, no longer the lack of a firm hand. The military aid that has been called in is only temporary. It serves to insure public order and public safety for the day, for the week. But the strengthening of the police force of the city, its efficient organization under wise and competent leadership, is a policy that public sentiment has inaugurated and that it will sternly enforce. As to that there will be neither equivocation nor delay. Nor will there be any hesitancy or laxness in the organization, and rigid use if need be of civic guards to keep the streets and homes and public places of Omaha secure.

The citizenship of Omaha will be anxious that the outside world should know what it was that happened and why it happened. Let there be no mistaking the plain facts. The trouble is over now. It was a flare-up that died as quickly as it was born. Omaha is today the same safe and orderly city it has always been. It will be safer, indeed, hereafter, and more orderly, because of the lesson it has so dearly learned. And the flare-up was the work—let this fact be emphasized—of a few hundred rioters, some of them incited by an outrageous deed, others of them skulkers in the anarchistic underbrush who urged them on for their own foul purposes of destroying property and paralyzing the arm of the law. If the miserable negro, Brown, had been removed from Omaha in time, as he should have been; if, failing to remove him, the public authorities had taken vigorous measures to prevent the congregation and inflaming of the mob, the riot would never have occurred. An organized and intelligently directed effort in advance would have preserved the good name of Omaha untarnished. It would have prevented the lynching. It would have saved our splendid new court house from being offered up in flames, its defense with the mob-victim in it, a costly sacrifice on the altar of law and order. There would have been no thought, even, of the amazing attempt to lynch the mayor of Omaha, bravely and honorably discharging his duty as chief magistrate in resisting the wolf-pack.

It would be impossible to speak too strongly in condemnation of the rioters or in the uncompromising demand for their stern and swift punishment, whoever they be, wherever they can be found. They not only foully murdered a negro they believed to be guilty. They brutally maltreated and attempted to murder other negroes whom they knew to be innocent. They tried to lynch the mayor. They wantonly pillaged stores and destroyed property. They burned the court house. In the sheer spirit of anarchy they pulled valuable records from their steel filing cases, saturated them in gasoline, and burned them. They burned police conveyances and cut the fire hose, inviting destruction by fire of the entire city. Their actions were wholly vile, wholly evil, and malignantly dangerous. There is not a one of them, who can be apprehended, and whose guilt can be proved, but should be sent for a long term to the state prison. And toward that end every effort of every good citizen as well as every effort of the public authorities, from the humblest policeman to the presiding judge on the bench, must be directed. There can be no sentimentalizing, no fearful hesitancy, no condoning the offense of these red-handed criminals. The pitiful bluff they have put up against the majesty of the law, against the inviolability of American institutions, must be called and called fearlessly.

To the law-abiding negroes of Omaha, who like the law-abiding whites are the vast majority of their race, it is timely to speak a word of caution as well as a word of sympathy and support. Any effort on the part of any of them to take the law into their own hands would be as culpable and as certainly disastrous as was the effort of the mob. In the running down and maltreating of unoffending men of their color, merely because they were of that color, they have been done odious wrong. They naturally and properly resent it. They naturally and properly resent having been confined to their homes, in trembling fear of their lives, while red riot ran the streets of the city. But their duty as good citizens is precisely the same as that of the rest of us, all of whom have been

outraged and shamed as citizens. It is to look to the law for their protection, for their vindication, and to give the law every possible support as it moves in its course. The law is their only shield, as it is the only shield of every white man, no matter how lowly or how great. And it is the duty of all, whites and blacks alike, to uphold especially the might of the law—to insist, if need be, on its full exercise—in protecting every colored citizen of Omaha in his lawful and constitutional rights.

For the first time in many years—and for the last time, let us hope, for many years to come—Omaha has had an experience with lawlessness. We have seen what it is. We have seen how it works. We have felt, however briefly, the fetid breath of anarchy on our cheeks. We have experienced the cold chill of fear which it arouses. We have seen, as in a nightmare, its awful possibilities. We have learned how frail is the barrier which divides civilization from the primal jungle—and we have been given to see clearly what that barrier is.

It is the Law! It is the might of the Law, wisely and fearlessly administered! It is the respect for and obedience to the Law on the part of the members of society!

When these fail us all things fail. When these are lost all will be lost. Should the day ever come when the rule that was in Omaha Sunday night became the dominant rule, the grasses of the jungle would overspread our civilization, its wild denizens, human and brute, would make their foul feast on the ruins, and the God who rules over us would turn His face in sorrow from a world given over to bestiality.

May the lesson of Sunday night sink deep! May we take home to our hearts, there to be cherished and never for a moment forgotten, the words of the revered Lincoln:—

'Let reverence of the law be breathed by every mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, seminaries and colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books and almanacs; let it be preached from pulpits and proclaimed in legislative halls and enforced in courts of justice; let it become the political religion of the nation."

V

MY IDEAL OF THE TRUE UNIVERSITY

WOODROW WILSON

[*Delineator*, November, 1909. By permission of author and publisher.]

The word 'university' means, in our modern usage, so many different things that almost every time one employs it it seems necessary to define it. Nowhere has it so many meanings as in America, where institutions of all kinds display it in the titles they bestow upon themselves. School, college, and university are readily enough distinguishable, in fact, by those who take the pains to look into the scope and methods of their teachings; but they are quite indistinguishable, oftentimes, in name. They are as likely as not all to bear the same title.

But practice is always the best definer; and practice is slowly working out for us in America a sufficiently definite idea of what a university is. It is not the same idea that has been worked out in England or Germany or France. American universities will probably, when worked out to the logical fulfilment of their natural development, show a type distinct from all others. They will be distinctive of what America has thought out and done in the field of higher education. Those which are already far advanced in their development even now exhibit an individual and characteristic organization.

The American university as we now see it consists of many parts. At its heart stands the college, the school of general training. Above and around the college stand the graduate and technical schools, in which special studies are prosecuted and preparation is given for particular professions and occupations. Technical and professional schools are not a necessary part of a university, but they are generally benefited by close association with a university; and the university itself is unmistakably benefited and quickened by the transmission of its energy into them and the reaction of their standards and objects upon it. As a rule the larger universities of the countries have law schools, divinity schools and medical

schools under their care and direction; and training for these, the 'learned,' professions has long been considered a natural part of their work. Schools of mechanical, electrical and civil engineering have of late years become as numerous and as necessary as the schools which prepare for the older professions, and they have naturally in most cases grown up in connection with universities because their processes are the processes of science, and the modern university is, among other things, a school of pure science, with laboratories and teachers indispensable to the engineer. But the spirit of technical schools has not always been the spirit of learning. They have often been intensely and very frankly utilitarian, and pure science has looked at them askance. They are proper parts of a university only when pure science is of the essence of their teaching, the spirit of pure science the spirit of all their studies. It is only of recent years we have seen thoughtful engineers coming to recognize this fact, preach this change of spirit; it is only of recent years, therefore, that technical schools have begun to be thoroughly and truly assimilated into the univeristy organization.

There is an ideal of everything American, and the ideal at the heart of the American university is intellectual training, the awakening of the whole man, the thorough introduction of the student to the life of America and of the modern world, the completion of the task undertaken by the grammar and high schools of equipping him for the full duties of citizenship. It is with that idea that I have said that the college stands at the heart of the American university. The college stands for liberal training. Its object is discipline and enlightenment. The average thoughtful American does not want his son narrowed in all his gifts and thinking to a particular occupation. He wishes him to be made free of the world in which men think about and understand many things, and to know and to handle himself in it. He desires a training for him that will give him a considerable degree of elasticity and adaptability, and fit him to turn in any direction he chooses.

For men do not live in ruts in America. They do not always or of necessity follow the callings their fathers followed before them. They are ready to move this way or that as interest or occasion suggests. Versatility, adaptability, a wide range of powers, a quick and easy variation of careers, men excelling in businesses for which they never had any special preparation—these are among the most characteristic marks of American life, its elasticity and variety, the rapid shifting of parts, the serviceability of the same men for many different things, and the quick intelligence of men of many different kinds in the common undertakings of politics and in public affairs of all kinds. If the American college were to become a vocational school, preparing only for particular callings, it would be thoroughly un-American. It would be serving special, not general, needs, and seeking to create a country of specialized men without versatility or general capacity.

The college of the ideal American university, therefore, is a place intended for general intellectual discipline and enlightenment; and not for intellectual discipline and enlightenment only, but also for moral and spiritual discipline and enlightenment. America is great, not by reason of her skill, but by reason of her spirit—her spirit of general serviceableness and intelligence. That is the reason why it is necessary to keep her colleges under constant examination and criticism. If we do not, they may forget their own true function, which is to supply America and the professions with enlightened men.

I have described the university as a place with a college at its heart, but with graduate schools and professional schools standing about and around the college. The difficulty about thus associating teaching of different kinds, is that the spirit of the graduate and professional schools should not be the same spirit as that of the college, and that there are certain dangers of infection to which the college and schools of advanced and professional study are both alike exposed by the association. Look, first, at the danger to the college. It is in danger of getting the point of view of the graduate and professional schools, the point of view of those who prosecute study very intensively along special lines. Their object, if they be thorough, is technical scholarship. That should not be the object of the college. Its studies, as America has con-

ceived the college (and I am sure she has conceived it rightly), are not prosecuted with a view to scholarship. Scholarship can not be had at the age of twenty-one, at the age at which youngsters graduate from college. They may by that time have been made to see the way, the arduous way, to scholarship and to desire to travel it; but they can not have traveled it. It is a long road. A lifetime is consumed before one reaches the quiet inn at the end of it. The object of the college is a much simpler one, and yet no less great. It is to give intellectual discipline and impart the spirit of learning.

We have misconceived and misused the college as an instrument of American life when we have organized and used it as a place of special preparation for particular tasks and callings. It is for liberal training, for general discipline, for that preliminary general enlightenment which every man should have who enters modern life with any intelligent hope or purpose of leadership and achievement. By a liberal training I do not mean one which vainly seeks to introduce undergraduates to every subject of modern learning. That would, of course, be impossible. There are too many of them. At best the pupil can, within the four years at the disposal of the college, be introduced to them only by sample. He can be, and should be, given a thorough grounding in mathematics, in his own language and in some language not his own, in one of the fundamental physical and natural sciences, in the general conceptions of philosophy, in the outlines of history, and in the elements of correct political thinking; and it is very desirable that he should go beneath the surface in some one of these subjects, study it with more than ordinary attention and thoroughness, and find in it, if he can, some independence of judgment and inquiry. Students in a modern college can not all follow the same road, and it is not desirable that they should do so. Besides the thorough drill in a few fundamental subjects which they should all have, they should be encouraged to make the special, individual choices of particular fields of study which will give them an opportunity to develop special gifts and aptitudes and which will call out their powers of initiative and enable them to discover themselves. The college should be a place of various studies, alive with a great many different interests.

The common discipline should come from very hard work, from the inexorable requirements that every student should perform every task set him, whether general or special, whether of his own choice or exacted by the general scheme of study prescribed for all, with care and thoroughness. The spirit of work should pervade the place—honest, diligent, painstaking work. Otherwise it would certainly be no proper place of preparation for the strenuous, exacting life of America in our day. Its 'liberalizing' influences should be got from its life even more than from its studies. Special studies become liberal when those who are pursuing them associate constantly and familiarly with those who are pursuing other studies—studies of many kinds, pursued from many points of view. The real enlightenments of life come not from tasks or from books so much as from free intercourse with other persons who, in spite of you, inform and stimulate you, and make you realize how big and various the world is, how many things there are in it to think about, and how necessary it is to think about the subjects you are specially interested in in their right relations to many, many others, if you would think of them correctly and get to the bottom of what you are trying to do.

The ideal college, therefore, should be a community, a place of close, natural, intimate association, not only of the young men who are its pupils and novices in various lines of study, but also of young men with older men, with maturer men, with veterans and professionals in the great undertaking of learning, of teachers with pupils, outside the classroom as well as inside of it. No one is successfully educated within the walls of any particular classroom or laboratory or museum; and no amount of association, however close and familiar and delightful, between mere beginners can ever produce the sort of enlightenment which the lad gets when he first begins to catch the infection of learning. The trouble with most of our colleges nowadays is that the faculty of the college live one life and the undergraduates quite a different one. They are not members of the same community; they constitute two communities. The life of

the undergraduate is not touched with the personal influence of the teacher: life among the teachers is not touched by the personal impressions which should come from frequent and intimate contact with undergraduates. The teacher does not often enough know what the undergraduate is thinking about or what models he is forming his life upon, and the undergraduate does not know how human a fellow the teacher is, how delightfully he can talk, outside the classroom, of the subjects he is most interested in, how many interesting things both his life and his studies illustrate and make attractive. This separation need not exist, and, in the college of the ideal university, would not exist.

It is perfectly possible to organize the life of our colleges in such a way that students and teachers alike will take part in it; in such a way that a perfectly natural daily intercourse will be established between them; and it is only by such an organization that they can be given real vitality as places of serious training, be made communities in which youngsters will come fully to realize how interesting intellectual work is, how vital, how important, how closely associated with all modern achievement—only by such an organization that study can be made to seem part of life itself. Lectures often seem very formal and empty things; recitations generally prove very dull and unrewarding. It is in conversation and natural intercourse with scholars chiefly that you find how lively knowledge is, how it ties into everything that is interesting and important, how intimate a part it is of everything that is 'practical' and connected with the world. Men are not always made thoughtful by books; but they are generally made thoughtful by association with men who think.

The present and most pressing problem of our university authorities is to bring about this vital association for the benefit of the novices of the university world, the undergraduates. Classroom methods are thorough enough; competent scholars already lecture and set tasks and superintend their performance; but the life of the average undergraduate outside the classroom and other stated appointments with his instructors is not very much affected by his studies; is almost entirely dissociated from intellectual interests.

It is too freely and exclusively given over to athletics and amusements. Athletics are in themselves wholesome, and are necessary to every normal youth. They give him vigor and should give him the spirit of the sportsman—should keep him out of many things of a very demoralizing sort which he would be inclined to do if he did not spend his energy out-of-doors and in the gymnasium. Amusement, too, is necessary. All work and no play makes Jack not only a dull boy, but a very unserviceable boy, with no spirit, no capacity to vary his occupations or to make the most of himself.

But athletics and amusement ought never to become absorbing occupations, even with youngsters. They should be diversions merely, by which the strain of work is relieved, the powers refreshed and given spontaneous play. The only way in which they can be given proper subordination is to associate them with things not only more important, but quite as natural and interesting. Knowledge, study, intellectual effort, will seem to undergraduates more important than athletics and amusement and just as natural only when older men, themselves vital and interesting and companionable, are thrown into close daily association with them. The spirit of learning can be conveyed only by contagion, by personal contact. The association of studies and persons is the proper prescription.

Turn from the college, which lies at the heart of the university, to the graduate and professional schools which lie about the college and are built upon it, and you are discussing an entirely different matter, looking for different principles and methods. Their right relationship to the college, moreover, is a very difficult question to determine. Both the college and the high school are trying to do two things at once—two things not entirely consistent with each other. The majority of pupils in the high school—the very large majority—do not intend to carry their studies any further. They must get all the schooling they are going to get before they leave the high school. They must be given the best training, the completest awakening within the field of knowledge that the school can give them, for that is to be their final preparation for life. A small minority, however, must be prepared to enter college. Majority and minority must be handled, in some circum-

stances in different ways, and it is very hard indeed to arrange the courses of study in a way that will be suitable for both. The high school is clearly justified in shaping its policy and its methods to the needs, first of all, of the majority. Exceptional arrangements must be made, if possible, for the minority.

Similarly, in the college the great majority of the undergraduates mean to go at once from their courses there into some active practical pursuit; do not mean to go on to more advanced university studies. A minority on the other hand—a larger minority than in the schools—do intend to go further, will enter the graduate schools to become teachers and investigators, or the technical and professional schools for some calling for which a special training is necessary. The difficulty of the college is to arrange courses and adopt methods which will serve both these classes. It does so, generally, by offering a much larger choice of studies than it is possible or desirable to offer. But the majority must determine its chief characteristics and adaptations. Its chief object must be general preparation, general training, an all-round awakening.

It is evident, therefore, that the college, while it should be the foundation of the professional schools, not only stands below them, as their support and feeder, but also alongside of them; would be necessary if they did not exist; furnishes the only introduction our young men desire or need to the wider fields of action and experience which lie beyond it. It is, first of all and chiefly, a general fitting school for life. Its social organization and influence are almost as important as its classrooms. It is not a subordinate school, but the chief, the central school of the university. For the professional schools it is, at the same time, an indispensable foundation. That profession is clearly impoverished which does not draw to its special studies men bred to understand life and the broader relations of their profession in some thorough school of general training. In these higher schools the atmosphere is changed; another set of objects lies before the student; his mind has already begun to center upon tasks which fill the rest of his life. He can not, there, seek the things that will connect him with the more general fields of learning and experience.

What is called the graduate school in our universities is not, strictly, a professional school. As a matter of fact most of its pupils will be found to be looking forward to the profession of teaching; but graduate schools of the higher type do not keep that profession in mind. Their object is to train scholars whether in the field of literature, or science, or philosophy, or in the apparently more practical field of politics. They carry the college process a stage farther and seek to induct their students into the precise, exacting methods of scholarship. They not only carry the college process farther, they also alter it. Their students are thrown more upon their own resources in their studies, are expected to enter on researches of their own, strike out into independent lines of inquiry, stand upon their own feet in every investigation, come out of their novitiate and gain a certain degree of mastery in their chosen field, their professors being little more than their guides and critics. They are not taught how to teach; there is no professional tone in the life of the school. They are taught how to learn, thoroughly and independently, and to make scholars of themselves.

Schools of medicine, law and theology, on the other hand, while also, when upon a proper plane, schools of scholarship, are professional schools, and have in all their instruction the professional point of view. Their object is not only to introduce their students to the mastery of certain subjects, as the graduate school does, but also to prepare them for the 'practice' of a particular profession. They devote a great deal of attention to practical method—to the ways in which the knowledge acquired is to be used in dealing with diseases, with disputes between men over their legal rights, and with the needs and interests of men who should be helped with spiritual guidance. They are frankly and of necessity professional. The spirit of the doctor's or of the lawyer's office, of the pulpit and of the pastor's study, pervades them. They school their men for particular tasks, complicated and different, and seek to guide them by many practical maxims.

Similarly, the technical schools are professional schools, their objects practical, definite, utilitarian. Their students must not only know science and have their feet solidly upon the footing of exact knowl-

edge, but must acquire a very thorough mastery of methods, a definite skill and practice, readiness and precision in a score of mechanical processes which make them a sort of master-workmen. The practical air of the shop pervades such schools, as the practical air of the office pervades the law school. They are intent upon business, and conscious all the time that they must make ready for it.

In the professional schools of an ideal university nothing of this practical spirit would be abated, for such schools are, one and all, intensely and immediately practical in their objects and must have practice always in mind if they would be truly serviceable; but there would always lie back of their work, by close association with the studies of the university in pure science and in all the great subjects which underlie law and theology, the impulse and the informing spirit of disinterested inquiry, of study which has no utilitarian object, but seeks only the truth. The spirit of graduate study, and of undergraduate, too, would be carried over into all professional work, and engineers, doctors, ministers, lawyers, would all alike be made, first of all citizens of the modern intellectual and social world—first of all, university men, with a broad outlook on the various knowledge of the world, and then experts in a great practical profession, which they would understand all the better because they had first been grounded in science and in the other great bodies of knowledge which are the foundations of all practice. That is the service the university owes the professional schools associated with it. The parts should be vitally united from end to end.

The professional schools, in their turn, do the university this distinct and very great service, that they keep it in conscious association with the practical world, its necessities and its problems. Through them it better understands what knowledge, what kind of men, what scholarship, what morals, what action, will best serve the age for whose enlightenment and assistance it exists. Our universities should be 'ideal' chiefly in this—that they serve the intellectual needs of the age, not in one thing, not in any one way only, but all around the circle, with a various and universal adaptation to their age and generation. America can never dispense with the enlightenment of general study, and should wish to have as many of her young men as possible subjected to its influences. She should demand that her professional schools be grounded in such studies in order that her professional men may see something more than individual interest in what they do. It is best, therefore, that professional schools should be closely associated with universities, a part of their vital organization, intimate parts of their system of study. That very association and inclusion should make them more thorough in their particular practical tasks. They should be the better schools of technical training. The ideal university is rounded out by them, and their roots are enriched by her fertile soil of catholic knowledge and inquiry. The ideal university would consist of all these parts, associated in this spirit, maintained always in this relationship.

VI

MATERIALISM AND IDEALISM IN AMERICA

GEORGE SANTAYANA

[*Landmark*, London, Eng., January, 1919. By permission.]

The language and traditions common to England and America are like other family bonds; they draw kindred together at the greater crises of life, but they also occasion at times a little friction and fault-finding. The groundwork of the two Societies is so similar, that each nation, feeling almost at home with the other, may instinctively resent what hinders it from feeling at home altogether. Differences will tend to seem anomalies that have slipped in by mistake and through somebody's fault. Each will judge the other by his own standards, not feeling, as in the presence of complete foreigners, that he must make an effort of imagination and put himself in another man's shoes.

In matters of morals, manners and art the danger of comparisons is not merely that they may prove invidious, by ranging qualities in an order of merit which might wound somebody's vanity; the danger is rather that comparisons may distort

comprehension, because good qualities all differ in kind, and free lives differ in spirit. Comparison is the expedient of those who cannot reach the heart of the things compared; and no philosophy is more external and egotistical than that which places the essence of a thing in its relation to something else. In truth, at the center of every natural being there is something individual and incommensurable, a seed with its native impulses and aspirations, shaping themselves as best they can in their given environment. Variation is a consequence of freedom, and the slight but radical diversity of souls is what makes freedom precious.

Instead of instituting, then, any express comparisons, I would invite you, in so far as such a thing is possible for you or for me, to transport yourselves with me into the inner life of the American, to feel and enact his character dramatically, and to see how it dictates to him his judgment on himself and on all things, as they appear from his new and unobstructed station.

I speak of the American in the singular, as if there were not millions of them, north and south, east and west, of both sexes, of all ages, and of various races, professions and religions. Of course the one American I speak of is mythical; but to speak in parables is inevitable in such a subject, and it is perhaps as well to do so frankly. There is a sort of poetic ineptitude in all human discourse when it tries to deal with natural and existing things. Practical men may not notice it, but in fact human discourse is intrinsically addressed not to natural existing things but to ideal essences, poetic or logical terms which thought may define and play with. When fortune or necessity diverts our attention from this congenial ideal sport to crude facts and pressing issues, we turn our frail poetic ideas into symbols for those terrible irruptive things. In that paper money of our own stamping, the legal tender of the mind, we are obliged to reckon all the movements and values of the world.

The universal American I speak of is one of these symbols; and I should be still speaking in symbols and creating moral units and a false simplicity, if I spoke of classes pedantically sub-divided, or individuals ideally integrated and defined. As it happens, the symbolic American can be made largely adequate to the facts; because, if there are immense differences between individual Americans—for some Americans are black—yet there is a great uniformity in their environment, customs, temper, and thoughts. They have all been uprooted from their several soils and ancestries and plunged together into one vortex, whirling irresistibly in a space otherwise quite empty. To be an American is of itself almost a moral condition, an education, and a career. Hence a single ideal figment can cover a large part of what each American is in his character, and almost the whole of what most Americans are in their social outlook and political judgments.

The discovery of the new world exercised a sort of selection among the inhabitants of Europe. All the colonists, except the negroes, were voluntary exiles. The fortunate, the deeply-rooted, and the lazy remained at home; the wilder instincts or dissatisfaction of others tempted them beyond the horizon. The American is accordingly the most adventurous, or the descendant of the most adventurous, of Europeans. It is in his blood to be socially a radical, though perhaps not intellectually. What has existed in the past, especially in the remote past, seems to him not only not authoritative, but irrelevant, inferior and outworn. He finds it rather a sorry waste of time to think about the past at all. But his enthusiasm for the future is profound; he can conceive of no more decisive way of recommending an opinion or a practice than to say that it is what everybody is coming to adopt. This expectation of what he approves or approval of what he expects makes up his optimism. It is the necessary faith of the pioneer.

Such a temperament is of course not maintained in the nation merely by inheritance. Inheritance notoriously tends to restore the average of a race and plays incidentally many a trick of atavism. What maintains the temperament and makes it national is social contagion or pressure—something immensely strong in democracies. The luckless American who happens to be born a conservative, or who is drawn to poetic subtlety, pious retreats, or gay passions, nevertheless has the categorical excellence of work, growth, enterprise, reform, and prosperity dinned into his ears; every door is

open in this direction and shut in the other; so that he either folds up his heart and withers in a corner—in remote places you sometimes find such a solitary gaunt idealist—or else he flies to Oxford or Florence or Montmartre to save his soul —or perhaps not to save it.

The optimism of the pioneer is not limited to his view of himself and his own future; it starts from that; but feeling assured, safe, and cheery within, he looks with smiling and most kindly eyes on everything and everybody about him. Individualism, roughness, and self-trust are supposed to go with selfishness and a cold heart, but I suspect that is a prejudice. It is rather dependence, insecurity, and mutual jostling, that poison our placid gregarious brotherhood; and fanciful passionate demands upon people's affections, when they are disappointed, as they soon must be, breed ill-will and a final meanness. The milk of human kindness is less apt to turn sour if the vessel that holds it stands steady, cool and separate, and is not too often uncorked. In his affections the American is seldom passionate, often deep, and always kindly. If it were given me to look into the depths of a man's heart, and I did not find goodwill at the bottom, I should say without any hesitation: you are not an American. But as the American is an individualist his goodwill is not officious. His instinct is to think well of everybody, and to wish everybody well, but in a spirit of rough comradeship, expecting every man to stand on his own legs and to be helpful in his turn. When he has given his neighbor a chance he thinks he has done enough for him; but he feels it is an absolute duty to do that. It will take some hammering to drive a coddling socialism into America.

As self-trust may pass into self-sufficiency, so optimism, kindness and goodwill may grow into a general habit of doting on everything. To the good American many subjects are sacred; sex is sacred, women are sacred, children are sacred, business is sacred, America is sacred, Masonic lodges and college clubs are sacred. This feeling grows out of the good opinion he wishes to have of these things, and serves to maintain it. If he did not regard all these things as sacred he might come to doubt sometimes if they were wholly good. Of this kind too is the idealism of single ladies in reduced circumstances who can see the soul of beauty in ugly things, and are perfectly happy because their old dog has such pathetic eyes, their minister is so eloquent, their garden with its three sun-flowers is so pleasant, their dead friends were so devoted, and their distant relations are so rich.

Consider now the great emptiness of America, not merely the primitive physical emptiness, surviving in some regions, and the continental spacing of the chief natural features, but also the moral emptiness of a settlement where men and even houses are easily moved about and no one, almost, lives where he was born or believes what he has been taught. Not that the American has jettisoned these impedimenta in anger; they have simply slipped from him as he moves. Great empty spaces bring a sort of freedom to both soul and body. You may pitch your tent where you will; or if ever you decide to build anything, it can be in a style of your own devising. You have room, fresh materials, few models, and no critics. You trust your own experience, not only because you must, but because you find you may do so safely and prosperously; the forces that determine fortune are not yet too complicated for one man to explore. Your detachable condition makes you lavish with money and cheerfully experimental; you lose little if you lose all, since you remain completely yourself. At the same time your absolute initiative gives you practice in coping with novel situations, and in being original; it teaches you shrewd management. Your life and mind will become dry and direct, with few decorative flourishes. In your works everything will be stark and pragmatic; you will not understand why anybody should make those little sacrifices to instinct or custom which we call grace. The fine arts will seem to you academic luxuries, fit to amuse the ladies, like Greek and Sanskrit; for while you will perfectly appreciate generosity in men's purposes, you will not admit that the execution of these purposes can be anything but business.

Unfortunately the essence of the fine arts is that the execution should be generous too, and delightful in itself; therefore the fine arts will suffer, not so much in their express professional pur-

suit—for then they become practical tasks and a kind of business—as in that diffused charm which qualifies all human action when men are artists by nature. Elaboration, which is something to accomplish, will be preferred to simplicity, which is something to rest in; manners will suffer somewhat; speech will suffer horribly. For the American the urgency of his novel attack upon matter, his zeal in gathering its fruits, precludes meanderings in primrose paths; means must be economical, and symbols must be mere symbols. If his wife wants luxuries, of course she may have them, and if he has vices, that can be provided for him too; but they must all be set down under those headings in his books.

At the same time the American is imaginative; for where life is intense imagination is intense also. Were he not imaginative he would not live so much in the future. But his imagination is practical and the future it forecasts is immediate; it works with the clearest and least ambiguous terms known to his experience, in terms of number, measure, contrivance, economy, and speed. He is an idealist working on matter. Understanding as he does the material potentialities of things, he is successful in invention, conservative in reform, and quick in emergencies. All his life he jumps into the train after it has started and jumps out before it has stopped and he never once gets left behind or breaks a leg. There is an enthusiasm in his sympathetic handling of material forces which goes far to cancel the illiberal character which it might otherwise assume. The good workman hardly distinguishes his artistic intention from the potency in himself and in things which are about to realize that intention. Accordingly his ideals fall into the form of premonition and prophecies; and his studious prophecies often come true. So do the happy workmanlike ideals of the American. When a poor boy, perhaps he dreams of an education, and presently he gets an education, or at least a degree: he dreams of growing rich, and he grows rich—only more slowly and modestly, perhaps, than he expected; he dreams of marrying his Rebecca, and even if he marries a Leah instead, he ultimately finds in Leah his Rebecca after all. He dreams of helping to carry on and to accelerate the movement of a vast, seething, progressive society, and he actually does so. Ideals clinging so close to nature are almost sure of fulfilment. The American beams with a certain self-confidence and sense of mastery; he feels that God and nature are working with him.

In America there is a tacit optimistic assumption about existence, to the effect that the more existence the better. The soul-less critic might urge that quantity is but a physical category, implying no excellence, but at best an abundance of opportunities both for good and for evil. But the young soul, being curious and hungry, views existence *a priori* under the form of the good: its instinct to live implies a faith that most things it can become or see or do will be worth while. Respect for quantity is accordingly something more than the childish joy and wonder at bigness: it is the fisherman's joy in a big haul, the good uses of which he can take for granted. Such optimism is amiable. Nature cannot afford that we should begin by being too calculating or wise, and she encourages us by the pleasure she attaches to our functions in advance of their fruits, and often in excess of them; as the angler enjoys catching his fish more than eating it, and often waiting patiently for the fish to bite misses his own supper. The pioneer must devote himself to preparations; he must work for the future, and it is healthy and dutiful of him to love his work for its own sake.

At the same time unless reference to an ultimate purpose is at least virtual in all his activities, he runs the danger of becoming a living automaton, vain and ignominious in its mechanical constancy. Idealism about work can hide an intense materialism about life. Man, if he is a rational being, cannot live by bread alone nor be a laborer merely: he must eat and work in view of an ideal harmony which overarches all his days, and which is realized in the way they hang together or in some ideal issue which they have in common. Otherwise, though his technical philosophy may call itself idealism, he is a materialist in morals: he esteems things, and esteems himself, for mechanical uses and energies. Even sensualists, artists, and pleasure-lovers are wiser than that, for though their idealism may be desultory or corrupt, they attain something ideal, and prize things only for their

living effects, moral though perhaps fugitive. Sensation, as I have already suggested, when we do not take it as a signal for action, but arrest and peruse what it positively brings before us, reveals something ideal—a color, shape, or sound; and to dwell on these presences, with no thought of their material significance, is an esthetic or dreamful idealism. To pass from this idealism to the knowledge of matter is a great intellectual advance, and goes with dominion over the world; for in the practical arts the mind is adjusted to a larger object, with more depth and potentiality in it; which is what makes people feel that the material world is real, as they call it, and that the ideal world is not. Certainly the material world is real; for the philosophers who deny the existence of matter are like the critics who deny the existence of Homer: if there was never any Homer there must have been a lot of other poets no less Homeric than he; and if matter does not exist, a combination of other things exists which is just as material. But the intense reality of the material world would not prevent it from being a dreary waste in our eyes, or even an abyss of horror, if it brought forth no spiritual fruits. In fact it does bring forth spiritual fruits, for otherwise we should not be here to find fault with it, and to set up our ideals over against it. Nature is material, but not materialistic: it issues in life, and breeds all sorts of warm passions and idle beauties. And just as sympathy with the mechanical travail and turmoil of nature, apart from its spiritual fruits, is moral materialism, so the continual perception and love of these fruits is moral idealism—happiness in the presence of immaterial objects and harmonies, such as we envisage in affection, speculation, religion, and all the forms of the beautiful.

The circumstances of his life hitherto have necessarily driven the American into moral materialism: for in his dealings with material things he can hardly stop to enjoy their sensible aspects, which are ideal, nor proceed at once to their ultimate uses, which are ideal too. He is practical as against the poet, and worldly as against the clear philosopher or the saint. The most striking expression of this materialism is usually supposed to be his love of the almighty dollar; but that is a foreign and unintelligent view. The American talks about money, because that is the symbol and measure he has at hand for success, intelligence, and power; but as to money itself he makes, loses, spends, and gives it away with a very light heart. To my mind the most striking expression of his materialism is his singular preoccupation with quantity. If, for instance, you visit Niagara Falls, you may expect to hear how many cubic feet or metric tons of water are precipitated per second over the cataract; how many cities and towns (with the number of their inhabitants) derive light and motive power from it; and the annual value of the further industries that might very well be carried on by the same means, without visibly depleting the world's greatest wonder or injuring the tourist trade. That is what I confidently expected to hear on arriving at the adjoining town of Buffalo: but I was deceived. The first thing I heard instead was that there are more miles of asphalt pavement in Buffalo than in any other city in the world.

Nor is this insistence on quantity confined to men of business. The President of Harvard College, seeing me once by chance soon after the beginning of a term, inquired how my classes were getting on; and when I replied that I thought they were getting on well, that my men seemed to be keen and intelligent, he stopped me as if I was about to waste his time: 'I meant,' said he, 'I meant *what is the number* of students in your classes.'

Here I think we may perceive that this love of quantity often has a silent partner, which is diffidence as to quality. The democratic conscience recoils before anything that savors of privilege; and lest it should concede an unmerited privilege to any pursuit or person, it reduces all things as far as possible to the common denominator of quantity. Numbers cannot lie; but if it came to comparing the ideal beauties of philosophy with those of Anglo-Saxon, who should decide? All studies are good—why else have universities?—but those must be most encouraged which attract the greatest number of students. Hence the President's question. Democratic faith, in its diffidence about quality, throws the reins of education upon the pupil's neck, as Don Quixote threw the reins on the neck of Rosinante, and bids his divine instinct choose its own way.

The American has never yet had to face the trials of Job. Great crises, like the Civil War, he has known how to surmount victoriously; and when he has surmounted the present crisis victoriously also, it is possible that he may relapse, as he did in the other case, into an apparently complete absorption in material enterprise and prosperity. But if serious and irremediable tribulation ever overtook him, what would his attitude be? It is then that we should be able to discover whether materialism or idealism lies at the base of his character. Meantime his working mind is not without its holiday. He spreads humor pretty thick and even over the surface of conversation, and humor is one form of moral emancipation. He loves landscape, he loves mankind, and he loves knowledge; and in music at least he finds an art which he unfeignedly enjoys. In music and landscape, in humor and kindness, he touches the ideal more truly, perhaps, than in his ponderous academic idealisms and busy religions—for it is astonishing how much even religion in America (can it possibly be so in England?) is a matter of meetings, building-funds, schools, charities, clubs, and picnics. To be poor in order to be simple, to produce less in order that the product may be more choice and beautiful and may leave us less burdened with unnecessary duties and useless possessions—that is an ideal not articulate in the American mind; yet here and there I seem to have heard a sigh after it, a groan at the perpetual incubus of business and shrill society. What does it profit a man to free the whole world, if his soul is not free? Moral freedom is not an artificial condition, because the ideal is the mother-tongue of both the heart and the senses. All that is requisite is that we should pause in living to enjoy life, and should lift up our hearts to things that are pure good in themselves, so that once to have found and loved them, whatever else may betide, may be a happiness that nothing can sully. This natural idealism does not imply that we are immaterial but only that we are animate and truly alive. When the senses are sharp and joyous, as in the American, they are already half liberated; and when the heart is warm, like his, and eager to be just, its ideal destiny is hardly doubtful. Time and its own pulses will give it wings.

VII

JAPAN'S THWARTED EMIGRATION

WALTER WEYL

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The Japanese emigrant is permitted to go wherever he cannot thrive. He is not permitted to go where he can thrive. This is the crux of the whole Japanese emigration question.

It is an ironic choice that is presented to the emigrant from Japan. The relatively empty lands where pioneers might build up a new civilization are locked and barred and double-barred. They are locked to the Japanese and opened to the white man. On the other hand, Japan may people Korea or Formosa if she can. Only she cannot. Or she may enter China and displace the Chinese. The privilege is as valuable as the right to emigrate to Mars.

There was a time when the Japanese had no wish to emigrate. During the seventeenth century Japan adopted a policy of complete isolation. All foreigners were forbidden to enter, with the exception of a few Dutch traders, tolerated in the little island of Deshima. 'So long as the sun warms the earth,' declared the Japanese in 1640, 'any Christian bold enough to come to Japan even if he be King Philip himself or the God of the Christians, shall pay for it with his head.' Simultaneously the Nipponese were forbidden to leave the country, and no vessels might be built except for coast-wise trade. Japan was willing to live unto herself.

Nor was emigration essential to Japan at this time. So long as the population remained stationary, and was willing to live as its ancestors had lived, room could be found at home in the crowded little islands. Since the Restoration, however, the population of Japan Proper has increased to fifty-six millions, and the birth-rate, unlike that of European and American countries, is steadily rising. Emigration is always from poor to rich countries, from lands of small to lands of great industrial opportunity. Japan is an ideal land from which to emigrate. It is small, poor and crowded. Its people are

hard-working, economical and reasonably ambitious. They need to get out. It is difficult for them to get out.

Of course there is some emigration, as there has been during each of the last thirty years. On June 30, 1914, official statistics revealed some three hundred and sixty thousand Japanese living abroad. Of these almost one-half (48 per cent.) lived in the United States (including the Hawaiian Islands); about a third (34 per cent.) in China and the remainder chiefly in other Asiatic countries and in South America. Essentially emigration has been to the Pacific islands and littoral.

In absolute numbers this total emigration seems reasonably large; obviously there are many more Japanese in foreign lands than there are Americans abroad. Yet as an outlet for the ever-increasing Japanese population, emigration has not counted at all. After immense effort, both individual and collective, during several decades to find outlets for surplus population, the entire number of Japanese abroad is far less than is the *net increase* in the population every six months. In the coming decade Japan's population will probably increase by from seven to eight millions. To find homes abroad for even half this increment would require an increase of over 1,000 per cent. in the number of Japanese living abroad.

The relative insignificance of the emigration from Japan may be seen by comparing the total number of Japanese living in foreign countries with the number of Poles, Greeks, Norwegians, Danes, Hungarians, Slovaks or Italians in foreign lands. Out of every thousand Nipponese in the world only seven are to be found in foreign countries; out of every thousand Italians no less than one hundred and seventy live under alien flags, and of these the majority are emigrants or children of emigrants. It is true that past and present social habits make it more difficult for the Nipponese than for the Italian to acquire the habit of emigration —and emigration is a habit—but the chief obstacle lies abroad. Japanese immigration is opposed, frustrated. The Japanese laborer in the United States and in several other countries meets with distrust and ostracism. He finds it difficult to learn the language, not only because he is a poor linguist (as compared with the Korean or the Chinese), but because the new language is structurally so difficult. He encounters social opprobrium and economic discrimination. He cannot conceal the color of his skin and would not if he could. Uncomfortable and even unsafe alone, he comes in groups, works in groups, lives in groups, and because of this group life he fails to be easily assimilated to the larger life of the community to which he goes. The external barrier creates an internal barrier; emigration is stifled by the opposition of the white races which hold the large and relatively empty lands, and this opposition produces in turn a reluctance to emigrate and a clannishness among those who have already emigrated.

Into the question of Japanese immigration into the United States, into the rights and morality of this intricate problem, I do not propose here to enter. I am considering merely how the American refusal to open the door wide to Japanese immigrants reacts upon conditions in Japan. That America will continue to erect barriers against a free Nipponese immigration is highly probable. The reason is that at bottom we discover here the possibility of a critical racial conflict, in which the economic advantages are all on one side. Were the Japanese to be admitted to the Pacific Coast with absolute freedom and allowed to compete on fair terms with Americans, there can be little doubt that within two or three generations the country west of the Rocky Mountains would be Japanese, and not American, as the Hawaiian Islands are Japanese. The impetus of an unrestricted Japanese immigration would be overwhelming. Wages in Japan are about one-fifth of American wages and the expansive force of these low wages would rapidly people the western coast. That the wages of the Japanese actually in the United States are high is not a decisive fact, for these wages are high only because immigration is impeded. They are monopoly wages. If, however, Japanese were allowed to enter by the hundreds of thousands, wages would fall, native workmen would be displaced, and step by step the race with the lower economic standard would drive out the race with the higher standard, as, for example, the colored people of Jamaica are gradually driving out the whites. For the world at large it might be better or worse to have California and

other Western States thus Orientalized, but no race and no nation thinks in terms of ultimate world good. The question is not only an economic but a race question, involving hatreds, prejudices and obscure and primitive instincts. Whatever its ultimate issue, we may rest assured that for the time being the emigration of Japanese to the United States will be limited.

The forces at work in California, Washington and Oregon operate equally in British Columbia and Australia. Everywhere there is an instinctive Exclusion Policy, an attempt on the part of the white races to monopolize the five continents and to leave to the yellow men, 'beloved of the sun,' only a portion of one continent. Whether or not certain of the South American countries will ultimately join in this restriction policy cannot yet be determined. Nor is it yet a crucial question for them. For the time being, the emigration of Japanese to Latin American countries is difficult, costly, and small; the conditions of immigration are not entirely inviting. The entire Japanese population of the American mainland (including Latin America) represents only about two months' increase in the population of Japan, and all the Japanese in Europe combined are equal only to the excess of births over deaths in a single day. The door to the Western world is shut.

There remains Asia—China, Manchuria, Siberia, the Malay Islands. China presents no legal obstacle to Japanese immigration; Japan may export a million men annually to the neighboring Republic without evoking protests from the Chinese Foreign Office. But there is an obstacle far more insurmountable than any legal prohibition. In going to China Japan strikes against the Chinese Wall. It is not a wall of brick and mortar and granite blocks like that which defended the Chinese from the Northern nomads. It is a human wall, the immense resistance of a dense population of ill-paid, hard-working, abstemious and capable men. Into China the Japanese emigrant cannot force his way, just as we Americans could not, if we wished, force our way into Japan. After decades and even centuries, no non-Chinese race has ever succeeded in displacing the Chinese; on the contrary, each race ends in being displaced by them. After three centuries of Portuguese rule, Macao is more Chinese than ever; after decades of British rule, Hongkong is a thoroughly Chinese city. Japan governs Formosa at will, but she cannot people Formosa, for the Chinese are already there—to stay.

The same obstacle meets the emigrant to Manchuria. Japan, following in Russia's footsteps, has given law and order to that distracted country and has opened it to immigration. But Chinese come as well as Japanese, and in greater numbers; they underbid and underlive the Japanese. You can hire Chinese laborers for a little over half of what you must pay Japanese workmen. As a consequence the Chinese get the jobs, and they live in Manchuria and breed there and their children will breed there. Undoubtedly there is room in all parts of China for the trained Japanese, for the skilful artisan, the business man, the professional worker. But there is no room for the only class that counts—for the great bulky mass of unskilled and undifferentiated workmen and peasants.

Neither in China, nor in those Malay States where Chinese immigration is permitted, nor in Formosa, nor in the United States, Canada, Australia, or Europe is there at once a free economic and a free legal right to emigrate in sufficient numbers to relieve the pressure of the ever-increasing Japanese population. The birth-rate of Japan rises; the farm-land is taken up; emigration is thwarted, either by the exclusion policy of the whites or by superior Chinese economic tenacity. The Japanese population is thrown back upon itself.

VIII

THE PROBLEM OF LIVING THINGS

JOHN BURROUGHS

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All living bodies, when life leaves them, go back to the earth from whence they came. What was it in the first instance that gathered their elements from the earth and built them up into such wonderful mechanisms? If we say it was nature, do we mean by nature a physical

force or an immaterial principle? Did the earth itself bring forth a man, or did something breathe upon the inert clay, and it became a living spirit?

Such inquiries bring us at once face to face with the question of the nature and origin of life—a question which is the source of a good deal of mental activity in our time, both among scientific men and philosophers.

As life is a physical phenomenon, appearing in a concrete physical world, it is, to that extent, within the domain of physical science and appeals to the scientific mind. Physical science is at home only in the experimental, the verifiable. Its domain ends where that of philosophy begins. It cannot go behind visible phenomena and ask 'Why?' or 'Whither?' This is the province of philosophy. It is incompetent to discuss the question of the origin of life from no life, or of something from nothing, because here its method of verification cannot be applied. Science is held by the biogenetic law—life only from antecedent life. Until it can bring about the reaction called life in its laboratories, it is tethered by this law. In order to make a start at all, it is compelled to assume the potentiality of life in matter itself, as most recent biophysicists do, and to regard its advent into this world as a natural and not a miraculous event—as natural as the birth of a baby, inscrutable as are the mysteries that lie back of it.

So far as life involves a psychic principle or force, it is beyond the scope of positive science, and falls within the domain of philosophy.

The question of how life arose in a universe of dead matter is just as baffling a question to the ordinary mind, as how the universe itself arose. If we assume that the germs of life drifted to us from other spheres, propelled by the rays of the sun, or some other celestial agency, as certain modern scientific philosophers have assumed, we have only removed the mystery farther away from us. If we assume that it came by spontaneous generation is as miraculous as any other then we are only cutting a knot which we cannot untie. The god of spontaneous generation, as Haeckel and others assume, god. We cannot break the causal sequence with a miracle. If something came from nothing, then there is not only the end of the problem, but also the end of our boasted science.

Science is at home in discussing all the material manifestations of life—the parts played by colloids and ferments, by fluids and gases, and all the organic compounds, and by mechanical and chemical principles; it may analyze and tabulate all life processes and show the living body as a most wonderful and complex piece of mechanism, but before the question of the origin of life itself it stands dumb, and, when speaking through such a man as Tyndall, it also stands humble and reverent. After Tyndall had, to his own satisfaction, reduced all like phenomena to mechanical attraction and repulsion, he stood with uncovered head before what he called the 'mystery and miracle of vitality.' The mystery and miracle lie in the fact that in the organic world the same elements combine with results so different from those of the inorganic world. Something seems to have inspired them with a new purpose. In the inorganic world, the primary elements go their ceaseless round from compound to compound, from solid to fluid or gaseous, and back again, forming the world of inert matter as we know it, but in the organic world the same elements form thousands of new combinations unknown to them before, and thus give rise to the myriad forms of life that inhabit the earth.

The much debated question of the nature and origin of life has lately found an interesting exponent in Professor Benjamin Moore of the University of Liverpool. His volume on the subject in the 'Home University Library' is very readable, and, in many respects, convincing. At least, so far as it is the word of exact science on the subject it is convincing; so far as it is speculative or philosophical, it is or is not convincing, according to the type of mind of the reader. Professor Moore is not a bald mechanist or materialist like Professor Loeb, or Ernest Haeckel, nor is he an idealist or spiritualist, like Henri Bergson or Sir Oliver Lodge. He may be called a scientific vitalist. He keeps close to lines of scientific research as these lines lead him through the maze of the primordial elements of matter, from electron to atom, from atom to molecule, from molecule to colloids, and so up to

the border of the living world. His analysis of the processes of molecular physics as they appear in the organism, leads him to recognize and to name a new force, or a new manifestation of force, which he hesitates to call vital, because of the associations of this term with a pre-scientific age, but which he calls 'biotic energy.'

Biotic energy is peculiar to living bodies, and 'there are precisely the same criteria for its existence,' says Professor Moore, 'as for the existence of any one of the inorganic energy types, viz., a set of discrete phenomena; and its nature is as mysterious to us as the cause of any one of these inorganic forms about which also we know so little.

'It is biotic energy which guides the development of the ovum, which regulates the exchanges of the cell, and causes such phenomena as nerve impulse, muscular contraction, and gland secretion, and it is a form of energy which arises in colloidal structures, just as magnetism appears in iron, or radio-activity in uranium or radium, and in its manifestations it undergoes exchanges with other forms of energy, in the same manner as these do among one another.'

Like Professor Henderson, of Harvard, whose volume on *The Fitness of the Environment* has lately appeared, Professor Moore concedes to the vitalists about all they claim—namely, that there is some form of force or manifestation of energy peculiar to living bodies, and one that cannot be adequately described in terms of physics and chemistry. Professor Moore says this biotic energy 'arises in colloidal structures,' and, so far as biochemistry can make out, arises *spontaneously* and gives rise to that marvelous bit of mechanism, the cell. In the cell appears 'a form of energy unknown outside life processes which leads the mazy dance of life from point to point, each new development furnishing a starting point for the next one.' It not only leads the dance along our own line of descent from our remote ancestors—it leads the dance along the long road of evolution from the first unicellular form in the dim paleozoic seas to the complex and highly specialized forms of our own day.

The secret of this life force, or biotic energy, according to Professor Moore, is in the keeping of matter itself. The steps or stages from the depths of matter by which life arose, lead up from that imaginary something, the electron, to the inorganic colloids, or to the crystallo-colloids, which are the threshold of life, each stage showing some new transformation of energy. There must be an all-potent energy transformation before we can get chemical energy out of physical energy, and then biotic energy out of chemical energy. This transformation of inorganic energy into life energy cannot be traced or repeated in the laboratory, yet science believes the secret will sometime be in its hands. It is here that the materialistic philosophers, such as Professors Moore and Loeb, differ from the spiritualistic philosophers, such as Bergson, Sir Oliver Lodge, Professor Thompson, and others.

Professor Moore has no sympathy with those narrow mechanistic views that see in the life processes 'no problems save those of chemistry and physics.' 'Each link in the living chain may be physico-chemical, but the chain as a whole, and its purpose, is something else.' He draws an analogy from the production of music in which purely physical factors are concerned; the laws of harmonics account for all; but back of all is something that is not mechanical and chemical—there is the mind of the composer, and the performers, and the auditors, and something that takes cognizance of the whole effect. A complete human philosophy cannot be built upon physical science alone. He thinks the evolution of life from inert matter is of the same type as the evolution of one form of matter from another, or the evolution of one form of energy from another—a mystery, to be sure, but little more startling in the one case than in the other. 'The fundamental mystery lies in the existence of those entities, or things which we call matter and energy,' out of the play and interaction of which all life phenomena have arisen. Organic evolution is a series of energy exchanges and transformations from lower to higher, but science is powerless to go behind the phenomena presented and name or verify the underlying mystery. Only philosophy can do this. And Professor Moore turns philosopher when he says there is beauty and design in it all, 'and an eternal purpose which is ever progressing.'

Bergson sets forth his views of evolution in terms of literature and philosophy. Professor Moore embodies similar views in his volume, set forth in terms of molecular science. Both make evolution a creative and a continuous process. Bergson lays the emphasis upon the cosmic spirit interacting with matter. Professor Moore lays the emphasis upon the indwelling potencies of matter itself (probably the same spirit conceived of in different terms). Professor Moore philosophizes as truly as does Bergson when he says 'there must exist a whole world of living creatures which the microscope has never shown us, leading up to the bacteria and the protozoa. The brink of life lies not at the production of protozoa and bacteria, which are highly developed inhabitants of our world, but away down among the colloids, and the beginning of life was not a fortuitous event occurring millions of years ago and never again repeated, but one which in its primordial stages keeps on repeating itself all the time in our generation. So that if all intelligent creatures were by some holocaust destroyed, up out of the depths in process of millions of years, intelligent beings would once more emerge.' This passage shows what a speculative leap or a flight the scientific mind is at times compelled to take when it ventures beyond the bounds of positive methods. It is good philosophy, I hope, but we cannot call it science. Thrilled with cosmic emotion, Walt Whitman made a similar daring assertion:

There is no stoppage, and never can be stoppage,
If I, you, and the worlds, and all beneath or upon their surfaces, were this moment reduced back to a pallid float, it would not avail in the long run,
We should surely bring up again where we now stand,
And surely go as much farther, and then farther and farther.

Evolution is creative, whether it works in matter as Bergson describes, or whether its path lies up through electrons and atoms and molecules, as Professor Moore describes. There is something that creates and makes matter plastic to its will. Whether we call matter 'the living garment of God,' as Goethe did, or a reservoir of creative energy, as Tyndall and his school did, and as Professor Moore still does, we are paying homage to a power that is super-material. Life came to our earth, says Professor Moore, through a 'well regulated orderly development,' and it 'comes to every mother earth of the universe in the maturity of her creation when the conditions arrive within suitable limits.' That no intelligent beings appeared upon the earth for millions upon millions of years, that for whole geologic ages there was no creature upon the earth with more brains than a snail possesses, shows the almost infinitely slow progress of development, and that there has been no arbitrary or high-handed exercise of creative power. The universe is not run on principles of modern business efficiency, and man is at the head of living forms, not by the fiat of some omnipotent power, some superman, but as the result of the operation of forces that balk at no delay, or waste, or failure, and that are dependent upon the infinitely slow ripening and amelioration of both cosmic and terrestrial conditions.

We do not get rid of God by any such dictum, but we get rid of the anthropomorphic views which we have so long been wont to read into the processes of nature. We dehumanize the universe, but we do not render it the less grand and mysterious. Professor Le Dantec says, 'Life is only a surface accident in the history of the thermic evolution of the globe,' and Professor Moore points out to us how life came to a cooling planet as soon as the temperature became low enough for certain chemical combinations to appear. There must first be oxides and saline compounds, there must be carbonates of calcium and magnesium, and the like. As the temperature falls, more and more complex compounds, such as life requires, appear; till, in due time, carbon dioxide and water are at hand, and life can make a start. At the white heat of some of the fixed stars, the primary chemical elements are not yet evolved; but more and more elements appear, and more and more complex compounds are formed as the cooling process progresses.

'This note cannot be too strongly sounded that as matter is allowed capacity for assuming complex forms, those complex forms appear. As soon as oxides can be there, oxides appear; when temperature admits of carbonates, then

carbonates are forthwith formed. These are experiments which any chemist can to-day repeat in a crucible. And on a cooling planet, as soon as temperature will admit the presence of life, then life appears, as the evidence of geology shows us.' When we speak of the beginning of life, it is not clear just what we mean. The unit of all organized bodies is the cell, but the cell is itself an organized body, and must have organic matter to feed upon. Hence the cell is only a more complex form of more primitive living matter. As we go down the scale toward the inorganic, can we find the point where the living and the non-living meet and become one? 'Life had to surge a long way up from the depths before a green plant cell came into being.' When the green plant cell was found, life was fairly launched. This plant cell, in the form of chlorophyll, by the aid of water and the trace of carbon dioxide in the air, began to store up the solar energy in fruit and grain and woody tissue, and thus furnish power to run all forms of life machinery.

The materialists or naturalists are right in urging that we live in a much more wonderful universe than we have ever imagined, and that in matter itself sleep potencies and possibilities not dreamt of in our philosophy. The world of complex though invisible activities which science reveals all about us, the solar and stellar energies raining upon us from above, the terrestrial energies and influences playing through us from below, the transformations and transmutations taking place on every hand, the terrible alertness and potency of the world of inert matter as revealed by a flash of lightning, the mysteries of chemical affinity, of magnetism, of radio-activity, all point to deep beneath deep in matter itself. It is little wonder that men who dwell habitually upon these things and are saturated with the spirit and traditions of laboratory investigation, should believe that in some way matter itself holds the mystery of the origin of life. On the other hand, a different type of mind, the more imaginative, artistic and religious type, recoils from the materialistic view.

The sun is the source of all terrestrial energy, but the different forms that energy takes—in the plant, in the animal, in the brain of man—this type of mind is bound to ask questions about that. Gravity pulls matter down; life lifts it up; chemical forces pull it to pieces; vital forces draw it together and organize it; the winds and the waters dissolve and scatter it; vegetation recaptures it and integrates and gives it new qualities. At every turn, minds like that of Sir Oliver Lodge are compelled to think of life as a principle or force doing something with matter. The physico-chemical forces will not do in the hands of man what they do in the hands of Nature. Such minds, therefore, feel justified in thinking that something which we call 'the hands of Nature,' plays a part—some principle or force which the hands of men do not hold.

IX

SCIENCE FROM THE SIDE-LINES

EDWARD E. SLOSSON

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§ 1

Science is advancing more rapidly than ever and is more quickly applied to the needs of life. But the scientific habit of mind is not common or commonly respected. The material contributions of science to our comfort and luxury are accepted as a matter of course with little thought about the prolonged process of research that precedes the practical application.

Science is more than the father of invention. We can get from the reading of science not only new things to think about, but, what is more important, new ways of thinking about things.

Any one who desires to keep in touch with the progress of the world naturally wants to know in a general way what is being done in the various fields of science. But, unfortunately, he does not find it so easy to follow current movements in science as he does in literature, art, music, politics, and other forms of human activity. Science is mostly printed in a foreign language not only when it appears in French, German, Russian, or Japanese, but also when it seems at first sight to be in ordinary English. Translators of foreign tongues are common and competent, but there are comparatively few writers

engaged in the interpretation of technical literature for the layman.

§ 2

Science is more than a wonder-worker. Wonders never cease, but we soon cease to wonder at them. Wonder is a fugitive emotion. A 'nine-days' wonder' is the normal longevity, and there is no reason why it should live longer, for there are more profitable attitudes. Even when science surprises us by depriving a familiar thing of some attribute deemed essential we do not miss it long. We are quite accustomed to the idea of wireless telephones, smokeless powder, horseless trucks, voiceless drama, fatherless frogs, leatherless soles, strawless straws, tonsilless children, caffeineless coffee, kickless drinks, seedless oranges, and typeless printing.

When a baby sees a strange object,—and to a baby all objects are strange,—he first opens his mouth and stares at it; next, he sticks out his finger and tries to touch it; third, he grabs it and tries to do something with it. These are the three stages through which persons and races pass in their attitude toward the unknown in nature: wonder, curiosity, utilization. The first sentence of each new chapter of the 'History of Human Progress' (by various authors, Published in Parts) ends with ! Later sentences may be punctuated with ? and finally perhaps with $.

Some persons and peoples remain always in the earliest infantile attitude of empty awe, and take pride in it. They do not even attempt to pass to the stage of idle curiosity, as does the normal child. From the open mouth to the open mind is often a long and toilsome progress in the history of the race. The ancient Athenians had passed from the 'Oh!' stage to the 'Why?' stage, but never reached the 'What for?' stage. That is why they were overwhelmed by the barbarians, who did not know so much, but knew how to kill people quite as well.

In the earlier culture stages people are curious only about 'curiosities.' They are not interested in the ordinary. It is the 'Wonders of Science' period in literature. The museums are jackdaw nests of pretty stones, queer shells, and outlandish trinkets. Crowds flock to the side-show tents to see the two-headed calf and the bearded lady. They may even go as far as to wonder why the calf is bicephalous and the lady pogoniastic, but they do not even raise the more important question why most calves have only one head and most ladies no beard. They listen with eagerness to the tales of travelers, like Herodotus and Mandeville, who have been, or profess to have been, in remote regions. They are curious of all customs except their own, which, being customary, require no explanation. 'Why do they act so?' they ask about foreigners, but never, 'Why do we act so?' though that is a question that they might more easily answer. Man began his study of the world with the more distant things. He gazed long at the stars before it occurred to him to look at the ground on which he stood, and longer yet before he tried to turn his attention inward to find out what was going on inside of his own head. Astronomy was well grown before geology was born, and psychology has only recently been admitted to the family of the sciences.

§ 3

Ignorance is commonly referred to as 'darkness,' but it is not so easy as that would imply. The darkness of space offers no impediment to the penetration of light, but the human mind often opposes a specific resistance to the entrance of a new idea. Especially, if it is a big idea that requires some rearrangement of the mental furniture before room can be found for it.

There are those who love darkness rather than light, not because their deeds are evil, but just because they like to sit around in the dark and tell ghost-stories to one another. They prefer mystery, where they can imagine whatever they wish, and they fear that science will

> Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
> Empty the haunted air, and gnomed mine,
> Unweave a rainbow, as it erewhile made
> The tender-personed Lamia melt into a shade.

They even seem to regard God, quite blasphemously, as a great conjuror whose tricks may be exposed by some impertinent scientist who turns too much light

upon the phenomena of nature. They do not know the simple geometrical principle that as the area of enlightenment enlarges, it lengthens the circle of the surrounding darkness.

The method of science is economy of thought. The aim of science is control of the future. A science arises from some human need, and returns to earth to satisfy some, often some other, human need. It may soar so high into the empyrean as to be out of our sight, but it always comes back in the course of time, bringing food, like Elijah's ravens.

So do not believe a mathematician when he boasts that his newly discovered theorem is of no possible use to anybody. Before he knows it some mechanic will snatch it out of his hand and set it to work in the shops. No occupation seemed idler than the study of geometry of four dimensions when anybody could see that there were only three; yet now all of a sudden the symbols of the fourth dimension appear in astronomical and physical calculations, and are likely to get into chemistry and biology soon.

§ 4

One cannot, of course, become a scientist by merely reading science, however diligently and long. For a scientist is one who makes science, not one who learns science. A novelist is one who writes novels, not one who reads them. A contortionist is one who makes contortions, not one who watches them. Every real scientist is expected to take part in the advancement of science, to go over the top at least once in his life; when he takes his Ph. D. degree, if never again. But of course the number of those who are in reserve or in training must always outnumber those at the front.

The highest reward of science, the secret satisfaction of standing where no mortal man has ever stood before, is rightly reserved to those who contribute most to its advance. The pure thrill of primal discovery comes only to the explorer who first crosses the crest of the mountain-range that divides the unknown from the known. But if we cannot all feel that thrill to the full, we can at least catch a resonance of it in our own souls by reading about it, as we know something of how Balboa felt when he stared at the Pacific from a peak in Darien, as well as how Keats felt on first opening Chapman's Homer. The lives of explorers are always exciting whether they penetrate to the heart of Africa, like Livingstone, or to the heart of the atom, like Bohr.

At a base-ball game there may be five thousand spectators and only one man at the bat, but do not imagine he is the only one having any fun. He alone can feel the whack on the wood that tells him that he has made a three-base hit, but the five thousand participate by proxy in his pleasure, their muscles tense, and their pulses quicken.

There is also fun to be found in sitting on the side-lines of science and watching the international game. Those who are not musicians may get delight from music; those who are not architects, from architecture; those who are not cooks, from food. It is not necessary to be a scientist to get pleasure and profit from scientific researches. This is not a faculty confined to a few. It is common to all who have any capacity for intellectual enjoyment, and those who do not avail themselves of it are curtailing their opportunities for happiness. Appreciation of good music was supposed to be over the ears of the masses until the phonograph brought Beethoven and Wagner to every farm-house and tenement.

Science, too, needs to be democratized and brought within reach of the many, not as a task forced upon children, but as a lifelong recreation. That is one difficulty with our excellent school system; it is so comprehensive that if you suggest to a person that he might find it interesting to study, say, botany or chemistry, he is apt to reply that he 'had it' when he was a boy, implying that, like the mumps or measles, he could never catch it again. He does not realize that the sciences are making such rapid progress that even if it 'took' well in the first place, the immunity would not last longer than ten years.

The investigator does not like to be bothered when he is busy any more than other people. If you lean over his shoulder and jog his elbow when he is picking a chromosome out of a cell with a Barber pipette, he is apt to say: 'Run away, child! You could not understand what I 'm doing if I explained it to you.' Doubtless you could not if he explained

it to you in his own language. But somebody else who did understand what he was doing and who spoke your language could explain it to you in a way that would be very interesting. This translation of technical terminology into the vulgar tongue is quite another man's job, —no easy job at that,—and the few men of each generation who have the ability and opportunity to do original research of a high order ought not to be expected to take time off for such secondary work.

But the fact that scientists have been compelled to construct a trade language of their own is undoubtedly one reason why they are commonly misunderstood and disesteemed. It is hard not to feel that a foreigner who does not speak our language is a bit stupid or crazy. Then, too, our pride comes into play and constructs a defensive mechanism for us. Our subconscious self suggests to us to say, 'Well, if he can't put it into plain English, I guess it does not amount to much, anyway.' This is the time to be reminded of an observation by Quiller-Couch:

> I hold there is no surer sign of ill-breeding than to speak, even to feel, slightingly of any knowledge oneself does not happen to possess.

§ 5

If there were only one language of science, the layman might learn it once for all in order to get access to the whole of its literature. But 'science' is one of those abstract collective terms that get us into trouble. It would be safer always to speak of 'the sciences' rather than of 'science,' since there are many of them and they are not all on speaking terms with one another. Corridor conversations at a session of the American Association for the Advancement of Science sound like a Balkan peace conference, for each is speaking in his own tongue. If a chemist gets by mistake into Section F, and hears a paper being read on 'Ecdysis in the Teleostean Agriopus,' the chances are that he does not understand any more of it than you or I would, and, between you and me, he is just as much bored by it, though he may grin and bear it, hoping that the biologist will happen in at Section C and hear his paper on 'The Internal Strains of the Molecule of Cyclohexane - spiro - cyclopentane - dicarboxylic Acid.' Just so in polite conversation you may see a person listening with flattering attention to an unintelligible tale in the hope that he may earn like courtesy when his turn comes. The scientific specialist requires the services of an interpreter as much as the layman, and he needs it more, for he has all he can do to keep up with the voluminous literature of his own subject; yet he must keep an eye out for what is going on in all other fields, even the most remote, for something may happen there that will throw light on his own problems.

Then, too, there is danger that the investigator may become so absorbed in his subject that he will lose sight of its wider aspects, its human interest, its practical possibilities, its relation to the world at large. If one keeps his eye too closely fixed to a microscope, or even a telescope, he is apt to become a trifle near-sighted. A botanist, for instance, may concentrate his attention so exclusively upon questions of taxonomy that it might be said of him

> A primrose by the river's brim
> Primula flava was to him,
> And it was nothing more.

§ 6

The popularization of science does not mean falsification, but its translation from technical terms into ordinary language. Popular science need not be incorrect, but has to be somewhat indefinite. It differs from the exact sciences in being inexact.

The scientific mind is set at too sharp a focus for ordinary use. The would-be popularizer is always confronted by the dilemma of comprehensible inaccuracy or incomprehensible accuracy, and the fun of his work lies mainly in the solution of that problem.

It is amusing to see that scientists are stricter with others than they are with themselves, though this is a common human failing. For instance, the bacteriologist is very insistent that the layman shall not confound protozoa and bacteria, but in the laboratory he himself calls them all alike 'bugs.' The electrician is particular that other people shall use volt and am-

pere properly, but he tells his assistant 'to turn on the juice.'

The humanist and the scientist may think they are quarreling when they are merely saying the same thing in different words. Take, for instance, the phenomenon known as 'the vernal erethic diathesis' or, in other circles, as 'spring's awakening':

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love

is the way it is put by the poet (Tennyson).

In the spring the chief activating gland of the kinetic system, the thyroid, shows a distinct enlargement

is the way it is said by the scientist (Crile).

The so-called 'conflict between science and religion' is largely a question of using words in a technical or a general sense. Volumes have been written on the question of whether 'the great fish' which the Lord prepared to swallow Jonah might be a whale, and, if so, whether 'the whale's belly' could be interpreted to mean his lungs, where the imprisoned prophet would find plenty of air, rather than the whale's stomach, where he would be in danger of digestion.

The ordinary man wants to include whales among fish and potatoes among roots. The zoölogist and the botanist want to confine these words to the stricter meaning that they have imposed upon them. If the question of the use of these words were put up to a court composed of philologists to decide the issue on its historic grounds, the common man would win his case. But it is never good policy to quarrel about words. The writer of popular science will be wise to evade the issue by using, where he can, words to which scientists have not given a restricted meaning. He may speak of 'ocean life' or 'the denizens of the deep' to avoid getting entangled with the distinction between mammalian and non-mammalian pelagic forms, and he is still allowed to talk about 'The underground parts of plants' without going too deep into radical nomenclature. Since science has appropriated so many common words and has created a language of its own over which it has original proprietary rights, it is becoming increasingly difficult to put it in 'a tongue understanded of the people, to use the Prayer-Book expression, but there is still some playground left.

'Studies,' said Lord Bacon, 'serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability.' The kind of studies classed as natural sciences are, as he was the first clearly to point out, the most useful of all, and their pursuit gives to the mind the same delight as any other; but it must be confessed that they do not serve so well for 'ornament,' which may in part account for their comparative unpopularity. It is not easy to steer the conversation around to the point where one can quote a quadratic equation or a chemical formula with effect and without affectation, and when one does, it is likely to be no more intelligible than a chorus ending from Euripides. It is true that one may for the moment lightly refer to Einstein or Freud in conversation, and thereby give an impression of erudition that one by no means possesses, but that moment will soon pass, if indeed it has not already passed. In any case, one may only mention their names in common conversation, for if he attempted to explain what either man meant, he would for one reason or another be suppressed.

X

JOHN DEWEY'S PHILOSOPHY

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

[*New Republic*, March 13, 1915. By permission of author and publisher.]

Nothing is more symbolic of Professor Dewey's democratic attitude towards life than the disintegrated array of his published writings. Where the neatly uniform works of William James are to be found in every public library, you must hunt long and far for the best things of the man who, since the other's death, is the most significant thinker in America. Pamphlets and reports of obscure educational societies; school journals, university monographs, and philosophical journals limited to the pedant few; these are the burial-places of much of this intensely alive, futuristic philosophy. For the best educational essays one had to look until very recently to a little compilation made

by an unknown London house. The 'Educational Creed,' in style and conciseness and spirit the most admirably popular of all his writings, is, I think, still lost in an out-of-print cheap bulletin in some innocuous series for elementary teachers. 'School and Society,' with some of the wisest words ever set to paper, frightens one away with its infantile cover and its university chaperonage. Only some heterogeneous essays, brilliant but not holding the exact kernel of his thought, and his 'How We Think,' in which is shown that scientific method is simply a sublimely well-ordered copy of our own best and most fruitful habits of thought, have been launched in forms that would reach a wide public. No man with such universally important things to say on almost every social and intellectual activity of the day, was ever published in forms more ingeniously contrived to thwart the interest of the prospective public.

Professor Dewey's thought is inaccessible because he has always carried his simplicity of manner, his dread of show or self-advertisement, almost to the point of extravagance. In all his psychology there is no place for the psychology of prestige. His democracy seems almost to take that extreme form of refusing to bring one's self or one's ideas to the attention of others. On the college campus or in the lecture-room he seems positively to efface himself. The uncertainty of his silver-gray hair and drooping mustache, of his voice, of his clothes, suggests that he has almost studied the technique of protective coloration. It will do you no good to hear him lecture. His sentences, flowing and exact and lucid when read, you will find strung in long festoons of obscurity between pauses for the awaited right word. The whole business of impressing yourself on other people, of getting yourself over to the people who want to and ought to have you, has simply never come into his ultra-democratic mind.

This incapacity of imagining his own distinction has put him in the paradoxical situation of a revolutionist with an innate contempt for propaganda. His philosophy of 'instrumentalism' has an edge on it that would slash up the habits of thought, the customs and institutions in which our society has been living for centuries. He allies himself personally with every democratic movement, yet will not preach. As we discover in the essay on Maeterlinck, where he shows himself poet as well as philosopher, his tolerant democracy loves all human values, and finds nothing so intolerable as artificial inequality. He hates nothing so much as the preacher who tells others how bad they are and what they must do to reform. Yet his philosophy is a great sermon, challenging in every line, in spite of his discreet style, our mechanical habits of thought, our mechanical habits of education, our mechanical morality. A prophet dressed in the clothes of a professor of logic, he seems almost to feel shame that he has seen the implications of democracy more clearly than anybody else in the great would-be democratic society about him, and so been forced into the unwelcome task of teaching it.

Orthodox philosophical thinking has usually gone along on the comfortable assumption that words always have the same meaning, and that they stand for real things, that logic is the science of thinking correctly, that reason is eternal, that if you can only get your ideas consistent you have then a true picture of what you are trying to interpret. We have taken for granted the old view, which goes back to Aristotle's logic, that our mental life was a receiving and conbining and storing of certain dead inert sensations and ideas of which words were the true symbols.

Professor Dewey's fundamental thesis has been that thinking is not like this. The mind is not a looking-glass, reflecting the world for its private contemplation, nor a logic-machine for building up truth, but a tool by which we adjust ourselves to the situations in which life puts us. Reason is not a divinely appointed guide to eternal truth, but a practical instrument by which we solve problems. Words are not invariable symbols for invariable things, but clues to meanings. We think in meanings, not in words, and a meaning is simply a sign-post pointing towards our doing something or feeling something or both. The words are the handles by which we take hold of these meanings which our intercourse with people and things presents to us. Our life is a constant reaction to a world which is constantly stimulating us. We are in situations where we must do something, and it is for the purpose of guiding this

doing from the point of view of what has happened or what is likely to happen, that we think. We are not bundles of thoughts and feelings so much as bundles of attitudes or tendencies. We act usually before we 'perceive'; the perception is only important as it enables us to act again. We remember what we use, and we learn what we occupy ourselves with. Our minds are simply the tools with which we forge out our life.

If we are to live worthily and happily, it is not necessary that we should 'be' anything or 'know' anything, so much as that we should be able to meet the situation in which developing life places us, and express our capacities in our activity. Our social problem as well as our personal problem is to understand what we are doing. This is almost the whole law and the prophets. In the ideal home we should have learned as children, through social converse and the household occupations and solution of the problems which our curiosity and our work brought us, how to adjust ourselves to the demands of life. But the home can no longer effect this and the school must step in. But the school is only really educative if it is helping the child to understand the social situations in which he finds and is to find himself, and to regulate his impulses so that he can control these situations. The ideal school would be an embryonic community life, where the child would sense the occupations and interests of the larger society into which he is to enter and so have his curiosity and practical skill awakened to meet and conquer them.

In its larger social implications, Professor Dewey's philosophy challenges the whole machinery of our world of right and wrong, law and order, property and religion, the old techniques by which society is still being managed and regulated. Our institutions have been made as scales and measures to which we bring our actions, rigid standards by whose codes we are judged, frameworks to whose lines we strive to mold ourselves. All the revolutionary strivings of the past have been away from these institutional authorities towards greater freedom. But in spite of all the freedom we have won, society was probably never more deeply unhappy than it is to-day. For freedom is not happiness; it is merely the first negative step towards happiness. Happiness is control, and society now intensely self-conscious of its imperfections, is still very helpless towards controlling its destiny. Life is a modification of the present with reference to the conditions of the future, a conflict between the habits engendered in the past and the new aims and purposes, clearly envisaged, to be worked for.

It is in showing the unity of all the democratic strivings, the social movement, the new educational ideals, the freer ethics, the popular revolt in politics, of all the aspects of the modern restless, forward-looking personal and social life, and the applicability to all of them of scientific method, with its hypotheses and bold experimentation, that Professor Dewey has been the first thinker to put the moral and social goal a notch ahead. His philosophy has the great advantage of making nonsensical most of the writing and thinking that has been done in the old terms. See how much of this can be truthfully called anything else than a juggling with the symbols of learning.' See how much of the energy of the molders of opinion in politics, industry, education, religion, morality, goes to the squaring up of the activity of individuals and groups with certain principles which, however much they may once have been solutions of genuine problems and interpretations of genuine situations, are now mere caked and frozen barricades to activity and understanding.

Professor Dewey has given us a whole new language of meanings. After reading him, you can see nothing again in the old terms. And when I see college presidents and publicists who have cultivated the arts of prestige, expressing their views on every question of the day in the old caked and frozen language, thinking along the old lazy channels, I feel a savage indignation that Professor Dewey should not be out in the arena of the concrete, himself interpreting the current life. I am conscious of his horror of having his ideas petrified into a system. He knows that it will do no good to have his philosophy intellectually believed unless it is also thought and lived. And he knows the uncanny propensity of stupid men to turn even the most dynamic ideas into dogmas. He has seen that in his school world. Meanwhile his influence goes on increasing to an extent of which he is almost innocently unconscious.

XI

FRANCE

[A. CLUTTON BROCK]

[*Times* (London, England) *Literary Supplement*, October 2, 1914. Reproduced by permission of the *Times*, of the author, and of Messrs. Methuen and Co., who have republished this article with others by Mr. Clutton Brock in book form under the title *Thoughts on the War*.]

Among all the sorrows of this war there is one joy for us in it: that it has made us brothers with the French as no two nations have ever been brothers before. There has come to us, after ages of conflict, a kind of millennium of friendship; and in that we feel there is a hope for the world that outweighs all our fears, even at the height of the world-wide calamity. There were days and days, during the swift German advance, when we feared that the French armies were no match for the German, that Germany would be conquered on the seas and from her eastern frontier, that after the war France would remain a Power only through the support of her Allies. For that fear we must now ask forgiveness; but at least we can plead in excuse that it was unselfish and free from all national vanity. If, in spite of ultimate victory, France had lost her high place among the nations, we should have felt that the victory itself was an irreparable loss for the world. And now we may speak frankly of that fear because, however unfounded it was, it reveals the nature of the friendship between France and England.

That is also revealed in the praise which the French have given to our army. There is no people that can praise as they can; for they enjoy praising others as much as some nations enjoy praising themselves, and they lose all the reserve of egotism in the pleasure of praising well. But in this case they have praised so generously because there was a great kindliness behind their praise, because they, like us, feel that this war means a new brotherhood stronger than all the hatreds it may provoke, a brotherhood not only of war but of the peace that is to come after it. That welcome of English soldiers in the villages of France, with food and wine and flowers, is only a foretaste of what is to be in both countries in a happier time. It is what we have desired in the past of silly wrangles and misunderstandings, and now we know that our desire is fulfilled.

For behind all those misunderstandings, and in spite of the differences of character between us, there was always an understanding which showed itself in the courtesies of Fontenoy and a hundred other battles. When Sir Philip Sidney spoke of France as that sweet enemy, he made a phrase for the English feeling of centuries past and centuries to be. We quarreled bitterly and long; but it was like a man and woman who know that some day their love will be confessed and are angry with each other for the quarrels that delay the confession. We called each other ridiculous, and knew that we were talking nonsense; indeed, as in all quarrels without real hatred, we made charges against each other that were the opposite of the truth. We said that the French were frivolous; and they said that we were gloomy. Now they see the gaiety of our soldiers and we see the deep seriousness of all France at this crisis of her fate. She, of all the nations at war, is fighting with the least help from illusion, with the least sense of glory and romance. To her the German invasion is like a pestilence; to defeat it is merely a necessity of her existence; and in defeating it she is showing the courage of doctors and nurses, that courage which is furthest removed from animal instinct and most secure from panic reaction. There is no sign in France now of the passionate hopes of the revolutionary wars; 1870 is between them and her; she has learnt, like no other nation in Europe, the great lesson of defeat, which is not to mix maerial dreams with spiritual; she has passed beyond illusions, yet her spirit is as high as if it were drunk with all the illusions of Germany.

And that is why we admire her as we have never admired a nation before. We ourselves are an old and experienced people, who have, we hope, outlived gaudy and dangerous dreams; but we have not been tested like the French, and we do not know whether we or any other nation could endure the test they have endured. It is not merely that they have survived and kept their strength. It is that they have a kind of strength new to nations,

such as we see in beautiful women who have endured great sorrows and outlived all the triumphs and passions of their youth, who smile where once they laughed, and yet they are more beautiful than ever, and seem to live with a purpose that is not only their own, but belongs to the whole of life. So now we feel that France is fighting not merely for her own honor and her own beautiful country, still less for a triumph over an arrogant rival, but for what she means to all the world; and that now she means far more than ever in the past.

This quarrel, as even the Germans confess, was not made by her. She saw it gathering, and she was as quiet as if she hoped to escape war by submission. The chance of revenge was offered as it had never been offered in forty years; yet she did not stir to grasp it. Her enemy gave every provocation, yet she stayed as still as if she were spiritless; and all the while she was the proudest nation on the earth, so proud that she did not need to threaten or boast. Then came the first failure, and she took it as if she had expected nothing better. She had to make war in a manner wholly contrary to her nature and genius, and she made it as if patience, not fire, were the main strength of her soul. Yet behind the new patience the old fire persisted; and the *furia francese* is only waiting for its chance. The Germans believe that they have determined all the conditions of modern war, and, indeed, of all modern competition between the nations, to suit their own national character. It is their age, they think, an age in which the qualities of the old peoples, England and France, are obsolete. They make war after their own pattern, and we have only to suffer it as long as we can. But France has learnt what she needs from Germany so that she may fight the German idea as well as the German armies; and when the German armies were checked before Paris there was an equal check to the German idea. Then the world, which was holding its breath, knew that the old nations, the old faith and mind and conscience of Europe, were still standing fast and that science had not utterly betrayed them all to the new barbarism. Twice before, at Tours and in the Catalaunian fields, there has been such a fight upon the soil of France, and now for the third time it is the heavy fate and the glory of France to be the guardian nation. That is not an accident, for France is still the chief treasury of all that these conscious barbarians would destroy. They know that while she stands unbroken there is a spirit in her that will make their Kultur seem unlovely to all the world. They know that in her, as in Athens long ago, thought remains passionate and disinterested and free. Their thought is German and exercised for German ends, like their army; but hers can forget France in the universe, and for that reason her armies and ours will fight for it as if the universe were at stake. Many forms has that thought taken, passing through disguises and errors, mocking at itself, mocking at the holiest things; and yet there has always been the holiness of freedom in it. The French blasphemer has never blasphemed against the idea of truth even when he mistook falsehood for it. In the Terror he said there was no God, because he believed there was none, but he never said that France was God so that he might encourage her to conquer the world. Voltaire was an imp of destruction perhaps, but with what a divine lightning of laughter would he have struck the Teutonic Antichrist, and how the everlasting soul of France would have risen in him if he could have seen her most sacred church, the visible sign of her faith and her genius, ruined by the German guns. Was there ever a stupidity so worthy of his scorn as this attempt to bombard the spirit? For, though the temple is ruined, the faith remains; and, whatever war the Germans may make upon the glory of the past, it is the glory of the future that France fights for. Whatever wounds she suffers now she is suffering for all mankind; and now, more than ever before in her history, are those words become true which one poet who loved her gave to her in the Litany of Nations crying to the earth:—

I am she that was thy sign and standard-bearer,
Thy voice and cry;
She that washed thee with her blood and left thee fairer,
The same am I.
Are not these the hands that raised thee fallen and fed thee,
These hands defiled?
Am not I thy tongue that spake, thine eye that led thee,
Not I thy child?

XII

A RETROSPECT OF THE WAR

[J. L. GARVIN]

[*Observer*, London, Eng., November 17, 1918. By permission.]

What shall it profit to have seen the whole world and forget—to have entered into all passion and wisdom only to lose both the golden and the iron keys to the things which have been. They are of the life of our life. Unless we grasp both keys now we shall never know the mind's true return to the secrets of its strength; we shall forfeit that which is part of the best force and depth of existence. The war seemed to destroy many memories of what went before it. The absorptions of the future will soon tend to destroy many memories of the war. For the sake of the future itself let us give at least this day to recollection. The difference between one human being and another, as between man and all other creatures, is largely a difference in power of remembrance—whereby we do not mean the lively mental retentiveness so often prized, and not without reason, but that moral seizure and imaginative hold which can turn the meaning and color of past experience into the very stuff and hue of character.

What is there not to remember? 'We live in thoughts not years, in deeds not breaths, in actions not in figures on a dial.' By that measure, we of this age who remain have all lived more than any in the times before us. We have crowded into a few years emotions, efforts and ordeals, tragedies and achievements, catastrophes and triumphs, convulsions of mankind and changes of the world such as were formerly stretched over generations or centuries. Once we had all dreamed of what it might have been to have lived with Pericles or Alexander, with Hannibal or Cæsar; to have known the early Crusades or their efflorescence in the thirteenth century; to have had part in the Renaissance or the Reformation, in the age of discovery, or in that of Elizabeth; to have breathed and stirred when Cromwell and Chatham did; or to have gone forward with events through the whole epic of Europe from the fall of the Bastille to the fall of Napoleon. In four years and four months we have passed through an age more wonderful and terrible than all these; and the sequel is a vista going beyond sight. Posterity will be interested forever in knowing what manner of men and women we were, in our traits and habits as we lived, and may much exaggerate us. Or may not. We have been great. We had to be. We may have been greater than we know. Much even about ourselves that will be clear to history is dim to us. Let us look back.

THE PRELUDE

This journal and its readers have passed together through nearly two hundred and thirty weeks of these unparalleled happenings and vicissitudes. Out of the vast welter of the struggle as it came and passed let us only evoke by passing glimpses again the things that chiefly shook our pulses and startled imagination. The prelude was very long. It lasted more than twenty years. The present writer vividly remembers when Bismarck was dismissed. The world felt a superstitious thrill, but soon forgot. The old Titan groaned and prophesied only to a pitying time which saw his weakness, but could not understand his somber, far-reaching vision of fatality.

The young Emperor, born in an evil hour to be the wrecker of mankind, filled the stage and cast himself in turn for every part. Strutting and gesturing, declaiming and orating, threatening and wheedling, he meddled with everything and bottomed nothing. With vivid folly, busy presumption, ungovernable impulse, he reversed the Bismarckian precepts. Half-Parsifal in his medieval moods, half-bagman in his modern, and egomaniac in all, he aspired to be the suzerain of the world. Throughout the first decade of this man's reign glad mothers, not knowing, were bringing forth those boys of all countries who are dead.

1914

The shadow stole over the world. The more the shadow darkened and widened, the more the world deceived itself by artificial lights. As the crisis drew very near, our Britain seemed at the worst

point of domestic faction and social triviality. All who loved her feared for her. We talked civil war, suffragettes, and tango. Had peace continued, we might have been undone with ignominy. Who can tell? Then what all men dreaded and what had been so long delayed and conjured anxiously away several times came with the suddenness of an explosion. The Archduke Ferdinand was assassinated. All combustible matter heaped in Europe for over forty years went up in thunder and flame. The camarillas of Potsdam and Vienna forced the issue and risked the war. A dozen men in secret conclave were able to resolve this horror. The final decision of the German Emperor alone was able to pronounce sentence of doom upon millions and millions of human lives and hearts. It was the red summer at last. Serbia, France, and Russia were engaged for the death-grapple.

On that first ever-memorable Sunday of August, 1914, we published our article, 'Honor or Shame.' Luxemburg was invaded, Belgium violated. Three Cabinet Councils were held. It was a day of solemn feeling, of almost unbearable tension. In the evening the die was cast. It was to be Honor, not Shame. Whatever might betide, we were then spiritually saved. The British Fleet—greatest and surest of all services—had already concentrated. Swiftly, silently, while all Germany was stamping and vaunting, it had grasped the power of the seas. The world, too, was saved beyond our knowing then.

That August was the month of pure faith and fervor and inspiration which we shall all remember to our latest breath. It lifted us above. We had found the heights of our souls again. The German hosts were sweeping down on France by all avenues, but chiefly through Belgium. What comes back? The crashing of Liége—the firing of Louvain—the tremendous array of the German march through Brussels—the sudden seizure of Namur—the retreat from Mons. All early hopes were shattered, but the stuff of the breed was already proved by the beloved 'Old Contemptibles.' We were heroic yet. But we would need all our heroism, and France hers. The French armies swung back and back from the northern frontier. When would it stop?

Could Paris be saved? Our hearts hung on the question. Do you remember? The struggle was to be worse than the most somber prophet had conceived. Then came the battles of the Marne and of Nancy—the days of suspense when our pulses seemed almost to stop beating—the deliverance. The invasion was stemmed. It was a crowning mercy for defense. But in their joy most amongst the Allies were deceived. On the other side of Europe the gallant Russian march into East Prussia to help the Western Allies—and it helped them—had been annihilated at Tannenberg. But in Galicia the Grand Duke was battering down the main Hapsburg armies. In Britain Lord Kitchener had set up the standard and by hundreds of thousands our men were rolling up for war faster than they could be equipped. From the Dominions and from foreign lands, from the furthest ends of the Empire and the earth the fighters of our blood were rallying to the cause. Nothing would ever be the same again.

Moltke minor is said to have told his master after the Battle of the Marne that the war was lost. But now Germany made her second effort, and it was greater than the first. It was in some ways her greatest. She added improvisation to preparation. She expanded her old armies faster than Britain could raise new ones. Her arsenals and factories poured out guns and munitions. With mightier masses she renewed. In the incredible sequel to the Marne the battles rolled out northward from the Aisne to the sea. Antwerp fell. The Allies had failed to outflank the Germans. In the battles of Arras and Ypres, the Germans threw themselves on the Allies' barrier and sacrificed hundreds of thousands of men in dense assaults, but could not break through. Never had Britain thought to be moved as she was moved when our own thin line strove and held and the Channel ports were saved. Never, never can we remember it enough. At sea Coronel was more than redeemed at the Falkland Islands. The Zeppelins attacked England on the Christmas Eve of 1914. Submarine piracy was soon to begin. The first phase was over. Armageddon was to be yet worse and worse, stranger and stranger than man had conceived. But the scale of heroism, effort, invention rose with the scale of devilry and horror.

We have yielded to temptation in dwelling on those early days. But this is a reverie, not a record. The rest must condense years into paragraphs.

1915

The first winter had darkened. The mud had deepened. The deadlock of trench warfare was fixed. We ourselves held that it would remain fixed for many a day. There was to be no break through by either side in the West. That was why we advocated the collateral and audacious employment of free strategy in the East to help the West. The hopes raised by Neuve Chapelle were a false dawn. The Western offensives in 1915 were all bloody and abortive. It was a year of glory and disaster. We remember the second battle of Ypres, the Canadians, the poison gas. It is like yesterday. We remember the desperation of Loos, which first showed what the civic armies of Britain in this war might yet be. The cry of the women and children when the *Lusitania* sank is still in our ears. We shall never cease to hear it.

In the East there was wide catastrophe just stopping short of total and irretrievable destruction. The Russian front was burst on the Dunajetz. The Grand Duke's armies were shattered right and left, driven back into the heart of their land. Fortresses were smashed like crockery. This was huge adversity for the Allies. By the autumn the retreat was stayed and Russia held a line. But a towering expectation of the early part of the war had toppled and disappeared. We could have no more hope of a Russian advance on Hungary and Silesia, on Vienna and Breslau, and Berlin. In spite of the glory of the Lancashire landing, of the Anzac fighting, and many glories, the Dardanelles expedition ended in the disaster of withdrawal. The Serbs, after holding their own brilliantly for more than a year, were crushed by Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria together. The first advance on Bagdad ended in the retreat to Kut.

It was a hard year. When it closed conscription was still delayed, in spite of Mr. Lloyd George's passionate struggle. The formation of the Coalition Government had at least made him Minister of Munitions. It was the saving change. Italy had entered the war. Many divisions of our new army were now in France. The Allies, though too late for the immediate purpose, had landed at Salonika, the key to much. The first submarine menace was well dealt with. All the while the blockade and slaughter were wearing down the enemy. Slowly the mills of God were grinding.

1916

This was in a military sense a year of supreme drama, only equaled in that character by the furious opening of the war and by its astonishing close. With the Grand Duke Nicholas's capture of Erzerum light seemed to break from the East. Again, false dawn. Hope and agony were to struggle to the end as never before in the fortunes of men. Much else may we be tempted to forget in the times to come, but never the deadly peril and immortal defense of Verdun—never our New Armies' contempt of death, their outpouring of blood, that triumph of soul-stuff and body-fiber in their first full grapple with the German armies. Never can we forget the epic of France, the epic of Britain. And we drove back the German Fleet in the Battle of Jutland. Brussiloff swept the Austrians before him, capturing hundreds of thousands of prisoners. Italy stopped the invasion from the north and turned to storm Gorizia. Verdun was saved. Roumania entered the war. It seemed that the hour had come for the Salonika expedition to strike in unison. By now Germany's colonial empire was totally extinguished.

Never had the Allied prospects shone so bright. German confidence shook to its foundations. We remember August, 1916, as like the fair face of Heaven. In six weeks it was black with cloud. Germany made her third great effort. Hindenburg and Ludendorf were called to the head of affairs with practically absolute powers of dictatorship over military and civil affairs alike. The Roumanians were swept out of Transylvania and crushed utterly. Extraordinary efforts of standardized construction prepared the means for the greatest danger this country had ever faced—the crowning submarine campaign. Never in the war had there been a more somber and difficult hour than when Mr. Lloyd George became Prime Minister nearly two years ago.

1917

After nearly three years of it, when we thought every capacity for wonder and emotion well-nigh exhausted, possibility seemed to reach the climax of amazement and happiness when Tsarism disappeared in a night and America entered the war. The effect of these two things coming together was beyond expression. We all remember that we felt it so. The hour which America's entry made the deepest was the least articulate. But of these twin prodigies, the promise of the one would take at least a year to mature into fighting shape; the promise of the other veiled an abyss. Submarine piracy was in frightful swing. Accompanied by ghastly destruction, the Hindenburg retreat to new fortifications was a most masterly and formidable manœuver. We could not compensate for this by Vimy and Messines, splendid as they were, still less by the dull self-murder of the Passchendaele offensive. At Cambrai stroke was matched by counter-stroke. General Nivelle's offensive had come short in a way that laid lead on the heart of France. Russia collapsed in wild anarchy. Russia was out of the war.

Everywhere amongst the Allies the nerves of the feeble gave way within them. Joining the defeatists, they raised a white flag of parley with 'Stockholm' written on it. They called for the peace by negotiation which could have been nothing but a German victory. After three years' fighting that was the deadliest hour of moral danger. Thank God for ever that the heart and will and fiber of the nation held firm then under its indomitable leader, the Prime Minister. He was able to wrest the talisman of victory out of the very jaws of disaster. After the Italian armies were broken on the Isonzo—soon to rally on the Piave—he secured the interknitting of the Allies' Western forces and the first definite measures towards a unified command. At the same time the glorious veteran, M. Clemenceau, became Prime Minister of France. The British had captured Bagdad in the spring of the year and Jerusalem at the end of it. But when it closed the Brest-Litovsk negotiations had begun. Russia and all the East far towards the approaches to India were at the feet of Germany, and America was not yet ready.

1918—ANNUS MIRABILIS

Of latest things we will say least, but history will dwell as amply on the events of this year as upon any in the range of time. Where all these war-years were years of wonders, this 1918, which is still with us, was chosen to surpass. It will tower by itself like a landmark in all human annals. When it opened, the worst was still to come. Nothing in the records of war approaches the stupendous revulsions of fortune in the last phase. Strained now close to the very limit of endurance, Germany was still capable, with all her concentrated force, of one further mighty effort, and no more. The British were driven back; the Channel ports were in peril. The French were driven back; Paris was in danger of being laid waste quarter by quarter. Nearly four years of it had brought us in all outer appearance only to the supreme ordeal. Yet in less than four months from the middle of July the whole Central League had crashed and disappeared in one engulfing chaos of surrender and revolution. From Palestine and Mesopotamia, through the Balkans and Italy to the West, victory on victory for the Allies and America accomplished in a hundred days the military annihilation of every enemy.

In the West, without the speeding-up of the American reserves and without their battling manhood, the Allies could never have done it. Without the French and British Armies at the top of their skill in leadership and their stern grandeur in action, the Associates never could have done it. Without the British Fleet no member of the League of Liberty could have done anything in the hundred days of triumph and amazement. But every people, great and small, in that League helped to do it. But, above all, the Coalition conquered at last in four months because with the old lamp in their hands all the while, at last they rubbed it and the spirit appeared. After nearly four years they established on Mr. Lloyd George's initiative the unified command, and found in Marshal Foch a genius to wield it. War shall perish, but while the world lasts never shall die the influence of these examples of heroism and energy, of sacrifice and fortitude, of long, stark endurance, tested unto the darkest hour and, when found faithful, then crowned by the

radiance of achievement. From this the unceasing generations will draw strength for duties far other than that dread but sacred task which has been fulfilled through our hands. It is done.

XIII

WILL MARKS EVER RECOVER?

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES

[*New York Evening Post* April 9, 1921. Copyright 1921, by *New York Evening Post*, Inc. By permission.]

LONDON, March 27.—The object of this article is to deal with a popular mistake about the foreign exchanges which seems to be extremely common. It is popularly supposed that the future of the exchange value of a country's currency chiefly depends upon its intrinsic wealth in the form of natural resources and an industrious population, and that a far-sighted man is right to expect an ultimate recovery in the value of its money if the country looks likely to enjoy in the long run commercial or industrial or agricultural strength. The speculator in Rumanian lei keeps up his spirits by thinking of the vast resources of that country in corn and oil, and finds it hard to believe that Rumanian money can in the long run be worth less than the money of, say, Switzerland. The speculator in German marks bases his hopes on the immense industry and skill of the German people, which must, he feels, enable her to pull round in the long run.

Yet this way of thinking is fallacious. If the conclusion of the argument was that, in the long run, the Rumanian peasant and the Rumanian proprietor ought to be able to live comfortably; or that an industrial nation like Germany must be able to survive, the conclusion might be sensible. But the conclusion that certain pieces of paper called banknotes must for these reasons come to be more valuable than they are now is a different kind of conclusion altogether, and does not necessarily follow from the former. France was the richest country in the world, not excepting England, when in the last decade of the eighteenth century her paper money, the *assignats*, fell, after five years' violent fluctuations, to be worth nothing at all on the bourses of Lisbon and Hamburg.

War, revolution, or a failure of the sources of the national wealth generally begins the depreciation of a paper currency. But the recovery of this money to its former value need not result when the original calamity has passed away. A recovery can only come about by the deliberate policy of the Government, and there are generally weighty reasons against adopting such a policy. In the case of the money of the French revolution, the depreciated notes were simply swept away, and their place taken by a new currency of gold. I do not remember any case in history in which a very greatly depreciated currency has subsequently recovered its former value. Perhaps the best instance to the contrary is that of the American greenbacks after the Civil War, which eventually recovered to their gold parity; but in their case the maximum degree of the depreciation was moderate in comparison with recent instances. The various sound currencies existing throughout the world in the years before the war had not always existed, and had been established, many of them, upon the débris of earlier irretrievable debasements.

For it may not be in a country's interest to restore its depreciated money, and a suppression of the old money may be better than its resuscitation. A return even of former prosperity may be quite compatible with a collapse in the value of the former currency to nothing at all.

Let me apply some of these considerations to the case of the German mark. As I write, there are about 250 marks to the pound; but within the last twelve months the rate has been as high as 360 and as low as 120. As the par value of the mark is 20 to the pound, German banknotes are now worth less than a tenth of their nominal value. Even without a Bolshevik Government matters can be much worse than this; for the banknotes of Poland or Austria are worth less than a hundredth of their nominal value. But for the purposes of our argument let us take the less extreme case of Germany.

Now it is well known that at the present time there are many causes at work which are tending to make the value of the mark progressively worse even than it is at present. The expenditure of the

Government is about three times its revenue, and the deficit is largely made up by printing additional notes, a process which every one agrees must diminish the value of the notes; Germany's commercial exports (i. e., excluding deliveries under the treaty), although showing some substantial recovery from the worst, are still short of her absolutely essential imports, and thus the balance of trade is against her; the economic condition of her neighbors, Russia and the fragments of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire, which used to be her best customers, make impossible any early revival of trade with them on the pre-war scale; and these very adverse conditions are present and operative, in spite of the fact that as yet Germany is not making current payments on account of reparation up to the standard, or anything like it, of even the most moderate proposals for a settlement of the Allies' demands. If and when these demands materialize in payments, the difficulties of the budget and the difficulties of the trade balance are certain to be aggravated.

But let us put aside these considerations for the moment and look a little further ahead. Most of those who look for a recovery of the mark are not thinking of this year, or even, probably, of next. They believe that ultimately Germany will pull round, and that when this occurs the mark will recover also.

Now, though the process of the depreciation of money (i. e., the rise of prices) is easy though painful, the reverse process of appreciation (i. e., the fall of prices) though difficult, is also painful. The upset to the economic organization of a country caused by falling prices is quite as bad, as we have all been finding out lately, as the upset caused by rising prices. Both are bad; but once we have suffered the evils of rising prices, they are not obliterated by following them up with the evils of falling prices. This applies everywhere, but in Germany there are two special considerations which it is my particular purpose to emphasize in this article.

Germany has a national debt which now amounts to 350 milliards of paper marks, and is likely to amount to a still higher figure before equilibrium has been obtained in her national finances. If the mark were to double in value—far more if it were to increase tenfold—the money burden of the service of this debt would remain the same, but its real burden would be proportional to the increase in the value of the mark. The portion of the German revenue (measured in goods) which would have to be paid over as interest to the holders of the German national debt, would be increased in the same proportion. That is to say, German resources, which would otherwise be available, in part at least, for reparation, would be diverted to the German propertied classes. The Allies would hardly allow this. Yet the only alternative, a partial or complete repudiation of the German debt, is a precedent which they might hesitate to encourage.

Furthermore, the holders of the German public debt, who are mostly Germans, are not the only persons into whose pockets an improvement in the value of the mark would put a great deal of money. There are also the foreign speculative holders of German currency. It has been estimated by the experts of the German Government that the amount of German money held abroad and of credits granted to Germany by foreigners, by far the greater part being in terms of paper marks, amounts to about 70 milliards of paper marks, of which something less than half is held in the form of actual German paper money. We can probably reckon, therefore, that the amount of German bank notes and bank balances held more or less speculatively outside Germany is not less than 50 milliards of paper marks. At the rate of exchange (250 marks equalling £1) these holdings are worth £200,000,000. But at par they would be worth £2,500,000,000, and even at 100 marks equalling £1 they would be worth £500,000,000. As a speculative holding of German notes yields the holder no interest, he presumably does not intend to keep them as a permanent investment, and is only waiting for an opportunity of realizing them at a profit. A permanent improvement in the value of the mark would entail, therefore, paying over to foreign speculators very large sums of money which would otherwise be available for reparation. There would be no great advantage to Germany in this; and the Allies would hardly allow the claims of the speculators to rank in front of reparation.

In addition, therefore, to all the usual difficulties of reinstating a fallen currency, there are strong reasons in the case of Germany for thinking that a reinstatement cannot be undertaken. Germany has two classes of foreign creditors to deal with—the Allies who have reparation claims which are expressed in terms of gold marks; and the foreign speculative holders of German bank balances and of German currency which are in terms of paper marks. To increase the value of the paper mark in relation to the gold mark benefits the latter at the expense of the former. It is not particularly in the interest of the German Government to pay over huge sums to foreign speculators, and it is decidedly contrary to the interests of the Allied Governments. Whatever temporary fluctuations there may be, it is therefore extremely unlikely to happen.

I do not expect, therefore, a permanent recovery in the value of the German paper mark. Possibly it might be stabilized at some very high figure to the pound sterling. But if the Allies persevere with their reparation demands, the mark is much more likely to continue its fall, until the final stage is reached, when the simplest and most sensible course will seem to be to discard it altogether in favor of some new unit. Many a small holder of mark notes all over the world will keep them, I do not doubt, until, not for the first time in the history of paper money, they have become a valueless curiosity. And all this may happen, even though in the end Germany recovers a considerable measure of her economic strength.

XIV

THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD

A. J. BALFOUR

[*Landmark*, London, Eng., January, 1919. By permission.]

[*This speech was delivered by* MR. BALFOUR *at the first public meeting of the English-Speaking Union, held in the form of a luncheon given to a group of American Editors at the Criterion Restaurant on Friday, October* 11, 1918.]

As President of this Society and as Chairman this afternoon, it falls to me to undertake the honorable duty of proposing the health of our guests and giving them a warm welcome on the occasion of their visit to this country. We rejoice to see them amongst us, and we particularly rejoice because the moment of their visit has been happily timed to coincide with what I think we may call without undue or arrogant optimism a most favorable moment in the military development of the situation. Great indeed is the change between March and October. I do not know that in any six or seven months of history so great and dramatic a transformation has taken place on so heroic a scale for dealing with issues so momentous for the future of the world. We are all fortunate in being witnesses of it, and I think we may say that our friends and guests who have come from the United States at such a moment are fortunate in the occasion of their coming.

I do not pretend for a moment that our difficulties are at an end or nearly at an end. I shall be profoundly disappointed indeed if the tide of victory now rising strongly in our direction ever receives a serious set-back from the efforts of our enemies. I am confident that what we began to do so successfully in July and carried on with increasing good fortune in August, September, and the early part of the present month, is no accidental or momentary success, but in truth represents the growing strength of the Allies as compared with the waning strength of our opponents, and if that be so, and if my estimate of the situation be not too sanguine, then the problem before us is not to resolve whether we shall or shall not make up our minds as to whether we shall or shall not win the war, for that seems ever clearer, but whether we shall ever use victory that is within our grasp for the best purpose, for the moment, for the next few difficult years, and last but not least, for posterity, whose fate depends upon our efforts.

We have to make a right peace, and I do not think that a right peace is of itself a very easy thing to make.

Our enemies, who, I may parenthetically remark, are attempting to change their constitution, appear to have no notion that what we want is not so much a change of the formal apparatus of Government, as a change in the hearts by which that Government is to be directed and animated.

and if we are to judge, and surely we may judge without unfairness of a man's heart by what he does, I would ask you whether those who have made mankind pale with horror over their early barbarities and brutal excesses in Belgium, show the least sign after four years of war that they have in any material respect improved their disposition. Brutes they were when they began the war, and as far as I can judge, brutes they remain at the present moment.

I speak perhaps with a warmth of indignation, unbefitting a Foreign Secretary, but with the news of this outrage in the Irish Channel, of which I have just been getting—I won't say the details, but a rough outline from my gallant friend on my left, Admiral Sims, I confess that I find it difficult to measure my epithets, for if I rightly understand the story, this Irish packet boat, crammed as it always is with men, women and children, in broad daylight, was deliberately torpedoed by a German submarine. It was carrying no military stores; it was serving no military end. It was pure barbarism, pure frightfulness, deliberately carried out, and one would have thought that those who after all brought in America to their own undoing by crimes of this sort, would have shrunk a little from repeating them at a moment when their fate is to be decided by America perhaps even more than by any of the other co-belligerents.

I cannot measure the wicked folly of the proceedings of which they have been guilty, and yet let us not forget that that is only one and not the most destructive, most cowardly, or most brutal thing which, at this moment, when they are asking for peace, they are perpetrating upon the helpless civilians or still more helpless prisoners of war.

I wish I could think that these atrocious crimes were the crimes of a small dominant military caste. I agree that the direction of policy, the direction of national policy, may be in the hands of a small caste, but it is incredible that crimes like this, perpetrated in the light of day, known to all mankind from one end of the civilized world to the other, should go on being repeated month after month through four years of embittered warfare, if it did not commend itself to the population which commits them.

However, gentlemen, it was not of that I was going to speak. I was led from the course of my speech, such as it was, by the reflection suggested by this most tragic and deplorable episode. What I rather wanted to say to you and to say to our friends and guests is, that, as peace approaches, when peace comes to be considered, and when that period of reconstruction comes when peace is arranged, all sorts of new difficulties are bound to arise which it will require the tact and the judgment of statesmen to get over, and, if I may say so, to our guests, the coöperation, the loyal and effective coöperation, of the great newspapers of the world, to see it carried through.

The poet, as we all know, has said that peace has her victories as well as war. Let me say that the victories of peace will be at least as hard to accomplish as the victories of war. They will put a great strain upon all the higher moral and intellectual qualities of the peoples concerned, and even the great struggle in which we have all been engaged.

I know, and I think you all know that I know, from watching to the best of my ability the utterances of the German Press, that what they count upon now, and what they have always counted upon, is jealousy and disagreement between their opponents. It is the sort of calculation which appeals to them. It is a sort of calculation which has a kind of external plausibility, and unless it be watched, may even have an element of reality in it. They say to themselves the union of the great English-speaking peoples is the most formidable factor we have had to deal with in this war, but that won't last. There are old causes of difference between these two great branches of one civilization. Both are at the moment great commercial and industrial nations. Both possess and aim at—and rightly aim at—a commerce spreading over the world. Britian, which used to be supreme in the matter of mercantile marine, now sees growing up on the other side of the Atlantic a mercantile marine of unlimited size. Here, say our German friends, here are elements which in a short time, when the first intoxication of victory is over, may well produce differences of opinion between our opponents, from which we shall profit. I believe myself that there never was a shallower miscalculation.

We members of the English-speaking Union do not regard ourselves as the missionaries and apostles of a losing or difficult cause. We regard ourselves as simply embodying, in an organization, a real union which already exists—a union which exists, which is growing and which, to the infinite benefit of the world, as I think, is predestined to grow for generations. I am one of those who believe that civilization is to be ministered to by permitting nations of different genius each to develop that genius in their own way, each, therefore, to contribute intellectual and moral pleasures of mankind, and I therefore do not wish to see all the world molded into one form of culture, and if I had the power I would not attempt to do what the Germans attempted to do, which is, to spread one particular type of culture over the whole of a reluctant humanity. That I think is folly.

But at the same time, let me add this, that while there are, and doubtless will always be, differences of outlook between the various branches of the English-speaking peoples, whether they belong to the peoples of the United States or to these small islands, or to the great self-governing Dominions of the British Empire, there will always be difference, born of differences of environment, born from historical causes, born of the countless subtle elements which do gradually produce that curious entity, national character.

Granting all that, there is, I believe, such a thing as the English-speaking method of looking at the great affairs of mankind, and that that outlook is of infinite value to the freedom and progress of the world, and can only be truly accomplished if there be inner harmony, inner affection and inner regard between all the elements of all the great English-speaking communities, of which everybody in this room is a citizen and member.

That is my conviction, and if there was or could be any doubt that that intimate union is natural, is right, is fruitful for the good of the world, and if there could have been any doubt that that union of hearts was destined to be permanent, those doubts would surely be dissipated by the events of the last few months.

Nothing after all binds people closer together than the consciousness of great deeds done in common, great acts of heroism performed side by side, great services to humanity carried out with brotherly coöperation. That consciousness all of us have now in the highest measure. That consciousness will grow and history will embalm it. It will become part of our national and international tradition, and it will make happier, easier, and far more glorious that union which we exist to promote, that union which is based upon mutual respect, a common love of freedom, a common language, common laws, common literature, and which has in it such infinite potential good for the benefit of mankind.

Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to ask you to drink with me to the health of the representatives of the great American Press who are now over here upon their visit. May every good fortune attend them, and may they go back with kindly thoughts of the country which desires nothing more than to give them generous hospitality.

XV

TRADITION

JOSEPH CONRAD

[*Daily Mail*, London, Eng., March 8, 1918. By permission.]

Work is the law. Like iron that lying idle about degenerates into a mass of useless rust, like water that in an unruffled pool sickens into a stagnant and corrupt state, so without action the spirit of men turns to a dead thing, loses its force, ceases to inspire us to leave some trace of ourselves on this earth. The sense of the above lines does not belong to me. It may be found in the note-books of one of the greatest artists that ever lived, Leonardo da Vinci. It has a simplicity and a truth which no amount of subtle comment can destroy.

The Master who had meditated so deeply on the rebirth of arts and sciences, on the inward beauty of all things—ships' lines, women's faces—and on the visible aspects of nature was profoundly right in his pronouncement on the work that is done on the Earth. From the hard work of men are born the sympathetic consciousness of a common destiny, the fidelity to right practice which makes great craftsmen, that sense of right conduct which we may call honor, the devotion to

our calling and the idealism which is not a misty, winged angel without eyes, but a divine figure of terrestrial aspect with a clear glance and with its feet resting firmly on the earth on which it was born.

And work will overcome all evil, except ignorance which is the condition of humanity and, like the ambient air, fills the space between the various sorts and conditions of men, which breeds hatred, fear, and contempt between the masses of mankind and puts on men's lips, on their innocent lips, words that are thoughtless and vain.

Thoughtless, for instance, were the words that (in all innocence, I believe) came on the lips of a prominent statesman making in the House of Commons an eulogistic reference to the British Merchant Service. In this name I include men of diverse status and origin, who live on and by the sea, by it exclusively, outside all professional pretensions and social formulas, men for whom not only their daily bread but their collective character, their personal achievement, and their individual merit come from the sea. Those words of the statesman were meant kindly; but, after all, this is not a complete excuse. Rightly or wrongly, we expect from a man of national importance a larger, at the same time a more scrupulous precision of speech, for it is possible that it may go echoing down the ages. His words were:—

'It is right when thinking of the Navy not to forget the men of the Merchant Service, who have shown—and it is more surprising because they have had no traditions towards it—courage as great, etc., etc.'

And then he went on talking of the execution of Captain Fryatt, an event of undying memory, but less connected with the permanent, unchangeable conditions of sea service than with the wrong view German minds delight in taking of Englishmen's psychology. The enemy, he said, meant by this atrocity to frighten our sailors away from the sea.

'What has happened?' he goes on to ask. 'Never at any time in peace have sailors stayed so short a time ashore or shown such a readiness to step again into a ship.'

Which means, in other words, that they answered to the call. I should like to know at what time of history the English Merchant Service, the great body of merchant seamen, had failed to answer the call. Noticed or unnoticed, ignored or commended, they have answered invariably the call to do their work, the very conditions of which made them what they are. They have always served the nation's needs through their own invariable fidelity to the demands of their special life; but with the development and complexity of material civilization they grew less prominent to the nation's eye among all the vast schemes of national industry. Never was the need greater and the call to the service more urgent than to-day. And those inconspicuous workers on whose qualities depends so much of the national welfare have answered it without dismay, facing risk without glory, in the perfect faithfulness to that tradition which the speech of the statesman denies to them at the very moment when he thinks fit to raise their courage . . . and mention his surprise!

The hour of opportunity has struck—not for the first time—for the Merchant Service; and if I associate myself with all my heart in the admiration and the praise which is the greatest reward of brave men I must be excused from joining in any sentiment of surprise. It is perhaps because I have not been born to the inheritance of that tradition which has yet fashioned the fundamental part of my character in my young days that I am so consciously aware of it and venture to vindicate its existence in this outspoken manner.

Merchant seamen have always been what they are now, from their earliest days, and before the Royal Navy had been fashioned out of the material they furnished for the hands of kings and statesmen. Their work has made them, as work undertaken with single-minded devotion makes men, giving to their achievement that vitality and continuity in which their souls are expressed, tempered and measured through the succeeding generations. In its simplest definition the work of merchant seamen has been to take ships entrusted to their care from port to port across the seas; and, from the highest to the lowest, to watch and labor with devotion for the safety of the property and the lives committed to their skill and fortitude through the hazards of innumerable voyages.

That was always the clear task, the single aim, the simple ideal, the only problem for an unselfish solution. The terms of it have changed with the years, its risks have worn different aspects from time to time. There are no longer any unexplored seas. Human ingenuity has devised better means to meet the dangers of natural forces. But it is always the same problem. The youngsters who were growing up at the sea at the end of my service are commanding ships now. At least I have heard of some of them who do. And whatever the shape and power of their ships the character of the duty remains the same. A mine or a torpedo that strikes your ship is not so very different from a sharp, uncharted rock tearing her life out of her in another way. At a greater cost of vital energy, under the well-nigh intolerable stress of vigilance and resolution, they are doing steadily the work of their professional forefathers in the midst of multiplied dangers. They go to and fro across the oceans on their everlasting task; the same men, the same stout hearts, the same fidelity to an exacting tradition created by simple toilers who in their time knew how to live and die at sea.

Allowed to share in this work and in this tradition for something like twenty years, I am bold enough to think that perhaps I am not altogether unworthy to speak of it. It was the sphere not only of my activity but, I may safely say, also of my affections; but after such a close connection it is very difficult to avoid bringing in one's own personality. Without looking at all at the aspects of the Labor problem, I can safely affirm that I have never, never seen British seamen refuse any risk, any exertion, any effort of spirit or body up to the extremest demands of their calling. Years ago—it seems ages ago—I have seen the crew of a British ship fight the fire in the cargo for a whole sleepless week and then, with her decks blown up, I have seen them, still continue the fight to save the floating shell. And at last I have seen them refuse to be taken off by a vessel standing by, and this only in order 'to see the last of our ship,' at the word, at the simple word, of a man who commanded them, a worthy soul, indeed, but of no heroic aspect. I have seen that. I have shared their days in small boats. Hard days. Ages ago. And now let me mention a story of today.

I will try to relate it here mainly in the words of the chief engineer of a certain steamship which, after bunkering, left Lerwick bound for Iceland. The weather was cold, the sea pretty rough, with a stiff head wind. All went well till next day about 1.30 P. M., the captain sighted a suspicious object far away to starboard. Speed was increased at once to close in with the Faroes and good look-outs were set fore and aft. Nothing further was seen of the suspicious object, but about half-past three without any warning the ship was struck amidships by a torpedo which exploded in the bunkers. None of the crew was injured by the explosion, and all hands, without exception, behaved admirably.

The chief officer with his watch managed to lower the No. 3 boat. Two other boats had been shattered by the explosion, and though another life-boat was cleared and ready, there was no time to lower it, and 'some of us jumped while others were washed overboard. Meantime the captain had been busy handing lifebelts to the men and cheering them up with words and smiles, with no thought of his own safety.' The ship went down in less than four minutes. The captain was the last man on board going down with her, and was sucked under. On coming up he was caught under an upturned boat to which five hands were clinging. 'One lifeboat,' says the chief engineer, 'which was floating empty in the distance was cleverly manœuvered to our assistance by the steward, who swam off to her pluckily. Our next endeavor was to release the captain, who was entangled under the boat. As it was impossible to right her, we set to split her side open with the boat hook, because by awful bad luck the head of the ax we had flew off at the first blow and was lost. The work took thirty minutes, and the extricated captain was in a pitiable condition, being badly bruised and having swallowed a lot of salt water. He was unconscious. While at that work the submarine came to the surface quite close and made a complete circle round us, the seven men which we counted on the conning tower laughing at our efforts.

'There were eighteen of us saved. I deeply regret the loss of the chief officer,

a fine fellow and a kind shipmate showing splendid promise. The other men lost —one A. B., one greaser, and two firemen —were quiet, conscientious, good fellows.'

With no restoratives in the boat, they endeavored to bring the captain round by means of massage. Meantime the oars were got out in order to reach the Faroes, which were about 30 miles dead to windward, but after about nine hours' hard work they had to desist, and, putting out the sea-anchor, they took shelter under the canvas boat-cover from the cold wind and torrential rain. Says the narrator: 'We were all very wet and miserable, and decided to have two biscuits all round. The effects of this and being under the shelter of the canvas warmed us up and made us feel pretty well contented. At about sunrise the captain showed signs of recovery, and by the time the sun was up he was looking a lot better, much to our relief.'

After being informed of what had been done the revived captain 'dropped a bombshell in our midst' by proposing to make for the Shetlands, which were *only* 150 miles off. 'The wind is in our favor,' he said. 'I will take you there. Are you all willing?' This—comments the chief engineer—'from a man who but a few hours previously had been hauled back from the grave!' The captain's confident manner inspired them, and they all agreed. Under the best possible conditions a boat-run of 150 miles in the North Atlantic and in winter weather would have been a feat of no mean merit, but in the circumstances it required a man of uncommon nerve and skill to make such a proposal. With an oar for a mast and the boat-cover cut down for a sail they started on their dangerous journey, with the boat compass and the stars for their guide. The captain's undaunted serenity buoyed them all up against despondency. He told them what point he was making for. It was Ronas Hill—'and we struck it as straight as a die.'

The chief engineer commends also the ship steward for the manner in which he made the little food they had last, the cheery spirit he manifested, and the great help he was to the captain by keeping the men in good humor. That trusty man had 'his hands cruelly chafed with the rowing, but it never damped his spirits.'

They made Ronas Hill (as straight as a die), and the chief engineer cannot express the feeling of gratitude and relief they all experienced when they set their feet on the shore. He praises the unbounded kindness of the people in Hillswick. 'It seemed to us all like *Paradise Regained*,' he says, concluding his letter with the words:

'And there was our captain, just his usual self, as if nothing had happened, as if bringing the boat that hazardous journey and being the means of saving eighteen souls was to him an everyday occurrence.'

Such is the chief engineer's testimony to the continuity of the old tradition of the sea, which made by the work of men has in its turn created for them their simple ideal of conduct.

XVI

MANNERS MAKYTH MAN

[*New York Times*, April 16, 1921. By permission.]

William of Wykeham has somewhat lost caste in a democratic age because of his insistence upon manners as the maker of manhood, but he had this in his favor, that the institutions he founded were calculated to develop not merely the social graces but hearty character. His school at Winchester and his 'new' college at Oxford fixed a type of educational life that England has since developed but has hardly been able to better. In President Emeritus Eliot's remarks before the Harvard Dames the censure of modern manners dwells almost exclusively upon proprieties.

As a greeting over the telephone Dr. Eliot characterizes 'Hello, Bess!' as 'unheard of in my youth.' So also, he adds, was the telephone. But it was during his prime that the telephone extended its hold on life. If we have now no better word than 'Hello!' for establishing vocal connection, are the youths of today to blame? The locution is firmly grounded in our usage, even the best usage; nor would it be easy to improve on it. On the grounds of clearness and force it is preferable to the rather futile 'Are you there?' of the English, as also on the ground of that simplicity and ease which are the essentials of what rhetoricians

strangely call 'elegance.' But perhaps the offense is in the abbreviation of the lady's name.

It cannot be denied that men nowadays smoke all over the house and even in the street or in an automobile in the presence of ladies. Yes, even some gentlemen do so. But surely the Harvard Dames are aware that the use of tobacco by women is becoming similarly ubiquitous, and that when a gentleman keeps to his cigar it is with the advice and consent of the women folk. The difference is not so much of manners as of custom. It is likewise true that young folk are given to a racy vernacular which may fairly be called slang; that boys and girls 'touch. tap and even shove each other,' and that many topics are discussed between them which were taboo in the days of Victoria. But here again one must be careful to distinguish between a mere difference of custom or convention and essential bad manners. Drunkenness may be less a matter of shame than it was, but it is far less prevalent—and was so before prohibition. This modern mood of youth is a theme as yet unresolved; one must wait a while before condemning it as mere cacophony. Least of all can one condemn it as essentially bad manners because it was once unheard of.

There are, however, certain respects in which manners, and the manners that indicate qualities of character and of heart, are clearly in a decline. Many years ago, under the Presidency of Dr. Eliot, a Harvard senior took note of the first time the library door was allowed to fly in his face by the man who went in before him. It was the era in which the old New England college became a truly national university. Today in any of our cities one may hold open a door and an endless stream of women will flow by with no hand extended to take up the torch of courtesy. In trolley and subway the man who gives up his seat is a curiosity—and is generally regarded by his fellow-males as an offense. Some men have the shame to hide behind their newspapers. The device has its dangers, as one passenger found when a lurch of the car broke down his disguise by throwing his wife into his lap. But many or most take the chance.

All this is a matter of what William of Wykeham meant by manners—a matter of character and sensibility. It is the fault of no age or generation, but apparently an incident of our teeming democracy. The struggle against it is so arduous that perhaps it might better be abandoned. That at least was the conclusion of one man of gentle aspirations who held the door of a shop open with admirable forbearance—but ended by letting it fly full in the face of a gentlewoman with a gold mesh bag and lorgnette.

XVII

EARLY SOUTH DAKOTANS

[*New York Times*, April 24, 1921. By permission.]

In the dark backward and abysm of time, when the area of warm weather stretched from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic, South Dakota had a marvelous menagerie. Dr. O'Harra, President of the South Dakota School of Mines, tells us all about it in his meaty and charmingly illustrated book on *The White River Badlands*. The name, borrowed from the French and Indians, means merely a country hard to travel in. The White River Badlands are mainly in Southwestern South Dakota. Their most original and striking scenery, the Big Badlands, is between the White and the Cheyenne, southeast of the Black Hills. Sheep Mountain and the Great Wall are its most famous monuments. Those pinnacles and towers and turrets, those canyons and rock temples and cathedrals, those fantasies of erosion and many-colored brilliancies, are among the wonders of the United States and the world.

In the long result of geological time the salt sea disappeared, marshland and delta, river and forest came; and distinguished early South Dakotans amused themselves. Of these, the Titanothers are our personal favorites. They were about the size of modern elephants, copious of such teeth as vegetarians needed. The fellow in the American Museum of Natural History must have been 14 feet long and 8 feet high. The Titanother looks somewhat like a rhinoceros. He is said to have been stupid. The world has always been unjust to giants. The Brontotherium, or thunder beast, deserves his name. He is not pretty in his photographs. One

would n't care to meet him, but there were no humans to have that privilege.

The Titanothers are a warning against precocity. They developed too quickly. We only know them for perhaps half a million years. Then they went. No admirer of cats could ask for anything better than the saber-tooth tiger, with his two sword-like canine teeth of the upper jaw. Hoplophoneus, about as big as a leopard, was the most gifted of these pets. Besides his dental battery he 'had a strong body, stout neck and legs, and highly developed strong retractile claws.' Even the dogs had cats' claws in those days. Our saber-tooth friend seems to have picked a fight with everything that came in his way and his favorite dish was the thick-skinned rhinoceros. The Badlands were rich in rhinoceroses. The early, true rhinoceros was light-limbed and hornless, built like a tapir. Another early South Dakotan rhinoceros was much like our hippopotamus. The modern rhinoceros is not particularly engaging, but one must venerate him, according to the Upanishads and Josiah Royce, for he is the model of a philosopher from his passion for solitude.

Moropus cooki, a sort of horse-rhinoceros, with stalwart claws for defense and pulling down trees, is perhaps as 'quaint-looking' a thing as ever came out of actual natural history or even the medieval bestiaries, if we except Synodyoceras cooki, a ruminant with two pairs of horns on his ingenuous countenance, one above his eyes and curving toward each other, the other half way between the nostrils and the eyes and curving away from each other. If he ever fell into the habit of regarding his beauty in the brook-mirrors of the period, he must have pined away like Narcissus. He had too many horns. The wicked in a dry world complain that they have too few. By the way, if we may travel into Northwestern Nebraska, there we find those curious tapering upright spirals known as Devil's Corkscrews. The corkscrew is often taller than a man. How did such accursed remembrances get into Mr. Bryan's State?

One would like to linger over the South Dakotan 'ruminating hog,' but the camel is now the only beast, the only true emblem of our time. He is a native American. He is one of our oldest families. South Dakota and its neighbors used to be full of primitive camels, then guiltless of rubber pads for their feet, 'fleshy humps for their backs and water pockets for their stomachs.' A camel without a water pocket—think of that and rejoice in evolution! The one-humped and the two-humped camel of Africa and Asia are emigrants from the United States. Here their ancestors lived for millions of years. From the United States, too, the other tribe, the llamas, emigrated to the South American highlands.

All the Badlands horses save one kind had three toes. How many million years did it take for the horse to condense his toes and perfect his teeth and grow from the size of a rabbit? For millions of years millions of them roamed the plains. There was nobody to ride them. Contemplating the ample and leisurely history of life, can't one learn to take 'the calm and long view'? Remembering this interminable succession of ages and knowing that the sun's candles will not be burned out for some time yet, we Americans, so eager and impatient, always expecting the millennium to begin next week, sharp, by act of Congress or act of Legislature, need to ponder Mr. Emerson's question: 'Little man, why so hot?'

E. HUMOROUS AND OCCASIONAL ARTICLES

Humorous writing is much more the result of natural disposition and of point of view than of specific training and rule. The fact, however, that every newspaper devotes space ranging in extent from a corner to a column to writing that is occasional and humorous in character, and that there are numerous weekly periodicals devoted solely to this form of writing, is sufficient evidence of a popularity as widespread as it has been perennial. Some American writers of national repute, such as Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and O. Henry, began their literary careers with obscure newspaper contributions of a humorous character. The daily paper or the monthly magazine of the majority of American colleges affords the student who has any ability or desire for humorous writing abundant opportunity to try his hand and to develop his skill.

A rough distinction between Humor and Wit is perhaps desirable, though these two phases of the Comic may often be found together in the same piece of writing. Humor is largely a matter of point of view; it is an outlook on life largely determined by temperament. Wit is manifested by a fine facility for apt speech, by the unexpected, quick-turned and appropriate remark, by the sparkling keen-cut saying. The former calls for broad emotional sympathy; the latter, for quick intellectual perception.

The writer-in-training will have to be on constant guard against an insidious temptation to cheapness, coarseness, and exaggeration. Crude vulgarity of conception and tiresome repetition of superficial mannerisms he will have continually to strive against. Genuine humor is not a literary trick, nor is it a matter that can be reduced to a formula or recipe. It implies freshness and sincerity in point of view, and should demand real and conscious literary skill in expression, so long as this effort does not deaden that spontaneity which is one of the greatest charms of humor.

For obvious reasons examples of the ubiquitous 'joke' or humorous paragraph and the interesting but disjointed 'column' are omitted from this section. The examples here included range from the somewhat lengthy treatment of a serious subject with a light and humorous touch, to the comparatively brief paragraph about so trivial a subject as 'Hairpins' or 'The Porter's Tip.' The occasional article, often humorous in character, is suggested, like the informal essay which in many respects it resembles, by some topic of passing interest, or by some sporadic idea capable of brief development. It is interesting, informal, light, and provocative of thought by suggestion rather than by explicit didactic method.

I

THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA

STEPHEN B. LEACOCK

[*University Magazine*, December, 1910. By permission of author and publisher.]

The Devil is passing out of fashion. After a long and honorable career he has fallen into an ungrateful oblivion. His existence has become shadowy, his outline attenuated, and his personality displeasing to a complacent generation. So he stands now leaning on the handle of his three-pronged oyster fork and looking into the ashes of his smothered fire. Theology will have none of him. Genial clergy of ample girth, stuffed with the buttered toast of a rectory tea, are preaching him out of existence. The fires of his material hell are replaced by the steam heat of moral torture. This even the most sensitive of sinners faces with equanimity. So the Devil's old dwelling is dismantled and stands by the roadside with a sign-board bearing the legend, 'Museum of Moral Torment, These Premises to Let.' In front of it, in place of the dancing imp of earlier ages, is a poor, make-believe thing, a jack-o'-lantern on a stick, with a turnip head and candle eyes, labeled 'Demon of Moral Repentance, Guaranteed

Worse than Actual Fire.' The poor thing grins in its very harmlessness.

Now that the Devil is passing away, an unappreciative generation fails to realize the high social function that he once performed. There he stood for ages a simple and workable basis of human morality; an admirable first-hand reason for being good, which needed no ulterior explanation. The rude peasant of the Middle Ages, the illiterate artisian of the shop, and the long-haired hind of the fields, had no need to speculate upon the problem of existence and the tangled skein of moral enquiry. The Devil took all that off their hands. He had either to 'be good' or else he 'got the fork,' just as in our time the unsuccessful comedian of amateur night in the vaudeville houses 'gets the hook.' Humanity, with the Devil to prod it from behind, moved steadily upwards on the path of moral development. Then having attained a certain elevation, it turned upon its tracks, denied that there had been any Devil, rubbed itself for a moment by way of investigation, said that there had been no prodding, and then fell to wandering about on the hilltops without any fixed idea of goal or direction.

In other words, with the disappearance of the Devil there still remains unsolved the problem of conduct, and behind it the riddle of the universe. How are we getting along without the Devil? How are we managing to be good without the fork? What is happening to our conception of goodness itself?

To begin with, let me disclaim any intention of writing of morality from the point of view of the technical, or professional, moral philosopher. Such a person would settle the whole question by a few references to pragmatism, transcendentalism, and esoteric synthesis—leaving his auditors angry but unable to retaliate. This attitude, I am happy to say, I am quite unable to adopt. I do not know what pragmatism is, and I do not care. I know the word transcendental only in connection with advertisements for 'gents' furnishings.' If Kant, or Schopenhauer, or Anheuser Busch have already settled these questions, I cannot help it.

In any case, it is my opinion that now-a-days we are overridden in the specialties, each in his own department of learning, with his tags, and label, and his pigeon-hole category of proper names, precluding all discussion by ordinary people. No man may speak fittingly of the soul without spending at least six weeks in a theological college; morality is the province of the moral philosopher who is prepared to pelt the intruder back over the fence with a shower of German commentaries. Ignorance, in its wooden shoes, shuffles around the portico of the temple of learning, stumbling among the litter of terminology. The broad field of human wisdom has been cut into a multitude of little professorial rabbit warrens. In each of these a specialist burrows deep, scratching out a shower of terminology, head down in an unlovely attitude which places an interlocutor at a grotesque conversational disadvantage.

May I digress a minute to show what I mean by the inconvenience of modern learning? This happened at a summer boarding house where I spent a portion of the season of rest, in company with a certain number of ordinary, ignorant people like myself. We got on well together. In the evenings on the veranda we talked of nature and of its beauties, of the stars and why they were so far away—we did n't know their names, thank God—and such like simple topics of conversation.

Sometimes under the influence of a double-shotted sentimentalism sprung from huckleberry pie and doughnuts, we even spoke of the larger issues of life, and exchanged opinions on immortality. We used no technical terms. We knew none. The talk was harmless and happy. Then there came among us a faded man in a coat that had been black before it turned green, who was a Ph. D. of Oberlin College. The first night he sat on the veranda, somebody said how beautiful the sunset was. Then the man from Oberlin spoke up and said: 'Yes, one could almost fancy it a pre-Raphaelite conception with the same chiaroscuro in the atmosphere.' There was a pause. That ended all nature study for almost an hour. Later in the evening, some one who had been reading a novel said in simple language that he was sick of having the hero always come out on top. 'Ah,' said the man from Oberlin, 'but does n't that precisely correspond with Nitch's idea' (he meant, I suppose, Nietzsche, but he pronounced it to rime with 'bitch') 'of the dominance of man over fate?' Mr. Heze-

kiah Smith who kept the resort looked round admiringly and said, 'Ain't he a *terr?*' He certainly was. While the man from Oberlin stayed with us, elevating conversation was at an end, and a self-conscious ignorance hung upon the veranda like a fog.

However, let us get back to the Devil. Let us notice in the first place that because we have kicked out the Devil as an absurd and ridiculous superstition, unworthy of a scientific age, we have by no means eliminated the supernatural and the super-rational from the current thought of our time. I suppose there never was an age more riddled with superstition, more credulous, more drunkenly addicted to thaumaturgy than the present. The Devil in his palmiest days was nothing to it. In despite of our vaunted material common sense, there is a perfect craving abroad for belief in something beyond the compass of the believable.

It shows itself in every age and class. Simpering Seventeen gets its fortune told on a weighing machine, and shudders with luxurious horror at the prospective villainy of the Dark Man who is to cross her life. Senile Seventy gravely sits on a wooden bench at a wonder-working meeting, waiting for a gentleman in a 'Tuxedo' jacket to call up the soul of Napoleon Bonaparte, and ask its opinion of Mr. Taft. Here you have a small tenement, let us say, on South Clark Street, Chicago. What is it? It is the home of Nadir the Nameless, the great Hindoo astrologer. Who are in the front room? Clients waiting for a revelation of the future. Where is Nadir? He is behind a heavily draped curtain, worked with Indian serpents. By the waiting clients Nadir is understood to be in consultation with the twin fates, Isis and Osiris. In reality Nadir is frying potatoes. Presently he will come out from behind the curtain and announce that Osiris has spoken (that is, the potatoes are now finished and on the back of the stove) and that he is prepared to reveal hidden treasure at forty cents a revelation. Marvelous, is it not, this Hindoo astrology business? And any one can be a Nadir the Nameless, who cares to stain his face blue with thimbleberry juice, wrap a red turban round his forehead, and cut the rate of revelation to thirty-five cents. Such is the credulity of the age which has repudiated the Devil as too difficult of belief.

We have, it is true, moved far away from the Devil; but are we after all so much better off? Or do we, in respect of the future, contain within ourselves the promise of better things? I suppose that most of us would have the general idea that there never was an age which displayed so high a standard of morality, or at least of ordinary human decency, as our own. We look back with a shudder to the blood-stained history of our ancestors; the fires of Smithfield with the poor martyr writhing about his post, frenzied and hysterical in the flames; the underground cell where the poor remnant of humanity turned its haggard face to the torch of the entering gaoler; the madhouse itself with its gibbering occupants converted into a show for the idle fools of London. We may well look back on it all and say that, at least, we are better than we were. The history of our little human race would make but sorry reading were not its every page imprinted with the fact that human ingenuity has invented no torment too great for human fortitude to bear.

In general decency—sympathy—we have undoubtedly progressed. Our courts of law have forgotten the use of the thumbkins and boot; we do not press a criminal under 'weights greater than he can bear' in order to induce him to plead; nor flog to ribbands the bleeding back of the malefactor dragged at the cart's tail through the thoroughfares of a crowded city. Our public, objectionable though it is, as it fights its way to its ball games, breathes peanuts and peppermint upon the offended atmosphere, and shrieks aloud its chronic and collective hysteria, is at all events better than the leering oafs of the Elizabethan century, who put hard-boiled eggs in their pockets and sat around upon the grass waiting for the 'burning' to begin.

But when we have admitted that we are better than we were as far as the *facts* of our moral conduct go, we may well ask as to the principles upon which our conduct is based. In past ages there was the authoritative moral code as a guide—thou shalt and thou shalt not—and behind it the pains, and the penalties, and the three-pronged oyster fork. Under that influence, humanity, or a large part of it,

slowly and painfully acquired the moral habit. At present it goes on, as far as its actions are concerned, with the momentum of the old beliefs.

But when we turn from the actions on the surface to the ideas underneath, we find in our time a strange confusion of beliefs out of which is presently to be made the New Morality. Let us look at some of the varied ideas manifested in the cross sections of the moral tendencies of our time.

Here we have first of all the creed and cult of self-development. It arrogates to itself the title of New Thought, but contains in reality nothing but the Old Selfishness. According to this particular outlook the goal of morality is found in fully developing one's self. Be large, says the votary of this creed, be high, be broad. He gives a shilling to a starving man, not that the man may be fed but that he himself may be a shilling-giver. He cultivates sympathy with the destitute for the sake of being sympathetic. The whole of his virtue and his creed of conduct runs to a cheap and easy egomania in which his blind passion for himself causes him to use external people and things as mere reactions upon his own personality. The immoral little toad swells itself to the bursting point in its desire to be a moral ox.

In its more ecstatic form, this creed expresses itself in a sort of general feeling of 'uplift,' or the desire for internal moral expansion. The votary is haunted by the idea of his own elevation. He wants to get into touch with nature, to swim in the Greater Being, 'to tune himself,' harmonize himself, and generally to perform on himself as on a sort of moral accordion. He gets himself somehow mixed up with natural objects, with the sadness of autumn, falls with the leaves and drips with the dew. Were it not for the complacent self-sufficiency which he induces, his refined morality might easily verge into simple idiocy. Yet, odd though it may seem, this creed of self-development struts about with its head high as one of the chief moral factors which have replaced the authoritative dogma of the older time.

The vague and hysterical desire to 'uplift' one's self merely for exaltation's sake is about as effective an engine of moral progress as the effort to lift one's self in the air by a terrific hitching up of the breeches.

The same creed has its physical side. It parades the Body, with a capital B, as also a thing that must be developed; and this, not for any ulterior thing that may be effected by it but presumably as an end in itself. The Monk or the Good Man of the older day despised the body as a thing that must learn to know its betters. He spiked it down with a hair shirt to teach it the virtue of submission. He was of course very wrong and very objectionable. But one doubts if he was much worse than his modern successor who joys consciously in the operation of his pores and his glands, and the correct rhythmical contraction of his abdominal muscles, as if he constituted simply a sort of superior sewerage system.

I once knew a man called Juggins who exemplified this point of view. He used to ride a bicycle every day to train his muscles and to clear his brain. He looked at all the scenery that he passed to develop his taste for scenery. He gave to the poor to develop his sympathy with poverty. He read the Bible regularly in order to cultivate the faculty of reading the Bible, and visited picture galleries with painful assiduity in order to give himself a feeling for art. He passed through life with a strained and haunted expression waiting for clarity of intellect, greatness of soul, and a passion for art to descend upon him like a flock of doves. He is now dead. He died presumably in order to cultivate the sense of being a corpse.

No doubt, in the general scheme or purpose of things the cult of self-development and the botheration about the Body may, through the actions which it induces, be working for a good end. It plays a part, no doubt, in whatever is to be the general evolution of morality.

And there, in that very word evolution, we are brought face to face with another of the wide-spread creeds of our day, which seek to replace the older. This one is not so much a guide to conduct as a theory, and a particularly cheap and easy one, of a general meaning and movement of morality. The person of this persuasion is willing to explain everything in terms of its having been once something else and being about to pass into something further still. Evolution, as the natural scientists know it, is a plain and straightforward matter, not so much a theory as a view of a succession of facts taken in or-

ganic relation. It assumes no purposes whatever. It is not—if I may be allowed a professor's luxury of using a word which will not be understood—in any degree teleological.

The social philosopher who adopts the evolutionary theory of morals is generally one who is quite in the dark as to the true conception of evolution itself. He understands from Darwin, Huxley, and other great writers whom he has not read, that the animals have been fashioned into their present shape by a long process of twisting, contortion, and selection, at once laborious and deserving. The giraffe lengthened its neck by conscientious stretching; the frog webbed its feet by perpetual swimming; and the bird broke out in feathers by unremitting flying. 'Nature' by weeding out the short giraffe, the inadequate frog, and the top-heavy bird encouraged by selection the ones most 'fit to survive.' Hence the origin of species, the differentiation of organs—hence, in fact, everything.

Here, too, when the theory is taken over and mis-translated from pure science to the humanities, is found the explanation of all our social and moral growth. Each of our religious customs is like the giraffe's neck. A manifestation such as the growth of Christianity is regarded as if humanity broke out into a new social organism, in the same way as the ascending amœba breaks out into a stomach. With this view of human relations, nothing in the past is said to be either good or bad. Everything is a movement. Cannibalism is a sort of apprenticeship in meat-eating. The institution of slavery is seen as an evolutionary stage towards free citizenship, and 'Uncle Tom's' overseer is no longer a nigger-driver but a social force tending towards the survival of the Booker Washington type of negro.

With his brain saturated with the chloroform of this social dogma, the moral philosopher ceases to be able to condemn anything at all, measures all things with a centimeter scale of his little doctrine, and finds them all of the same length. Whereupon he presently desists from thought altogether, calls everything bad or good an evolution, and falls asleep with his hands folded upon his stomach murmuring 'survival of the fittest.'

Anybody who will look at the thing candidly, will see that the evolutionary explanation of morals is meaningless, and presupposes the existence of the very thing it ought to prove. It starts from a misconception of the biological doctrine. Biology has nothing to say as to what ought to survive and what ought not to survive, it merely speaks of what does survive. The burdock easily kills the violet, and the Canadian skunk lingers where the humming-bird has died. In biology the test of fitness to survive is the fact of survival itself—nothing else. To apply this doctrine to the moral field brings out grotesque results. The successful burglar ought to be presented by society with a nickel-plated 'jimmy,' and the starving cripple left to die in the ditch. Everything—any phase of movement or religion—which succeeds, is right. Anything which does not is wrong. Everything which is, is right; everything which was, is right; everything which will be, is right. All we have to do is to sit still and watch it come. This is moral evolution.

On such a basis, we might expect to find, as the general outcome of the new moral code now in the making, the simple worship of success. This is exactly what is happening. The morality which the Devil with his oyster fork was commissioned to inculcate was essentially altruistic. Things were to be done for other people. The new ideas, if you combine them in a sort of moral amalgam—to develop one's self, to evolve, to measure things by their success—weigh on the other side of the scale. So it comes about that the scale begins to turn and the new morality shows signs of exalting the old-fashioned Badness in place of the discredited Goodness. Hence we find saturating our contemporary literature the new worship of the Strong Man, the easy pardon of the Unscrupulous, the Apotheosis of the Jungle, and the Deification of the Detective. Force, brute force, is what we now turn to as the moral ideal, and Mastery and Success as the sole tests of excellence. The nation cuddles its multi-millionaires, cinematographs itself silly with the pictures of its prize fighters, and even casts an eye of slantwise admiration through the bars of its penitentiaries. Beside these things the simple Good Man of the older dispensation, with his worn alpaca coat and his obvious inefficiency, is nowhere.

Truly, if we go far enough with it, the Devil may come to his own again, and

more than his own, not merely as Head Stoker, but as what is called an End in Himself.

I knew a little man called Bliggs. He worked in a railroad office, a simple, dusty, little man, harmless at home and out of it till he read of Napoleon and heard of the thing called a Superman. Then somebody told him of Nitch, and he read as much Nitch as he could understand. The thing went to his head. Morals were no longer for him. He used to go home from the office and be a Superman by the hour, curse if his dinner was late, and strut the length of his little home with a silly irritation which he mistook for moral enfranchisement. Presently he took to being a Superman in business hours, and the railroad dismissed him. They know nothing of Nitch in such crude places. It has often seemed to me that Bliggs typified much of the present moral movement.

Our poor Devil then is gone. We cannot have him back for the whistling. For generations, as yet unlearned in social philosophy, he played a useful part—a dual part in a way, for it was his function to illustrate at once the pleasures and the penalties of life. Merriment in the scheme of things was his, and for those drawn too far in pleasure and merriment, retribution and the oyster fork.

I can see him before me now, his long, eager face and deep-set, brown eyes, pathetic with the failure of ages—carrying with him his pack of cards, his amber flask, and his little fiddle. Let but the door of the cottage stand open upon a winter night, and the Devil would blow in, offering his flask and fiddle, or rattling his box of dice.

So with his twin incentives of pain and pleasure he coaxed and prodded humanity on its path, till it reached the point where it repudiated him, called itself a Superman, and headed straight for the cliff over which is the deep sea. *Quo vadimus?*

II

SYSTEM VERSUS SLIPPERS

GEORGE BURWELL DUTTON

[*Unpopular Review*, April, 1915. By permission of author and publisher.]

'The doctrine of efficiency is a modern offshoot of the doctrine of total depravity,' drawled my neighbor.

I looked incredulous. I knew that was the way he wanted me to look. But I did n't have any difficulty in conforming to his desires.

'Ye-es,' he continued, 'it all goes back to the doctrine of total depravity. Man is born to sin, as—as the sparks fly upward,' he concluded triumphantly.

'Trouble, not sin, is, I think, the Biblical phrasing,' I interposed mildly.

'All amounts to the same thing. Man is born to trouble. Trouble is the result of sin. If there were no sin there would be no trouble. Ergo, man is born to sin, —and so forth.'

He stopped to puff at his pipe.

'But the doctrine of efficiency?—How—'

'I was coming to that. What does the doctrine of efficiency mean? Only this: Just naturally you do a thing the wrong way. You have to struggle, to discipline yourself, to overcome your natural tendencies, in order to do a thing the right way: that is, with the smallest expenditure of energy. You are naturally perverse, wasteful—which is, economically speaking, sinful. You are all born in economic sin, and you live in economic sin, till 'long comes the doctrine of efficiency and teaches you system, and so plucks you, a brand from the burning. It corrects your wasteful ways, it teaches you how to conserve your energies, it makes you live an economically righteous life. The doctrine of efficiency is based upon an economic statement of the doctrine of total depravity. The theological doctrine says, all men are by nature sinners; the economic says, all men are by nature inefficient—that is, are economic sinners. Even sin is economic in this age. All men by nature do their tasks wastefully, unsystematically; but they may be saved by adopting the methods of efficiency. There: that 's modern theology for you.'

And he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and went home.

I am not certain about my neighbor's view of the doctrine of efficiency. He may be right, and then again he may not. But this I do know, that the preachers of the doctrine of efficiency are many—and efficient. Plan and system are extended to all things. One cannot take up a magazine without being confronted by reproachful directions for increasing one's efficiency. *Busy-bodies' Magazine* tells you of the tremendous waste of time involved in the present methods of peanut-roasting. *Dunce's Monthly* proclaims loudly the benefits to humanity that will infallibly result from adopting more efficient methods of operating a hurdy-gurdy. Diagrams and pictures stare at us from every page. We learn the waste of energy and the number of useless motions involved in the ordinary way of getting on a street-car. We find out how to carve a turkey with the fewest possible slashes. Now, all this may be desirable and necessary. We may be so 'rushed for time,' to use the expressive colloquialism, that every energy must be conserved. Nevertheless, I object; I am economically depraved. I long for the looser ways of my forebears. System chafes me. It is unyielding. Like a dress shirt, it holds me clamped. I prefer a dressing-gown and slippers—blessed symbols of mild unrestraint. Perhaps I ought not to feel this way. Perhaps I ought not to object to learning the proper method of filling my fountain-pen—that is a task, the sooner over, the better. Perhaps, I ought not to object to learning the least exhausting way of buttoning my collar—though every right-minded man prizes the privilege of indignation at a recalcitrant button—and what button is recalcitrant once the appropriate system is mastered? But, be all this as it may, I do protest seriously against having to learn the most efficient way of filling my pipe!

I was not always of this mind. Like other misguided mortals of limited vision, I was disposed to welcome the new doctrines. I read with avidity the proper method of shoveling snow. I rejoiced at finding out just what and how few motions it was necessary to go through to connect a water-pipe. I was filled with indignation when I observed how wasteful of his energy was my plumber—and I paying for it! The prodigality of the man who carried in my coal filled me with despair.

Nay, more, I made some small effort to apply the doctrine of efficiency to my own pursuits. I am a humble teacher of English in a small New England college. I have many themes to correct. I had contented myself with taking up a pen and indicating errors and corrections with red ink—'squirting the red ink,' my students vulgarly called it. But this was not systematic; it was not efficient; it was too natural. So I became self-conscious in my work. I studied it. I analyzed it. Soon I found that there were certain criticisms and directions that I wrote and rewrote many times daily. So I purchased rubber stamps. Then I found that I wasted much valuable time in laying hold of the right rubber stamp; so I purchased little hooks, and hung the rubber stamps in a row, and assigned a definite hook to each stamp, and memorized the positions of the stamps on the hooks, and looked upon my work, and thought it good. This involved the expenditure of much time and energy, but I was introducing system, I was becoming efficient.

Turning my attention to other details, I found that I wasted much time—often two minutes—in looking for papers. So I had the college carpenter construct a case of pigeon-holes and place it beside my desk. I devoted an afternoon to labeling the pigeon-holes and filing my papers. Then I spent fifteen minutes a day—by this time I had a clock in my little office and timed my every action—fifteen minutes a day in filing new letters and documents—sometimes it was only thirteen minutes, roughly speaking. But I did not begrudge this time, for it meant that I was taking another step toward efficiency.

What need to relate in detail all of the other measures that I took for the efficient administration of my duties? I installed files for all of the themes. I moved my books from my home into my little office, lining the walls with shelves—where they were not already lined with pigeon-holes. I had a swinging shelf constructed for my typewriter, and attached it to my desk. I bought a machine for sharpening pencils. I introduced the latest approved pattern of a card-index file. There was a place for everything, and everything in its place—though it took most of my time

to put it there. But I was introducing efficiency into my work; system and order are the first laws of efficiency; and I spared no labor in putting them into effect.

Recently, however, a slave of efficiency visited me, and I have received a rude awakening. I have discovered that I am not really efficient.

My friend is a man with surprised hair and peering eyes. He has the appearance of seeing everything—and he does. He came with me to my recitation room one morning, and looked around in seeming idleness while I was busy planning the seating list for the new term. Then he began to talk. His comments irritated me, I must admit. I am rather proud of my recitation room. Past worthies on the wall blink in the electric light, and scenes significant in literary history confront the wandering eyes of the restless present. However, my friend received no imaginative stimulus. He was blind to all that. But Spencer's ruff and Johnson's wig—these called forth his scorn. How could a man work, handicapped by such frills? I mildly pointed out that the gentlemen concerned did accomplish something of importance, but he ignored me. He went up to an old print of 'The Fortune Playhouse,' of which I am decidedly fond. In the foreground two men are loading a cart with kegs. Did my friend admire the ancient architecture of the building? Did he appreciate the quaint garb of the men? Did it all serve to make the past more intimate, to bring it a little nearer? Not at all. His indignation was aroused. The cart was parallel with the walk. Why was n't it backed up to the walk? Think of how much effort was wasted in rolling those kegs around in the street to the end of the cart! He could not see the theater for the cart!

I was somewhat impatient at his attitude. But after all, could he be blamed? He thought in terms of efficiency, because efficiency was his business. Others could admire quaintness, others could dream themselves into the past, but he was an apostle with a flaming mission: to see and to correct all waste of energy. And indeed I had that which he could appreciate. I ushered him into my little office. There it was, in immaculate order. The fresh April sunshine gleamed from the polished handles of the rows of rubber stamps. The pigeon-holes gaped, ready to devour their prey in orderly fashion. Variegated inks and pencils lay on the desk ready for use at a moment's notice. It all looked so business-like! To be sure, for a moment I recalled uneasily my neighbor's remark. 'You can't always tell from a cat's looks how far it will jump.' But this 'cat' did have such an impressive appearance. I felt sure it could jump far—and efficiently. Everything had an air of preparedness, like that of a fire-engine in an engine-house. I expanded in anticipation of praise.

My friend snorted. 'Huh! What old fossils you teachers are! You would n't last a day in an efficiency shop!' Then he showed me why. The row of stamps was not properly placed; I had to turn around to reach some of them. My theme files were so shallow that the projecting themes drooped and obscured the labels. My clock was behind me, and I had to crane my neck to see it. My desk was not in the best light. I was dumbfounded.

He continued relentlessly. My pigeon-holes were placed too high. They were indeed beside my desk, but I had to rise to reach them. That meant a loss, on an average, of two and three-fifths seconds. There were sixteen pigeon-holes. Perhaps I had to use each an average of three times in the course of a day's work. My friend is what he would term 'a handy man' with figures. He reckoned for a few moments.—That meant a loss of *one hundred and twenty-five seconds a day!*

'Think of it!' he cried. 'One hundred and twenty-five seconds! In less than one-tenth of the time you waste here a man could run a hundred yards, and—'

'But I don't want to run a hundred yards,' I interposed, somewhat resentfully, 'and if I did, *I* could n't run it in that time.'

'Never mind.' He brushed aside my objections, and continued his calculations. There are six days in a working week—I refuse to work Sundays, although some teachers have to—and thirty-six working weeks in a year—and how many years one might use in the reckoning, who can tell? Why, by properly placing those pigeon-holes, I might save enough time to take a trip to Europe, according to this efficiency agent.—Of course, I have n't money enough, and if I had, how to combine these scattered moments into a uni-

fied whole would offer another problem—but that is all beside the question. The moments were there, in potential emptiness. One does n't refuse a cup because one lacks the wine to fill it.

'Let me see you at work,' commanded he of the peering eyes. Meekly I sat down at my desk. Where were my themes? Oh, yes, they were up there on a shelf, across the room. Abjectly I arose. My friend looked at me reproachfully. I reached up for the themes. *Why* had n't that shelf been placed lower? How many tenths of a second had I lost by that upward reach? I shivered, and clumsily knocked down a book. I had to stoop to pick it up. More time lost! I took up the themes again, savagely. The rubber band was old. It broke under the unwonted strain of my fervor. There was a flutter of white papers. Blunderingly I bent forward to gather them up. Why was n't the floor built higher? Stupid piece of inefficient planning.—Why was I so high above it? Why was n't I built more efficiently?

Red-faced and scant-breathed I arose and threw the themes on my desk. My friend had considerately turned his back; but even that was eloquent.

'Oh, hang the themes!' I burst out. 'And—and—let 's go for a walk!'

That episode was bad enough, but it was n't the worst. My friend stayed with me several days, and they were stirring days for me. Ostensibly he had come for a rest—nerves all frayed—wanted to vegetate for a while—thought he 'd come to a quiet place. Now our college community is quiet, in all conscience. They tell the story of one man who once cut some figure in the world of affairs, who was prevailed upon to accept a professorship and live among us, that he announced that he was going to 'give up active life and "retire" to teach at —— College.' I think that was a somewhat undeserved slur on our faculty. I know I have to work, and I know my colleagues do. We don't feel that we have retired from active life. Still, I must admit that there is n't quite the same tension prevalent in what a visiting President of the United States tritely termed 'these academic shades,' as there is, say, in the Stock Exchange, or in Congress at the culmination of a tariff debate. Consequently I had hoped that my friend would be soothed, and would relax and yield himself to passive enjoyment. He did n't have to correct themes. Why should n't he enjoy himself? But he could n't. That terrible doctrine of efficiency was with him all the time, and gave him—and us—no rest. System, system—the word was constantly on his lips—and, what was worse, in his heart.

He carried it into all his pleasures—and mine. I like to play cards. That is, I like to use a game of cards as an excuse for idle reverie or gossip. I play a leisurely game, a comfortable sort of a game, a slouching, be-slippered, relaxing game, restful beyond words. If I happen to forget that my partner played a jack of clubs three tricks previous, and consequently neglect to take the proper measures, I don't mind, and I don't want others to care. But my friend would have none of this. He had complicated 'leads' and elaborate systems. He played feverishly and snapped at me constantly for my neglectfulness. Cards were real, cards were earnest, and there was no idle dreaming permitted. I gasped a sigh of relief when a game was ended. He played, as he worked, relentlessly.

One day we went on a tramp in the hills. I am not systematic on a tramp. I don't like to plan my route in advance; I prefer to follow the unexpected allurement of shady by-paths, the invitation of an unknown winding road, the beckoning of unexplored fields. To be sure, I usually get lost, and frequently get bedraggled by some unforeseen stream or slough; but I like to get lost; it has such inviting possibilities. Not so my friend. He demanded maps, a definite objective point, a clear itinerary, and no side-trips. I yielded, but with rebellion smoldering in my heart.

Now I suppose I shall lay myself open to the reproaches of a multitude of very worthy persons when I confess that my dislike of system and rigidity is not confined to my choice of routes. Far from it. I abhor system in appreciation. I can enjoy the contour of a hill without knowing its geological formation. The soft glow of green in the April landscape brings me pleasure which would be contaminated by conscientious attempts to recall the scientific explanation of the function of chlorophyll in bud and blade. I love to watch the great clouds drifting lazily through a blue sea of air; but I

don't care to master the nomenclature of meteorology. Nay, worst of all in these days of widespread 'bird-lore,' I can enjoy the dark flash of a bluebird's flight, but am only irked by classified lists of names and descriptions; and I am infuriated by the attitude of those who make of every walk a contest to see how many new varieties of birds may be identified and classified—as if the great Kingdom of Out-of-doors were a mere museum of specimens and curiosities, to be grouped and labeled by every observer! Out upon those misguided creatures who mistake nomenclature for knowledge and classification for understanding; who strut through a starry evening, proud because they can clap Arcturus on the back and call him familiarly by name.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

Of course I do not scorn the labors of my scientific colleagues; their work, which goes far deeper than names, is necessary and beneficial. I merely sympathize with them because to them so much of the universe is a symbol of labor. And I fail to see the necessity of making it a symbol of labor for myself, when I may rather see in it a garden of beauty and a place of contemplation and rest. In all this I suppose I am an ignoramus blindly stumbling through unsuspected riches of wisdom. I suppose I am a sinner turning my back upon the road of repentance. But I am perverse. I abominate those busybodies who would filch from us our few remaining careless hours and would rob them of the wayward prodigality that is their charm. For my part, I refuse to card-catalog my pleasures.

Needless to say, my friend was disgusted with me. He was as innocent of classified knowledge of the countryside as I, but he felt that he was excusable. He had spent his life in the city, and there he had observed with care the phenomena that had fallen under his gaze. I had not made similar good use of my opportunities. If I admired the delicate tracery of a silhouetted tree, he wanted to know its name and use. If I paused to hear the music of a tumbling brook, he wanted to estimate its volume and bemoaned the waste of power. To the spiritual significance, the soothing influence, of rural sights and sounds, he was insensible. At my lack of systematized knowledge he was disgusted. That walk was not a success.

Well, my friend has left me. I can't say I 'm sorry. I like him, of course—but at a distance. A great peace has fallen upon me. I can correct my themes in my office without nervously counting my every motion. I can relax once more, cast aside the rigid garb of systematic activity, and once more don smoking-jacket and slippers, down-at-the-heel preferably. I can sit down in the evening and listen to the gobbling croak of a frog without being reproached for my inability to classify it accurately in the animal kingdom.

My next-door neighbor is a great comfort to me. He 'came over' last night, and while we sat before the open fire that robbed the sharp evening air of its chill, we discussed the whole matter comfortably.

'System in recreation!' he exclaimed disgustedly when we had talked a while. 'To play by plan! Why, your friend would destroy all the spontaneity of life, its fine, careless rapture.'

'Do you recall what Dr. Johnson said of such a man?' I queried. '"Sir, he is an enthusiast by rule." I despise enthusiasts by rule.'

'But of course that is n't all there was to your experience,' my neighbor remarked presently. 'Your visitor, after all, was more concerned with work than play. And in work, method and system have their place.'

'More place than they deserve,' I grumbled. 'Enthusiasts by rule infest all our activities. Systematization has become over-systematization. Too often we can't see the product for the machinery. We are victims to a pseudo-efficiency that merely clogs and retards achievement; that defeats its own ends.'

'On the other hand,' replied my friend mildly, 'I suppose that system, rightly used, does save time. I suppose that genuine efficiency does permit of greater production. However, its advocates don't consider all sides of the question. In

some pursuits increase of production would be a calamity. Shall our factories, by increased efficiency, be enabled to produce more phonographs? Heaven forbid! Their efficiency is already terrible!'

'And there are many occupations,' I broke in, 'in which the time saved to the workman by system would be useless, because it comes in titbits. It can't be massed. And it must be massed, to be most effective. Suppose,' I added petulantly, 'that I *could* go to Europe in the time I might save by correcting themes efficiently; I can't go to Europe for ten minutes a day. And I've got to use my ten minutes on the day I save them. They can't be stored up each day, till a respectable quantity accumulates.'

'No, of course. Yet, my friend, one might pick holes in your argument. The minutes may not be valueless, even though they can't be spent in Europe.'

'Oh, there are some good things about efficiency,' I hastened to interpose. 'I presume I might add the ten minutes to my daily game of golf.'

'Still, you object?'

'I object to excess of efficiency. Ultimately, the time saved by introducing more system into work is to be used in recreation. Why not strain less at our work, and make recreation of it?'

My friend nodded thoughtfully.

'At any rate,' I continued, 'if I want to do my allotted task in leisurely fashion, occasionally lingering over it to enjoy the fine flavor of achievement, I claim the right to do so. I take the time from my golf, but after six hours of work I go to my golf with steadier nerves than the man who has worked five hours at high tension. Your five-hour man with his superficial efficiency is victim of an obsession: speed. He spends himself in his work in order that he may gain time for—a sanatorium. He loses sight of his goal. To change a little the somewhat antiquated refrain, he doesn't care where he's going; he is satisfied if he is speeding on his way.'

I stopped, a bit out of breath with my earnestness. My friend was silently staring into the heart of the leisurely fire. After a moment he turned to me quizzically.

'Is this to be a defense of dilettanteism?"

'Not at all,' I exclaimed with some heat. Then I smiled at my own fervor. 'Dilettantes are beneath defense. But my plea is for moderation; for a truer sense of values. I protest against a misplaced emphasis upon output, a feverish demand for results, at no matter what expenditure of nervous energy. I protest, too, against a systematization that would reduce individuals to automatons; a mechanical efficiency that stereotypes the workman and standardizes his product. To offer freer play to personality may well be worth the sacrifice of a little efficiency.'

III

THE OLDEST LIVING GRADUATE

[*Sun*, New York, January 30, 1901. Reprinted in *Casual Essays of the Sun*, 1905. By permission.]

The King has no solitary preëminence in never dying. He shares his mortal immortality with another potentate and great public character, the Oldest Graduate. There is always an Oldest Graduate; and always there are heirs waiting for the succession. Mr. Benjamin D. Silliman, distinguished and fortunate in so many other regards, was also for some time the Oldest Living Graduate of Yale; and now that honor belongs to Judge Cutler of '29, who lives in Waterbury, where they make the watches. May these be wound up for many a day before he yields his crown to the heir apparent. At ninety-three the Oldest Living Graduate is or should be but a boy. After waiting seventy-odd years for his title, he will be in no hurry to give it up. He should enjoy it to the full, be merciful in his reminiscences, and look with an indulgent pity on the lads of ninety and ninety-one who want his job.

For, flower unloved of Amaryllis though it be, this honor is greatly prized. The survivor in this Tontine has beaten all his contemporaries at college. He can say to Time, as Beranger said:

'Old Postilion, hold up, hold up;
Let us drink a stirrup cup.'

It is too much for this glory to go to a man otherwise famous, as Mr. Silliman was or as Horace Binney was. The lat-

ter, an illustrious lawyer whose fame is perhaps as dim now as that of most great lawyers who have not held high political office, was graduated at Harvard in 1797, if we remember well, and he was the oldest living Harvard man for some time before he was cut off in '95. An Oldest Living Graduate who has no other fame than that is to be preferred. Such was Joseph Head of Harvard, of 1804. He lived in some little town. With his bent form, his Van Winkle beard, his long staff, he looked what he was as he marched among the younger generations in the yard on Commencement Day, 'the oldest living grad-oo-ate,' as he pronounced it after the fashion of his rural youth. Good old Joseph Head, if that was his name! One thinks with kindness of him, and all his predecessors; and of his successors in the procession.

In every college from A to Z something of affection attaches to the college elder and leader of the line. Of ordinary distinction the graduate may grow tired, be it his or that of a classmate. Of the class of 1825 at Bowdoin, of 1829 at Harvard, of 1853 at Yale, it has been possible to hear too much. At Brunswick, in 1875, Mr. Blaine happily expressed the weariness which the constant celebration of the celebrated brings. 'I am glad to hear,' he said, 'that those members of the class of 1825 who are illustrious on earth are happy in heaven.'

The graduate whose ambition it is to become the Oldest Living Graduate scorns all loud and easier fames. In seclusion and with perfect modesty of spirit, he sets before himself early the high goal. He accepts philosophically all detriments which Fate and Fortune send. 'I am no longer young,' he says to himself, 'but why should I wish to be? Everybody who stays in the game must get old, and how few can become the Oldest Living Graduate! I am not handsome, witty, eloquent, or even popular. I don't have to be, in my business, which is that of living to be the O. L. G. My classmate, Hooker Haynes, has made most of the money there is in the world. My classmate, Brattle Holyoke, has married most of the rest. I don't need money in my business. Byles is a bishop, Dwight is a senator. Bill Trumbill is a trust. I have n't any office. I don't direct anything. I have little property and less hair. But I think I can outlive every man in my class and I mean to do it. Let them last into the nineties if they can. I 'll take an even hundred, and one to carry, if necessary.'

The young chaps just out of college may not know this harmless ambition at first. They are too young—confound 'em! We remember hearing George Bancroft, sixty years after his graduation, imparting the fact to a freshman. The freshman gaped and gasped in wonder. How was it possible for a man to have been graduated sixty years ago? If Nebuchadnezzar had come into the room and tried to sell a book on vegetarianism, that freshman could not have been more surprised. But youth 's the stuff will not endure. It does n't take the truly wise graduate long to find the most reasonable object of desire. He nourishes the gentle vision in his heart. He sees himself a well-preserved ancient of ninety-eight, with a face like a Baldwin apple and still tolerable legs. His goldheaded cane is less a staff than a part of his make-up; 't is a representative of the monumental pomp of age. He wears, for effect, a tall hat of the fashion of fifty years before. He prides himself on the cut of his frock coat. His surviving hair is soft and white. A perfect gentleman of the old school. 'Young gentlemen,' says the Oldest Living Graduate, 'I ascribe my remarkable health and long life to the fact that for seventy-five years I have never smoked nor drank. Boys,' he says to a few striplings of ninety-odd assembled around the punch bowl, 'I attribute my good health and looks to the fact that for eighty years I have taken a nip of good old stuff regularly every day. But I never overdid it as you do.'

We once knew an Oldest Living Graduate who would walk on the railroad track, although he was nearly a hundred and deaf as a post. This is encouraging for beginners, as it seems to show that the O. L. G. is born, not made by training. Only a very few years ago there happened to live in the same town the Oldest Living Graduate and the next-to-the-oldest living graduate. They were great cronies and as lively as crickets. But each watched the distressingly robust health of the other with some alarm. 'William is looking a leetle peaked,' John would say; 'I 'm

afraid he won't live through the winter.' 'John 's failin',' William would say; 'he ought n't be out in the cold so much at his age.' And both lived in health to the very edge of the hundred. The man who will devote himself with a single mind to becoming the Oldest Living Graduate deserves to be happy.

IV

SLEEPING OUTDOORS

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

[*Century Magazine*, November, 1913. By permission.]

The most overrated summer sport in the world is outdoor sleeping.

I speak on this subject with some feeling, as, in August last, I tested it on a week-end visit with my friend Jones at his little mosquito ranch in the White Mountains. I can now understand why sleeping under a roof, in a real bed, is insufferable to a man who has been camping all summer: what he misses is the keen excitement, the constant entertainment, the suspense, of a night in the woods. As soon as he lies down in a real bed he becomes so utterly bored that he promptly falls asleep, only to wake up in the morning and find that he has missed the whole night.

The moment I arrived at Jones's camp on Saturday afternoon I realized that he was the victim of the outdoor-sleeping fad. He was so under its spell that he immediately took me out to show me my cot. It was a frail, anemic canvas thing that screamed and creaked protests whenever it was moved or sat upon. It stood on a roofless sleeping-porch. Over it was the branch of a tender tree and over that was the open sky.

'Here,' said Jones, expansively, 'is where you 're to sleep. This region is the most wonderful place for sleeping in all the world. I get actually to look forward to the nights; I tumble in eagerly at ten o'clock, and don't know another thing till morning.'

'You never know very much,' I meditated inwardly, picking a yellow caterpillar off my cot. 'How about blankets and things?' It took a vast amount of imagination to think of blankets, for the thermometer showed several degrees of fever.

'Oh, I 'll give you all you want, and lots of mosquito-netting, too,' Jones said. 'You can make your bed just as you like; that 's half the fun of the thing.'

'Ah, yes.'

Way down in my heart I had a foreboding that it would be rather *more* than half the fun. 'Wonderful!' I simulated. 'I have n't slept outdoors for years.' [1]

'Good!' said Jones.

Through the long evening I kept a stout heart and a cheery face; I even joked callously about the coming night, just as men sometimes joke about death and insanity and the dentist. I ate a heavy dinner, for breakfast looked very, very far away. Then I played three-handed auction with Jones and his wife. I was as merry as ever. No one should say that I had blanched with fear. At nine-forty, Jones yawned.

'Why, it 's nearly ten,' said Mrs. Jones. 'I had no idea it was so late.'

'I was just going to suggest turning in,' Jones observed. 'I 'll get your blankets and netting, if you like.'

I rose, and with a steady voice bade my hostess good night. The time had come.

Jones got the things, and we went out on the sleeping-porch, where he dumped them on my cot. The temperature had gone down a degree or two, but the air was still a long way from cool. The winds were still slumbering. A mosquito was meditatively volplaning about.

'Is there anything else you want?' said Jones as he left me in what, in reasonable circumstances, would have been my bedroom, but was now merely the world at large.

'Nothing,' I said, with fortitude. 'Good night.'

I went into the house and ten minutes later I emerged, attired in a neat, but gaudy pair of pajamas. A lamp lighted my labors. The game was on; the mosquitos and I were alone.

I shall withhold the tedious details of bed-making. Suffice it to say that I followed the golden rule of the art: don't let the feet escape; sacrifice everything else. If a single toe projects, the blankets will be up and about your neck before you know it. Then I folded a spare blanket

[1] Strictly true, though I had spent several nights outdoors.

into a pillow. Next came the *magnum opus*—hanging the mosquito-netting.

Here I confronted several alternatives. First, there is the Romanesque style, in which one hangs the netting on a hoop and then projects the face precisely under the hoop, keeping it there all night. This style is somewhat like sleeping with an inverted waste-basket on the face, and is based on the fallacious notion that insects bite only the head. Now I could show you —but never mind.

Then there is the Renaissance style. You suspend the netting gracefully by one or two points from a branch or some such supposed fixture, and let it depend in elegant festoons to the floor, securing the corners by lamps, vases, pitchers, or shoes. This method adequately answers the question, 'What shall we do with the wedding present Aunt Alice gave us?'

There is also the Perpendicular Gothic style—four posts erected at the corners of the cot, with netting draped over them. This, I decided, required too much construction, and I swung back to the Renaissance. Securing some string, after a short, dark, and eventful journey in the house, I hitched the string to the netting, tied it to a branch, made a beautiful pyramidal tent, and squirmed inside with all the delicate deliberation of a jackstraw-player. At last I was on the creaking cot, and my tent still stood!

The laws of physics tell us that breezes pass through netting. This merely goes to show that physics has a big future. I had distinctly felt a slight zephyr outside; but now, as I balanced on my shoulder-blades on a Spartan blanket, I thought that the heat had become even more breathless; I felt that I was being suffocated.

Is n't there some wild animal that builds itself a house and then crawls in to die?

But I was not going to give up; I forced myself to draw a long sigh of relief, and said to myself: 'Oh, what wonderful air! How I shall sleep!' Yes, how?

I humped about a few times—creaking as I have never creaked before—till I thought I was more comfortable, pulled up a blanket cautiously, kicked it off warmly, rolled back into my original position, moved down six inches so that my head just reached the pillow, thought about mosquitoes awhile, moved up four inches, thought about pillows, and then suddenly, with a great start, realized that I was n't asleep. The fact stood out in my brain in huge, staring capitals: YOU ARE WIDE AWAKE; YOU ARE NOT EVEN SLEEPY. It was clear that my nerves needed soothing if I was to get any sleep at all.

People recommend many ways of soothing the nerves, but at times they are all disappointing. I thought of sheep jumping over a fence until all the sheep in my head had gone lame. I counted up to three hundred and seventy-four, which must be pretty nearly the world's record, but I noted no good results. At the end of an hour I was wider awake than ever and considerably more uncomfortable.

About this time I began discovering laws of physics.

I. When a man lies on his side on a cot, his weight is evenly distributed bebetween his ear and his hip-bone.

II. For every dead mosquito in the hand there are two live ones in the bush that will be along presently.

III. The use of netting rests on the theory that it offers an obstruction to mosquitoes. This was first proved false in 1066, but people still—

Well, to tell the truth, that 's as far as I got. I inadvertently fell asleep in the middle of law number three. Physics is the loser. I blame only myself.

At dawn, which in summer occurs shortly after bedtime and lasts for several hours, I was awakened by the birds, which were making a dreadful din above me in the trees. I found that four mosquitoes were perched on the netting about fourteen inches from my face—great, hungry fellows, regular eagles. They stared at me till I could have hidden myself for embarrassment. Presently a friend of theirs, bloated with drink, sailed down and sat beside them, singing a triumphant blood-lust song in a harsh, drunken tenor. He was plainly a degenerate going the pace that kills.

They say that if you look a wild animal in the eye he will turn away uneasily. I tried this on Macbeth, the new arrival—I called him Macbeth because he murdered sleep—but he was unabashed. I even spoke to him sternly, told him to go home and take his friends away with him, asked him what sort of place this was for a chap

with a family; I appealed to his better self. Macbeth's only reply was to crawl insolently through a tear in the netting and come straight at me. His song of triumph rose in sharp crescendo till he struck my nose; then it ceased. I was just reaching to kill him, even at the risk of disfiguring myself for life, when suddenly and without warning the netting gave way completely and fell about my ears. Can you imagine a worse predicament than to be pinned under so much wreckage with a mosquito that you personally dislike?

Well, I climbed out, rearranged my tent (while Macbeth's friends got at my ankles), sneaked in under the edge again, lay down once more, and looked about warily for Macbeth. He was nowhere to be seen. I suspected some treachery, and on the off chance slapped the back of my neck quickly and with tremendous force, but with no corpse to show for it.

From that moment to this I have never seen Macbeth. It is all very sad. I almost wish now that I had n't been so harsh with him.

After I had given him up for lost, I took count of the insect life about me, and discovered a delightful game, called Insides versus Outsides. At 4 A. M. the score stood as follows: Insides, three mosquitoes, one spider; Outsides, one ant, one daddy-long-legs, two mosquitoes. A vigorous campaign then began, the Insides trying to get out, the Outsides trying to get in.

At 4:30 A. M., owing largely to my efforts, the aspect of things was somewhat changed, the score standing: Insides, one mosquito; Outsides, one wasp, six mosquitoes, two unclassified. (Mind you, I 'm no etymologist; I don't pretend to know these eight-legged, hairy lads by name.)

The list of dead and injured was simply appalling.

After awhile I tired of this game, but the mosquitoes were all for keeping it up indefinitely. Only when a breeze sprang up did they begin to reel home in twos and threes to sleep off their jag. Then, once again, I shut my eyes in the hope that sleep would knit the 'ravell'd sleave of care.' It seemed, however, that the elements were all against knitting. The sun at that moment came up through the trees and shone straight into my eyes.

This worried me not so much on my own account as on Jones's; I hated the thought of him coming out with his wife at breakfast-time and finding me dead of a sunstroke on his porch.

Then I remembered that people don't die of sunstroke. They only fainted and lost their minds.

Shortly after this I must have fainted, for I woke up to find I had been unconscious for at least two hours!

The last thing I remembered, before the coma set in, was killing a spider on my stomach at five forty-five.

It was now eight o'clock. The sun had moved round and I could hear the kitchen-pump going, and see the housemaid, indoors, hiding matches, and sweeping the dust under the rugs.

I felt sleepy, but otherwise moderately well.[1]

Presently Jones came out in his bath-robe, and asked me how I had slept. I told him that that was just what I 'd been wondering myself, and he wanted to know whether the mosquitoes had been thick.

I said no, not too thick to get through the netting, and we both laughed and joked about the night as though it were the funniest thing in the world.

That 's the way in such crises, when the terrible strain is over.

I avoided another night's excitement by telegraphing myself to come home at once on the most urgent business.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones were awfully cordial, and laid emphasis on the fact that in the future my cot would always be waiting for me on the porch. I explained that my business would be very exacting for a few years, and I doubted if I would ever be able to get away again.

I still cling to the old-fashioned idea that night is the time for sleeping, and not for hunting and recreation.

V

HAIRPINS

[*Sun*, New York, May 19, 1902. Reprinted in *Casual Essays of the Sun*, 1905. By permission.]

The comprehensive merits of the hairpin are known to all observant men. Its

[1] Law of physics: sunstrokes are not *necessarily* fatal.

special value in surgery is asserted by a writer in *American Medicine*. It seems that a surgeon can do almost anything with a hairpin. He can wire bones with it, probe and close wounds, pin bandages, compress blood vessels, use it 'to remove foreign bodies from any natural passage,' and as a curette for scraping away soft material. And no doubt the women doctors can do a great deal more with that most gifted and versatile of human implements. Anthropologists have never done justice to the hairpin. It keeps civilization together. In the hands of girls entirely great it is much mightier than the sword or, for that matter, the plow. What is the plow but a development of the forked stick, and what is the forked stick but a modification of the hairpin? If there was any necessity, a woman could scratch the ground successfully now. In fact, there is no work or play in which something may not be accomplished by means of it.

Dullards will tell you that women are n't so inventive as men, don't take out so many patents. They don't have to. With the hairpin all that is doable can be done. With a hairpin a woman can pick a lock, pull a cork, peel an apple, draw out a nail, beat an egg, see if a joint of meat is done, do up a baby, sharpen a pencil, dig out a sliver, fasten a door, hang up a plate or a picture, open a can, take up a carpet, repair a baby carriage, clean a lamp chimney, put up a curtain, rake a grate fire, cut a pie, make a fork, a fish-hook, an awl, a gimlet, or a chisel, a paper-cutter, a clothespin, regulate a range, tinker a sewing machine, stop a leak in the roof, turn over a flapjack, caulk a hole in a pair of trousers, stir batter, whip cream, reduce the pressure in the gas meter, keep bills and receipts on file, spread butter, cut patterns, tighten windows, clean a watch, untie a knot, varnish floors, do practical plumbing, reduce the asthma of tobacco pipes, pry shirt studs into buttonholes too small for them, fix a horse's harness, restore damaged mechanical toys, wrestle with refractory beer stoppers, improvise suspenders, shovel bonbons, inspect gas burners, saw cake, jab tramps, produce artificial buttons, hooks and eyes, sew, knit, and darn, button gloves and shoes, put up awnings, doctor an automobile. In short, she can do what she wants to; she needs no other instrument.

If a woman went into the Robinson Crusoe line she would build a hut and make her a coat of the skin of a goat by means of the hairpin. She will revolutionize surgery with it in time. Meanwhile the male chirurgeons are doing the best they can; but it is not to be believed that they have mastered the full mystery of the hairpin.

VI

THE IMPROVED BABY

[*Sun*, New York, September 2, 1903. Reprinted in *Casual Essays of the Sun*, 1905. By permission.]

The chief experts in child study and infant psychology are men. The amount of valuable advice and directions given to mothers by good, motherly men is surprising. Whenever there is a Congress of Mothers, Dr. Granville Stanley Hall and Dr. Hamilton Wright Mabie are sure to unload stores of mother lore upon their listeners. Such is the unfailing wisdom of men. The infants of today must be old before their time. Much is expected of babes to whose welfare so many great masculine minds are contributing.

Dr. H. C. Carpenter lectured at a meeting of Philadelphia mothers the other day. He told them 'How to Take Care of the Baby,' and he showed that usually the baby is far from well taken care of. Mothers are not serious enough:

'"Don't play with the baby." Nothing could be more injurious to the infant's nervous system than to excite it with the customary entertainments with which fond mothers and admiring friends bore the helpless victim. It is a common error to imagine that because the child responds with a wonderlook, a laugh, or even a shriek of apparent delight, that it is being amused. Quite the contrary—it is not only being plagued, but is sustaining, in nine cases out of ten, an irreparable injury.'

Why are there not more Shakespeares, Bacons, Mabies, and Carpenters? Because most babies are irreparably injured. Baby's intellectuals are not properly and systematically developed. He may seem

to be enjoying himself when he coos and crows and shrieks with apparent delight, but he is not. He is pained. In isolation and aloofness he is trying to study his surroundings and the psychology of his nurse and relations. They will not let him think. They interfere with the growth of his mental processes. They turn him away from his lofty cogitations by their impertinent and trivial endearments. They warp his nature from its solemn bent. They kill his mind. Let him grow and meditate. He has the floor. Give him the opportunity to develop himself.

'Don't talk baby talk,' says Dr. Carpenter. Certainly not. Why should a baby understand broken, any better than whole, English? Why will mothers use that strange nursery Chinook, 'Did um shakum dady,' and so on? The man's vocabulary is shrunken on account of this habit. His bump of language is flattened. Long words for Little Ones; that's the talk. 'John Henry, my valued progeny, I shall discourse to you for a few moments on the subject of Conservation of Energy.' 'Marthy Ann, let me dissuade you from your fruitless conation to ingurgitate your rattle. The impenetrability of matter is one of the earliest subjects which should engage your attention.'

'One should avoid telling young children such exciting stories as "Jack the Giant Killer."' Explain, if you choose, that it is absurd to suppose that Jack or anybody else would kill giants. Giants get large salaries. They are too valuable to kill. Don't tell stories of any kind. Read the *Gazetteer* to Baby. It will calm his nervous system and give him much statistical and geographical information.

VII

THE PORTER'S TIP

[*Chicago Tribune*, May 9, 1915. By permission.]

Probably the two bits which the spendthrift American traveler, having luxuriated under blankets of a peculiar rigidity, the composition of which is known only to the Pullman company, and having dressed without fracturing his skull, bestows upon the porter who tendered such creature comforts as may exist in a sleeping car, hits at some important props in our economic welfare.

Chairman Walsh and the committee on industrial relations evidently suspect that an evil hides behind this quarter which the average traveler deposits with the person who dusted him thus effectively. It may be making the Pullman company rich by making possible an avoidance of paying proper wages. It may be destroying the self-respect of the porter, but we doubt it, experience never having discovered one who did not look as if he had all the self-respect of a person with a bank account.

We suspect that the first sleeping car porter who got the first two bits from a traveler nearly fell over in astonishment and was unable to express himself adequately. We suspect that the whole system was originated by the travelers themselves and that they will continue to hand out two bits in the morning regardless of what changes are made in the wage scale.

Naturally we want the money to go to the porters and not to the Pullman company, and for that reason we might insist that the company pay wages that would be adequate if there were not gratuities or would refund the latter to the passenger in the form of lower rates.

But we also suspect that the habit of tipping the porter is something not to be explained by any orthodox economic theory; that it inheres in the grandiloquence of the average traveler who wishes to consider himself a person important enough, in the peculiarly important circumstances of his travel, to hand out two bits to an obliging gentleman of color and that he would resent any legislative fussiness which deprived him of this expression of his own generosity and solvency. As to the colored person who takes the tip, we suspect that his self-respect is proof against this subtle suggestion. Anyway he earns the fee and it makes gracious the person who gives it.

There are very few remnants of the feudal system. Why destroy the one convenient method by which a person of modest income and small authority can, for a moment, attain and realize the subtleties of the grand estate? Purchasable at two bits the sensation is cheap. Many a man has spent a $20 bill and had his egotism flattered less.

VIII

HOW TO THROW OFF AN ARTICLE

[*Punch*, London, Eng., January 8, 1919. By permission.]

'Do you really write?' said Sylvia, gazing at me large-eyed with wonder. I admitted as much.

'And do they print it just as you write it?'

'Well, their hired grammarians make a few trifling alterations to justify their existence.'

'And do they pay you quite a lot?'

'Sixpence a word.'

'Oo! How wonderful!'

'But not for every word,' I added hastily, 'only the really funny ones.'

'And they send it to you by checks?'

'Rather. I bought a couple of pairs of socks with the last story; even then I had something left over.'

'And how do you write the stories?'

'Oh, just get an idea and go right ahead.'

'How wonderful! Do you just sit down and write it straight off?'

I just—only just—pulled myself up in time as I remembered that Sylvia was an enthusiast of twelve whose own efforts had already caused considerable comment in the literary circles described round the High School. I felt this entitled her to some claim on my veracity.

'Sylvia,' I cried, 'I shall have to make a confession. All those stories you have been good enough to read and occasionally smile over are the result of a cold-blooded mechanical process—and the help of a dictionary of synonyms.'

'Oo! How wonderful! Do show me how.'

'Very well. Since you are going to be a literary giantess it is well that you should be initiated into the mysteries of producing what I shall call the illusion of spontaneity. Now take this story here. Here on this old envelope is the idea.'

'Oo! Let me see. I can't read a word.'

'Of course you can't; nobody could. Rough copies are divided into classes as follows:—

'No. 1. Those I can read, but nobody else can.

'No. 2. Those I can't read myself after two days.

'No. 3. Those my typist can read.

'This story is about a certain Brigade Major who is an inveterate leg-puller. Some Americans are expected to be coming for instruction. Well, before they arrive the Brigade Major has to go up to the line, and on his way he meets a man with a very new tin hat who asks him in a certain nasal accent we have all come to love if he has seen anything of a party of Americans. Spotting him as a new chum, the Brigade Major offers to show him round the line, and proceeds to pull his leg and tells him the most preposterous nonsense. For instance, on a shot being fired miles away he pretends they are in frightful danger, and leads him bent double round and round trenches in the same circle.'

'What a shame!'

'Was n't it? Well, when he gets tired he asks the American if he thinks he has learnt anything. The American says, "Gee, I 've been out here two years now, but I guess you 've taught me a whole heap I did n't know. I 'm a Canadian tunneller, you know, and I 've got to show some Americans our work, but I guess I 've had a most interesting time with you."

'Ha! ha!'

'Well now, to put the story into its form. Here's Copy No. 1, on this old envelope. "Americans coming—Brigade Major sees American looking for party—pulls his leg—pretends to being in frightful danger—American is Canadian who has been out two years." See? Copy No. 2. Here we begin to fill in. Describe Brigade headquarters and previous leg-pulls of Brigade Major. Make up details of what he tells the American—"That 's a trench. That thing you fell over is a coil of wire. This is a sunken road—we sunk it, etc., etc." Copy No. 3, additions and details, little touches of local color, revision of choice of words, heartrending erasions. And here, my child,' I concluded, bringing out the beautiful, clean, smooth typed copy—'here is the finished work itself, light, pleasant, fluent, humorous and, most important of all, spontaneous.'

'Oo! But how awfully cold-blooded. I thought you smiled to yourself all the time you wrote it.'

'My dear girl, it takes hours. If I smiled continually all that length of time the top of my head would come off.'

'Is n't it wonderful? Fancy building it all up from jottings on an old envelope! What 's that piece of paper you took out of the typed copy?'

'Oh, that 's nothing to do with the literary side of it,' I said, crumbling up the little memorandum, which said that the Editor presented compliments and regretted that he was unable to make use of the enclosed contribution. L.

IX

HEAD AND BACKGROUND

[*New York Times*, November 4, 1920. By permission.]

Direct action is spreading. In the boycott of Hungary and the attempted boycott of Poland international labor brought the sympathetic or antipathetic strike into international politics. Now it has invaded art. For twenty-four hours all the artists and artistic craftsmen of Italy remained idle as an expression of their sympathy for Mr. Augustus John, the British painter.

It is a curious case. John was commissioned to paint the portrait of a gentleman who had slid into the British peerage on a cake of soap. He did so paint it and sent it to the subject, who cut the head out of the picture, kept it, and sent the rest of the canvas back to the artist with the observation that he might have some use for it. Philistines not gifted with the power of appreciating John's pictures may think the peer would have done better to send back the head and save the margin.

However, the artist was infuriated and talked of a damage suit. A painter, he maintained, was not in the position of an author, who can keep a copy of his book and continue to get his own pleasure out of it whether it suits the world or not. Of each picture there is only a single specimen, and John contends that the mere purchase by the sitter, or by anybody else, does not wholly destroy the artist's rights. The picture has been created, and the artist, or anybody else who can appreciate it, still has the right to enjoy it, though he may not be able to do so as frequently as the gentleman who bought it.

This is a delicate point which permits of much argument and cannot be settled either by stubborn insistence on the rights of the purchaser or by the sound and fury of the Italian artists who burned Lord Leverhulme's effigy in the public square and finished a perfect day by laying a wreath on the altar of St. John, apparently under the impression that he was the patron saint of the artist in question. Yet it can easily be held that nobody has the right to destroy a work of art—even the artist himself. How much less a mere industrial magnate whose only connection with the arts is the ungrateful one of patron!

Of course, we don't know why the peer saved the head and threw away the background. A psychoanalyst might tell us that it indicated an ego-centric temperament which was willing to consider itself as such, but not in relation to even a small proportion of the cosmos. No doubt Lord Leverhulme has respectable reasons for this performance, as he seems to have had for most things he has done; but he has awakened a great issue. Meanwhile many artists will find it possible to rebuke him sharply at the cost of next to no interference with their own settled habits. They can merely refuse to buy soap.

X

SAYING IT WITH FLOWERS

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

[*Harper's Monthly Magazine*, April, 1921. By permission of author and publisher.]

I am not of the patronizing sort that does n't read—or affects not to read—the boxing news, the Gossip of Filmland, the Frank Crane stuff, the syndicated 'How to Keep Well' articles. I read them all and they do me good, for I take them seriously. In fact, I owe my clean-limbed young Americanism chiefly to my adherence to advice that I read a few years ago in *The Life of Jess Willard*. Mr. Willard advised me

—I always think the author is looking straight at me—to do certain exercises daily, and every day since the morning I read that counsel I have done those strengthening exercises. Somebody told me, a few days after I began to emulate Mr. Willard, that Mr. Willard did n't write those pieces at all, but that they were written by Mr. George Creel. It was like telling me there was no Santa Claus. I think I cried a little, but I kept right on with the exercises, and now anybody that says a word against George Creel has me, with five or six years of unremitting training, to fight.

I take, as I said, the printed word seriously. A dealer myself in the printed word, it never occurs to me that any one might read my own carefully chiseled phrases and say, 'Yes, but is it true?' or, 'Oh, well, I doubt it,' or even, 'What of it?'

I am like Ernest in the old Ade fable, who had been Kicked in the Head by a Mule when young and Believed everything he Read in the Sunday Papers.

And so this evening—my passion for truth makes me refrain from saying the other day, because it was n't the other day, though it will be when this appears—I read, among other things on the woman's page (and what I started out to say was that I am not of the patronizing sort that pretends not to read the woman's page) an 'article,' as they call them, by Dorothy Dix. It was entitled, 'Do Women Want to Be Petted?' and, with my habit of answering every question, rhetorical or not, that is put to me, I said, 'No,' and added, with a revealing candor that I use in meditation, 'At any rate, not by me.'

Well, I read this piece of Miss Dix's, which told of the sufferings and sacrifices of the average married woman. 'The only thing that can repay her,' I read, as I stood in the warm, well-lighted subway train, speeding along through the night, after a jolly day spent in the joys of literary composition in a room full of reporter-pounded type-writers and thrillingly noisy telegraph instruments, 'is the tenderness of her husband. His kisses, warm with love, and not a chill peck of duty on the cheek, his murmured words of endearment, are the magic coin that settles the long score that a woman charges up against matrimony, and that makes her rich in happiness.'

'The woman'—by this time the train had got to Fourteenth Street, and the crowd of eager, merry homegoers, ardent to arrive at their joyous apartments, made reading difficult—'who has looked from the lovely gown and soft furs in a show window to her own shabby frock, and known that she could afford nothing better because the children had to have shoes and the coal was nearly out; the woman who has wrestled with pots and pans and the washtub all day, while the baby howled and the other children fought, until her nerves were raw—will she be soothed by her husband's treating her as an equal when he comes home at night, and conversing with her about the Federal Reserve bank and the railroad situation? I trow not.'

'But if'—and this took me from Seventy-second Street to Cathedral Parkway—'he puts his arms about her, and pats her on the shoulder, and says, "There, there, now," and tells her she is the dearest, bravest, most wonderful little woman in the world, and he just wishes he had the money to doll her up and show people that his little wifekins has got any of those living pictures backed off the screen, why, somehow, the tiredness goes out of her back, and the envy out of her soul, and the sun's come again in her heaven, and she is ready to go down on her knees and thank God for giving her such a husband, even if he is n't a money maker.'

I emerged from the subway, and, soft and glowing with the romance Miss Dix had suffused me with, I stopped at a florist's. 'How much,' I asked, 'are those violets?' 'Two dollars,' he said. He wrapped them with the contemptuous air florists have for men who carry their offerings with them. They, I take it, are the transient trade. Your real wooer, it came over me in a flash, never brings his flowers.

I entered the house with the airy tread of youth, adventurous and confident. The Little Woman, as I call her in my lighter moments, was seated at her desk writing checks—struggling, I mused, with the problem of inelastic currency.

'See,' I said, pointing with modest triumph to the violets.

'Where did you get them?' she asked.

'Well,' she said—and I have no doubt she was right—'if you paid more than a dollar you got stuck. You always let a florist give you anything. Go and put them in the ice box.'

'There, there, now,' I said, quoting Miss Dix. 'You are the dearest, bravest, most wonderful little woman in the world. I just wish I had the money to doll you up and show people that my little wifekins has got any of those living pictures backed off the screen.'

'Since when,' asked the Little Woman—and she is the bravest, as Miss Dix says, l. w. in the world—'since when have living pictures gone into the movies, and is that where you go in the afternoon when I call the office at three and they say that you 've left for the day? No wonder you never make any money. . . . Do you know why Wabash Preferred A and those other railroad stocks don't go up? It 's partly because of the full-crew law and partly because of the Federal Reserve, and my whole interest in the railroad situation is in whether a train I am on or am waiting for is on time or late.'

I am about a good deal, looking for what my admirers call Material for my Little Articles, and I meet lots of people. If I ever meet Miss Dix, I am going to introduce her to the Little Woman.

XI

EAT, DRINK, AND BE MERRY—FOR TO-MORROW YE DIET

DON MARQUIS

[*American Magazine*, October, 1921. By permission of author and publisher.]

I was scared into it, or I never would have tried it. My blood pressure looked like Babe Ruth's batting average, and my latitude was beginning to exceed my longitude.

The hostess at literary tea fights would say to her husband, 'Dear, don't give Mr. Marquis one of those flimsy little morris chairs. We want him to be comfortable. . . . Take the sofa, won't you, Mr. Marquis?'

And sales-persons would say, 'I would n't advise a fancy waistcoat with checks into it for stout parties like you, sir. What stout parties like you want is something with lines in it, sir, to make them look longer.'

When I got up to give a lady a seat in the subway, whoever happened to be with her always sat down, too.

I said to Grantland Rice, 'I wish you would give me a little preliminary advice, Grant; I 'm thinking of taking up golf in a serious way.'

And Grant looked at me, and said, with an allusion to my rotundity, 'Why don't you join the Holy Rollers?'

These things, of course, hurt my vanity—and a fat man weighing two hundred and fifty pounds has more vanity than two slim men weighing one hundred and twenty-five pounds each.

My vanity was hurt; but my vanity alone would never have led me to do it. As I said before, I was scared into it. When I walked up a flight of stairs my heart got as fluttered and hysterical as a high-school girl who has just been kissed for the first time behind the hall door. And then it would quit, quit entirely for a while. And I would sit down wherever I happened to be, and wait for it to start up again.

Also, I had neurasthenia, neuritis, and neuralgia. There is an erroneous notion that fat men are placid, stolid, serene persons. I was n't.

My nerves were chronically in such a condition that they used to stick out of my skin in the mornings like pin feathers on a chicken. I used to have to lather myself all over and shave the ends off with a safety razor in the mornings before I could put my clothes on.

Also, I had what the doctors call pseudo-angina, or false angina pectoris. This is some darned thing that takes hold of your heart and twists it, just as you take hold of a fountain pen that won't unscrew, and unscrew it *anyhow*.

Doctors take false angina very lightly. Few doctors have had it, evidently. As far as I can make out, the chief difference between false angina and true angina is that true angina kills you about the second or third time it strikes, while false angina kids you along and scares you to death thirty or forty times before it finally gets down to cases.

Besides all this, my heart was fat. All the good, healthy heart muscle that I had

inherited from generations of hard-praying, pessimistic Presbyterian ancestors had been turned into fat by my own careless life of light and laughter. At any moment this fat heart of mine was likely to burst and spread like a cut of Boston cream pie in the hands of a four-year-old child.

There were other things the matter with me, including my digestion. I don't mean that I had indigestion. I mean that I had such a digestion that everything I ate turned to flesh at once.

As far as I can make out, this perfect digestion of mine is what well-nigh ruined me. It sat right in the center of my being, and worked overtime, day and night, turning everything that came its way into flesh.

Vitamines, calories, carbohydrates were all one to my digestion. If it found that somebody had inadvertently dropped a golosh into the goulash, it did not kick; it went joyously about its work of turning that golosh into fat; and into fat it was turned, whether it had originally been made of Brazilian rubber or Chilean caoutchouc.

Well, as I said before, I was scared into it.

The doctor said, in effect, 'Diet or die!'

When I say, 'the doctor,' it is to be understood that I don't mean any one particular doctor. I had enough doctors at one time or another to reach, if laid in a row, ivory to ivory, from Esculapius to Rochester, Minnesota, where those merry little cut-ups, the Mayo brothers, play tunes upon the human duodenum all day long. When I say the doctor, I mean a composite of them all, a sort of synthetic doctor.

'What do you mean, diet?' I asked. 'Why, Doctor, I am a very moderate eater. I eat hardly anything.'

I have never known a fat man who would admit that he ate much. The point of view of the fat is: Some persons are born to be fat; some are born to be thin; it is all with Providence—What can I do?

'What do you eat for breakfast?' asked all the doctors—asked the synthetic doctor. You see, I got the same judgment from eight or ten of them before I would believe it.

'I eat a very light breakfast,' I said. 'In fact, I eat scarcely any breakfast at all. All I eat is some orange juice and some cereal and two or three cups of coffee with sugar and cream and a couple of eggs and a few pieces of toast and four or five slices of crisp bacon. I always have the bacon crisp, Doctor, because I am afraid that if it is dripping with fat it might have a tendency to increase my fleshiness.'

'What do you eat for lunch?'

I had him there, I felt.

'Some days,' I said, 'when I eat a late breakfast, I don't eat any lunch at all. I cut out lunch entirely, and just take a snack along in the middle of the afternoon some time—two or three bottles of near-beer and a few sandwiches and maybe a piece of pie or two, but never anything to eat, really. I am a very light eater. I sometimes think that if I could only force myself to eat more I would get rid of all this trouble with my nerves and heart, and my trouble in breathing would disappear. I told you, didn't I, that I have an asthmatic tendency?'

'What do you eat for dinner?'

'Dinner is the only meal of the day that I have any appetite for, Doctor. But if I have had lunch, I eat a very simple dinner—just a cocktail and a bottle of beer, maybe, and some meat and vegetables and things and some dessert and maybe some cheese. But, of course, if I haven't had any lunch, I eat more.'

'Do you eat again before you go to bed?'

'Frequently, but not always. Sometimes I have a Welsh rabbit before I go to bed, or something simple and nourishing like that.'

'Is that all you eat?'

'Sometimes I take a little snack during the night, Doctor. You see, I do a great deal of my writing along between midnight and three in the morning. I get up to do it when everything is quiet. And intellectual work gives one an appetite. But I never allow myself much during the night. . . . If there is a custard in the ice box I may eat it, along with a few cold potatoes and some left-over chops and a couple of bottles of beer, and some pie. But I doubt if it does me much good. I think one reason, Doctor, that I am not able to eat a really good breakfast is because I eat during the night. I am think-

ing seriously of cutting it out, so that I can do myself justice at breakfast.'

'Do you eat anything between three in the morning and breakfast?'

'Of course not! Do you take me for a glutton!' I always regarded this question as an insult.

'When you eat lunch—you have said that you do not always eat lunch—do you eat anything between breakfast and lunch?'

'Not unless I happen to be doing some writing at home in the morning, Doctor. Then, of course, I get hungry between breakfast and lunch, and take a little snack. Sometimes, if I am on my way to the office after breakfast, I drop in at a lunch-room for a bite. I never go to a real restaurant at this time of day. In the old days, if I found myself in a barroom at this time of day, of course I would eat a bit of free lunch.'

'In the afternoons, on the days when you do not eat lunch but have a snack, do you eat anything between the snack and dinner time?'

'Very seldom, Doctor, unless I see somebody else eating. If I should happen to be at the club at that time of day, of course I usually eat something. But I am not at the club oftener than four or five days a week.'

'About how much bread do you eat with each meal? I mean at what you call your regular meal—not your snacks between meals.'

'Not more than eight or ten slices of bread, Doctor.'

'Do you eat many potatoes?'

'A very small helping, always. Never more than four or five potatoes, unless there is gravy. Of course, if there is gravy, I eat more. And with regard to the bread, too, Doctor, I do not wish to deceive you—when there is gravy, I always eat five or six pieces of bread *and* gravy, besides the other bread I told you about.'

How I love to write these things down! Merely to write them down and to think of them! Oh, the old days, the old days! It has been ten months since I had a potato! I am reformed, physically, to a certain extent; but mentally! . . .

The doctor got solemn. To make a fat story lean, he cut off, with one stroke of his pen, tobacco, alcoholic beverages of all sorts, tea, coffee, tobacco, and—so it seemed to me then—food; practically all food.

I laughed at him. I laughed at them all. But the thing that brought me to it was a nervous smash that happened last summer, complicated with the usual heart trouble, and a suggestion of something else—apoplexy. I had never had apoplexy before. It is the new thing that gets your goat. I was scared into it, I tell you. And I sought the doctor again . . . sought another segment, so to speak, of the synthetic doctor. And we went all through it again.

'Here,' he said, 'eat this for a while, and nothing more. But you won't do it. The d—dest fools are the fat fools. They have no moral fiber. They lack character. They are spiritually lazy. They stuff themselves till they die. I always think it is better for the world when one of them does die. They are no good in the world.'

Humbly I took the diet list that he had written. I was in no mood to resent anything. I remembered how my neck had felt the day before, when it swelled against my number eighteen collar. I was scared into it.

And here is what I was scared into:

BREAKFAST:

- One orange or raw apple, or one dish of prunes.
- One cup of kaffee-hag, with a small lump of sugar and no cream.
- One piece of wheat bread, toasted; or two pieces of bran bread.
- One egg, if neither meat nor egg is taken at luncheon.

LUNCHEON:

- Lettuce without oil dressing or mayonnaise.
- Spinach, as much as you like.
- One piece of wheat bread, or two pieces of bran bread.
- Uncooked fruit; one apple or one pear.
- One egg, if none has been eaten for breakfast.

DINNER:

- Two tablespoonfuls of any two vegetables such as peas, carrots, turnips, tomatoes, asparagus. No rice, no potatoes, no hominy grits.
- One slice of wheat bread or two slices of bran bread.
- Spinach or lettuce.
- One slice of lean beef or mutton, four inches square and a quarter of an inch thick.
- If an egg has not been taken either for

breakfast or luncheon, an egg or a bit more meat or another slice of bread may be taken for dinner.

Then the battle began.

I went to it. . . . I ate my breakfast the next day, and settled down to write. It was all right for five minutes, and then I knew something was the matter. I had n't had my coffee.

'Very well,' I said grimly, 'I will see whether I am the master of my fate, the captain of my pylorus, or whether my peristaltic motion bosses me.'

All went well for another five minutes after this declaration, and then I caught my right hand doing something that my left hand pretended it knew nothing about.

It was lighting a match, was my right hand, and applying it to a pipe, and the pipe was full of tobacco and in my mouth.

I swear by the beard of the Prophet and the grammar of Ring Lardner that I do not know where that pipe had come from. My subconscious mind, of my subliminal self, or maybe Old Doc Freud in person, had sneaked up and filled it and stuck it in my mouth without me, myself, my Real Ego No. 1, being in the slightest degree aware of it—and here was my right hand impudently lighting it before my face.

Right here is where I stop and register my first appeal for sympathy from my fellow men. I can do with anything, or without anything, if I can smoke at the same time. Booze does n't matter to me —well, not much. And I can get along without food, and not mind it any more than losing my right arm. . . . But tobacco! You know! If you don't, even Dante could n't get it to you. And Dante's inferno is a failure, anyhow, when I come to consider it; it has no hell in which the torture consists in going without tobacco.

I was living in the country, and there was a tide-water pond in front of the house.

Says my Ego to my Subliminal Self, 'I am Boss! Take that pipe and throw it into the pond!'

Says my Subliminal Self to my Ego, 'I would, but I don't want to get all wet groping for it in the dark along about midnight to-night!'

Says my Soul to my Body, 'Lout! Loafer! Low-life! Coward! Do you want to die?'

Says my Body to my Soul, 'I can stand it if you can! You let me be! You 've starved me all morning and I have n't said a word. But I ain't gonna go without my tobacco!'

Then—I drew myself up to my full breadth; and the Spirit snatched that pipe from the Flesh and flung it into the pond. The man from whom we rented the place told me a couple of days later that the eels were dying of some strange new malady. It was an old and favorite pipe —but that has nothing to do with this story.

I settled myself to write again. I was working on some stuff for the New York *Sun;* something intended to be light and tripping and full of joy—a set of gladsome verses. What was my astonishment to find them turning, entirely without my own volition, into a tragedy in *vers libre* under my hand; later I sold them to one of the high-brow periodicals, that is trying to save the world by specializing in despair.

And I was aware of something strange going on at about the point where my hypotenuse impinges on my perimeter. I can only describe it as a feeling of friendlessness and sorrow.

It felt, if you get what I mean, as if my digestive organs were putting on one of those Maeterlinck plays. I could even hear a kind of rumbling dialogue, that went like this:

KING PYLORUS: I am so sad . . . so sad!

QUEEN DUODENUM: Woe! . . . Woe! . . . I am so sad! So sad!

PRINCE PANCREAS: Dear Father! Dear Mother! I, too, am so sad . . . so sad!

KING PYLORUS: I feel as if it were a universe full of hopeless longing . . . hopeless longing . . .

PRINCE PANCREAS: I, too, am yearning . . . the twilight here where I am is full of yearning . . . there are cries of pain!

QUEEN DUODENUM: There is no ray of light or hope . . . never again will there be light or hope in this dungeon!

PRINCE PANCREAS: If only a little bit of a fish would come my way! Only a minnow . . . only a little fish!

KING PYLORUS: Yes, a little sardine . . . a little innocent sardine . . . full of hope and joy!

QUEEN DUODENUM: It would be welcome . . . even if it had ptomaine poisoning.

PRINCE PANCREAS: I am so sad that I would prefer it with ptomaine poisoning!

QUEEN DUODENUM: Hark! Someone is coming!

KING PYLORUS: It will not matter . . . it will be nothing good for us. Never again will anything happen that will be good for us.

PRINCE PANCREAS: Cheer up, Father! Cheer up, Mother!

KING PYLORUS: A stranger comes!

QUEEN DUODENUM: I do not dare to hope!

PRINCE PANCREAS: Hope, Mother . . . Hope, Father . . . hope . . .

QUEEN DUODENUM: You are young yet . . . you dare to hope. . . . But here comes the stranger . . .

KING PYLORUS: It is as I thought . . . nothing good will ever happen to us . . . it is only a drink of water. . . .

QUEEN DUODENUM: Nothing good . . . only a drink of water . . . nothing good could ever come to us . . .

PRINCE PANCREAS: I am so young to perish . . . only a drink of water . . . nothing good will ever come to us. . . .

Well, you can imagine how melancholy a person would get after listening to his inwards talk like that for a couple of hours, can't you? And it kept right up until lunch time. And lunch . . . lunch . . .

Well, look at the schedule yourself. Is it, or is it not, your idea of something to eat?

Spinach I had always looked upon as something they made jokes about, not as an article of food. You may believe it or not, but by the time I had been upon this accursed diet for ten days, I actually began to regard a dish of spinach as a friend.

It is a temptation to follow my days and nights in detail, but I spare you the particulars of my suffering. I weighed two hundred and twenty-five pounds, naked as I came from the hands of Nature, when I started to diet. After three days of the most intense suffering I hopped on the scales, expecting to find that I had lost at least twenty-five pounds.

And then I got my first jolt, which led to my first backsliding. Apparently I had not lost one single ounce in weight. I was not yet aware of the fact that a man normally varies three or four pounds in the course of every twenty-four hours. I had weighed 225 pounds early in the morning, before breakfast, of the day I began to diet; and after three days of the torture I weighed 225 pounds still; but it was in the evening.

The disappointment jarred me loose from my faith in man, medicine, and the nebular hypothesis; and in a rage of anger I sat down and ate a big meal. Even the little dieting I had done, however, had changed my stomach's point of view, and it immediately whispered something to my pneumogastric nerve, which registered a complaint to my fat and feeble heart.

And then my Conscience got to work. Always, throughout my periods of backsliding, and they have not been few, my Conscience has got to work—a little late. But I suffer as much spiritually now, when I over-eat, as if I had violated six or seven of the Ten Commandments.

'Quitter!' said my Conscience. 'I knew you did n't have it in you!'

'Shut up!' I said to my Conscience. 'Where were you when the meal was going in?'

'Coward!' said my Conscience. 'You are only forty-two, and you would look sixty—if anybody cared to look at you!'

'I 'm not as fat as some fellows,' said I.

'You look like a cartoonist's model for an End-Seat Hog," said my Conscience. 'In another year you will need a caddy with a washtub to carry your embonpoint.'

'I 'm happy,' said I. 'I 'm jolly—everybody says so! I 'm a Jolly Fat Man!'

'You are a three-chinned chunk of Camembert!' said my Conscience.

'You lie!' I cried, stung through all my dermal layers, pinked to the quivering center of my obesity.

'Don't get emotional,' warned my Conscience. 'Heart! Remember your fat heart won't stand the strain of emotion! Apoplexy! Remember you 'll break a blood vessel in your brain!'

'You let me be,' I said, cowering and whimpering, 'and I 'll go right back to it in the morning.'

This conversation is the epitome of many that I have had with my Conscience, for I have backslidden many, many times. It has been told me that after a while one gets to the place where one does not mind the light diet at all. That may be so for some persons, but it has not been so for me. I have been hungry, continuously and ravenously hungry, almost all the time since July, 1920. During the first seven months of that period I took off fifty pounds in weight. But dur-

ing the last three months I have sat down, like a darned fool, and eaten fifteen pounds back onto me.

I am starting to work to get that fifteen pounds off again. So I am not writing from any mere memory of sorrows past and gone, from any recollection of old unhappy days and battles long ago; I am writing out of a deep, profound and present grief; out of an active hunger that is at this very moment staging another Maeterlinckian drama just south of my diaphragm. If I were to allow myself I could eat the paper on which I write. I know how goats feel when they go for old cans; I know how cats feel when they wail to the moon. The song of the midnight cat is not all of love and war; my ear has detected the note of famine in his voice. I lean out of my chamber window at nights, sometimes, and sob and call him Brother.

The schedule of meals which I have given is not one that I got from any one doctor. It represents what I worked out for myself out of conversations with a number of physicians, and after perusal of a number of books. It will take off about four pounds a week if it is rigidly adhered to. But that is too much to take off. Two pounds a week is enough, until you have taken off twenty-five or thirty pounds, and after that about one pound a week.

Personally, I found it a great deal easier to take off four pounds a week by very rigid dieting and then to let up on myself for a couple of days, and eat about what I pleased and permit two pounds to come back on again. I would rather fight hard, for a time, and make a struggle and a drama of it, and get rid of more flesh than is actually necessary; and then relax almost entirely from the struggle. I find that I enjoy the struggle, and the series of small moral triumphs during the period of struggle, and I enjoy the blithe period of eating at the end of five or six days of the struggle . . . look forward to it as reprehensible and iniquitous Old Soaks, so I have been informed, used to look forward to their periodic drunks in the old, bad days when so many persons were happy.

There are compensations for all these pains and perturbations. I can go up a flight of stairs now, for the first time in several years, without resting half a dozen times. My hair, which was quite gray, is coming in black again in spots. I wear a sixteen-and-a-half collar instead of an eighteen collar. I hope to get down to fifteen-and-a-half in the next year. I had fallen arches, and they have spruced up again. I am not nearly so short of breath as formerly. I have not had a really bad attack with my heart for some months.

But best of all is the feeling that I am a human being again, if you get what I mean. Or, at least, that I will be a human being again when I get rid of that fifteen pounds that I let come back on me, with five or six more pounds to boot.

It would be a disgrace to die fat!

XII

THE LADY BUM

BY ONE OF THEM

[*New York Times*, January 1, 1922. By permission.]

How 'Three Penniless Days Make a Bum' was told in a recent article in *The Sunday Times*, by the person best able to tell—the bum himself.

He was a man bum.

A lady does not become a bum in three days—it takes her a week, for reasons that I can authentically give, having just recovered from being a lady bum myself. And there are plenty more like me, only many of them have n't recovered.

The chief difference between the down-and-out man and the down-and-out girl is this. The d.-a.-o. man sleeps on a park bench and looks like a bum. The d.-a.-o. girl sleeps in an unpaid-for furnished room and looks very respectable. The man spends what little change he has—if he has any—for food and sleeps on a bench. The girl spends what little change she has—if she has any—for a room and goes without food.

Not because she has more pride than the man has. She has n't. But because cops haul in girls who would sleep on benches, and well-meaning organizations 'rescue' girls who look down and out. A pretty face and worn-out soles are a signal for those who would save girls from the perilous path, whereas an anemic face in a

stylish coat and a pair of polished French heels can go far unmolested.

Heels, by the way, are a barometer of a girl's pocketbook. You can tell how low a girl has sunk by the layers off her heel, just as you can tell how low a man has sunk by the layers on his collar.

It was a week before my heels wore off—and I became a bum.

I came to New York last September from the Middle West, to give Irvin S. Cobb and Ring Lardner a run for their fame. I was a humorist—not only self-acknowledged but so called by the promotion department of the paper back home, where I was hired for a sob sister and used as a columnist.

My idea in coming to New York was to get rich.

I must have struck a bad season. I did n't believe it, the first fifty-four times they told me, but on the fifty-fifth time I began to suspect it was true.

I registered at the Martha Washington Hotel, consoling myself it would be good enough there until I added to my savings and could afford an apartment in the Village or on Riverside. I spent my first two weeks in the city looking for a job on the staff of a New York newspaper, and at the end of two weeks I checked out of the Martha Washington Hotel.

I took a room by the week at a Brooklyn Y. W. C. A. and spent the week looking for a job on a Brooklyn newspaper. At the end of that week I made arrangements to pay for my room by the day instead of by the week.

Then I tried magazines, publicity, advertising and everything where experience in writing might possibly secure work.

By the fifth week I was almost broke. I visited my first pawnshop and it was then that I began to sink. You begin to lose some of your self-respect, if you are a woman, when you hit the long trail to the Three Balls. For the first time in your life you are eyed suspiciously. And the reason you begin to lose your self-respect is because you know you have no come-back. There is no real claim to indignation on your part when the pawnbroker looks at the initials 'M. W.' on your locket and asks you what your name is—and yet you find yourself assuring yourself over and over again that your name really does correspond with those initials. There 's something about having the pawnbroker level his lens on your most precious personal belongings and tell you how little they are worth in cold cash that makes you feel you are begging the money instead of paying a good rate of interest on it.

My self-respect and my turquoise ring went at the first shop. After that it was easy. I got so that I could haggle over the number of karats in a gold signet ring without caring at all because the broker thought I had stolen it.

The pawnshops left me with enough money for carfare and Automat sandwiches, but none for room rent. I went out to look for a job. Any kind of a job.

I answered fourteen ads for selling propositions. I could n't get any one of them to pay me a small salary or even my expenses. They were all strictly on commission, and the better places demanded a $5 deposit to cover the sample carried. I realized it was impossible for me to become a saleswoman.

Also a waitress. I saw a sign 'Girl Wanted' on one of our big chain restaurants, and I went in and applied. The man in charge asked me for the name of my former boss. I gave him the name of the managing editor on the paper back home and he laughed.

'What are you trying to pull, an exposé?' he asked.

I told him I was trying to pull the price of a meal ticket. And he laughed again.

By this time I had to sneak past the desk where the girls paid their board at the Y. W. C. A., because I was afraid the Secretary would ask me for the check which I had told her I was expecting in every mail.

This, by the way, is one place where the down-and-out girl has the advantage of the down-and-out man. She can let her bills run longer. Not that she would be turned out in the street from a Y. W. C. A. She would n't. She would be turned over to a committee who would 'investigate,' which would be worse.

Right here let me say that all of this time I looked perfectly respectable. I looked just like the girl who was hanging on the strap next to yours coming home on the subway this evening. I was n't richly dressed, but I was dressed in good taste and my clothes were average good clothes.

At the end of the week I found a note

in my mail box when I came home. It requested me to call at the office immediately. I knew that this meant I was to be questioned and my 'case' was to be investigated. My relatives would be looked up and I would be sent to them as a charity proposition.

I went out. As I passed the big Assembly Room the Bible Club was having their weekly meeting. They were singing 'Rescue the Perishing.' I never returned.

I found a cheap room in a cheap Brooklyn rooming house. The landlady was suspicious about taking me without my trunk, which, of course, I had left at the Y. W. C. A. She was doubly suspicious when I told her I would pay her at the end of the week instead of in advance. But she looked at my fur coat and took a chance on me. It was a long chance.

The next day I went out early, with 20 cents between me and the poorhouse. I walked across Brooklyn Bridge and watched my chance to snatch a paper, so that I could see the want ads. I found one in a refuse can at the Brooklyn Bridge surface car station. I felt like a woman of the streets as I reached into the can, but I reached in boldly and smiled as I pulled it out, and several people who saw me do it smiled, too—indulgently.

There is another thing. A girl can get away with a lot of things that a man can't, if she does them seemingly in the spirit of adventure. She can even taste candy in the department stores if she does it boldly and with a smile. Especially if she has on a fur coat, good gloves and does n't look hungry. I know.

I picked up the paper and looked at the front page. I saw in large type the words 'Armistice Day.'

I walked back across the bridge, knowing there would be no place to look for a job on Armistice Day. I sat down by the harbor and watched the tugs come and go along the East River. I wondered where they were going and what the places were like where they went.

That is a strange thing. I had read of people, men usually, who were down-and-out hitting the railroad tracks or loafing by the wharves, and wondered why. Now I know. There is a sort of fascination about activity, when you can't be active yourself, that makes you want to be near it. Especially activity that is not of people, but mechanical activity. You don't want to be stared at by hurrying crowds of busy people, but you like to watch busy engines switch or tugs plod along. Then, too, you become imaginative when you are idle, because you have no cause to be practical. You like to imagine where the trains are going instead of getting a timetable to find out.

When it got dark I walked home and washed my one handkerchief and my collar and pasted them on the mirror. There is another place where the lady bum has it on the man bum. There was no soap in the bathroom, but there was plenty of water, and I could keep from looking dirty.

The next day I walked over the bridge again. I saw men and girls hurrying by to jobs, and I envied them for their earning power. They looked at me—some of them—but without interest. It surprised me at first, because I was getting nearer to the stage of being a bum, where you don't want to be seen. But I reminded myself that I looked just like they did—outwardly, although I felt so different inside.

I believe I shall always wonder, years hence, when a well-dressed woman passes me, if she is hungry. Writers have played up the fact that a fur coat covers a multitude of sins, but the truth of the matter is that fur coats cover a multitude of empty stomachs.

You will argue that any woman with an empty stomach and a fur coat ought to sell the coat for a shabby one and spend the money for food. That is because you have never been a lady bum. A fur coat gets her places that a full stomach never would. It is her entrée into hotel washrooms when she is dirty from job hunting. It gets her into department store rest rooms when she is sore of foot. And in the last stages it gets her help from a certain class of people who would be glad to help her if she had suddenly lost her purse, but who never would if she had never had a purse.

And then, most important of all, it helps her to hang on to her last scraps of self-respect.

As I walked over the bridge I realized how hungry I was. I had had no breakfast and I felt weak. I looked down at

the water as I walked, and tried to imagine the sensations of women who had jumped off the bridge and hit the cold water. I took a certain delight in the fellowship of these women. Yet I had no desire to leap and join them.

I knew that, in spite of the fact that these men and girls who were hurrying past me had put down breakfasts of, say, waffles and honey, buckwheat cakes and sausages, ham and eggs, I could conjure up pictures of the most varied breakfast menus, and I linked them up with the various people who passed me—I knew that, in spite of this, there was just one step between me and them, a job.

I walked over to one of the type-writing places where girls register for positions. I can use the typewriter, and I registered as a typist. There were about 150 other girls waiting. They did n't look as the movies show the girl out of a job. And they did n't look like men out of a job look. They were clean and fresh, up to the minute so far as style goes, many of them even prosperous appearing. They were girls like myself—girls who know that the worst thing a down-and-out girl can do is to look the part.

I waited an hour and a half, and then I walked about sixteen blocks to another typewriting place. There were about fifty girls waiting there. I was too weak to go further, so I decided to take my chance along with the fifty.

I sat next to a girl with too much powder and too little skirt. After we had waited an hour she turned to me.

'Been out long, miss?' she said.

'Quite a while,' I replied.

'It 's gettin' worse all the time,' she said.

After another fifteen minutes she turned to me again.

'Goin' out to lunch?' she asked.

'No, I believe not,' I said.

She smiled. 'I did n't go out yesterday,' she said, 'but I 'm fixed now. Come on and have a bit with me.'

I did n't wait to be urged, and I did n't care how she got 'fixed.'

The next day I spent 10 of my last 15 cents for buns. I had thought first of buying bread, but I saw an old woman on a box near the bakery eating pieces of a loaf of bread. I tried to think that I was n't that far gone. So I bought buns, and I ate them at intervals during the day while I answered ads for office girls which I had torn out of a paper in the bakery store where I bought my buns.

I came home that night wondering where I could go to look for a job next.

As I came in the door I heard the man who has the hall room next to mine say:

'Well, to-morrow 's another holiday, eh?'

'Yes,' said his friend, 'we 're off all day.'

There are a lot of holidays in New York compared to the Mid-West. It never occurs to you when you have a job, but it is tough when you are out looking for one.

Instead of my daily walk over the bridge next morning, I walked over to Fort Greene Park and found a bench. I decided to stay there all day. I knew I had sunk far; but I was glad they let ladies sit on benches, even if they could n't sleep there.

And just here occurred something which will no doubt strike me as funny later on—much later.

About 4 o'clock a man came along.

'Want to see a show?' he asked.

I did n't answer. I had n't come to that.

'I did n't mean to offend you,' he said. 'I just happened to have this free pass to admit one to the theater up the street. I have to catch a train.'

He dropped it in my lap and hurried on before I could thank him.

A theater! What a wonderful place to lose yourself for a while—to forget. I looked at the address. It was about twelve blocks up the street and I hurried along. I wondered if it should be hot in the theater, if I might faint.

The play was to be, 'The White Headed Boy.'

I presented my pass at the box office.

'Twenty cents war tax,' the man said.

'I 'll come back in a minute,' I replied.

Up the street I passed a woman. I handed her the pass. 'I have to catch a train,' I told her.

As I was going to the bakery the next morning for a loaf of bread with my last nickel—there are nickel loaves now if you know where to go—I looked down at my foot. I did n't mind the hole in my stocking, for I could push it in my shoe. But the worst had come! My heels were worn off completely. I was a bum.

I wanted to lie down and cry, but there

was no place to lie. I thought of waiting rooms with couches, and I walked over to the waiting room in the Hudson tubes. Some one had the couch. I sat down in a rocking chair and fell asleep. Pretty soon the matron came along and woke me up.

'Ain't permitted,' she told me. I was a bum by that time and I felt like a bum and I did n't care a lot. I just wished they would let me sleep. I stretched out my feet—the feet with the worn-off heels.

Suddenly I noticed a woman sitting opposite me. She regarded me with great interest. I hated her for her neatly polished heels and her pretty stockings. I stared back at her insolently. Then she came toward me and I knew she was going to offer me a dime.

I shuddered. I was afraid she was—and I was afraid she was n't.

'Pardon me,' she said in a low, sweet voice, 'I have never done this before—but I 'm going to ask you if you could spare me 50 cents.'

Fifty cents! For the first time in a week I laughed. I saw she was embarrassed.

'Don't think I 'm laughing at you,' I hurried to explain. 'I 'm laughing at the idea of my having 50 cents.'

She smiled, and we talked things over. She wanted some place to sleep and tomorrow she was going to get a money-wire and a job. She came out that night to sleep in my bed, and I went with her the next day to get her money-wire.

It was for $25 and she lent me $5. She told me of a department store where she was going to get a job that day. She had worked there before, and she recommended me.

I got the job—and I 'm hanging on to it.

XIII

THE POTTERS: PA AND MA GO TO THE OPERA.

J. P. McEVOY

[*Chicago Tribune*, January 1, 1922. By permission.]

PROLOGUE.

Into each life a pass may fall, and into Pa Potter's has fallen a pair of them . . . none of your ordinary little flea-bitten god-helpus passes, either, but a couple of gorgeous, never-to-be-forgotten seats for the Opera . . . so it is decided that Pa will take Ma . . . to hear 'Madame Butterfly' . . . well, well, won't Ma have the comfortable little cry . . . as for Pa—well, Pa would just as soon see some good vaudeville . . . rather, if you could only look inside of him and see what he is thinking.

Scene I.

The Potter seats are right down in the middle of the dress suit section . . . acres of white shirt fronts and gleaming shoulders . . . Pa and Ma came 'as is' . . . everybody seems to stop talking to look them over . . . feel terribly embarrassed . . . wish they had n't come . . . Pa has that same sensation he experiences every time he goes to try on a new suit . . . Ma tries to carry it off with a gay flow of light comment . . . does n't sound so gay . . . does n't seem so light.

PA *(squaring his shoulders and looking straight ahead):*

Gosh: what a mob . . .
Gee! what a crowd!

MA *(gayly):*

Not so loud . . . sh-h-h,
not so loud.

PA *(half to himself):*

Lookit all the musicians
they got.
Gosh, that gang must cost
a lot!

(Starts to figure it out . . . counts all the violins first . . . then the horns . . . wonders what the variously shaped wood-winds are called . . . decides to give it up . . . counts up to sixty and loses count . . . starts all over again . . . lights go out and conductor comes in . . . loses count when he stops to applaud . . . starts in again and gets up to sixty-five . . . wonders if he missed back row . . . 'at ten dollars a night apiece that would be about seven hundred dollars for the orchestra alone' . . . decides that is entirely too much . . . half that many musicians could make just as much noise if they worked harder . . . watches bass viol players and decides he'd fire three or four of them . . . they don't seem to do anything except saw a little when the conductor happens to look over their way and catches them loafing . . . curtain goes up on 'Hill Near Nagasaki—A Japanese House, Terrace, and Garden.'

PINKERTON:

E soffito . . . e pareti . . .

MA *(to Pa):*
What's he saying?
PA *(to Ma):*
How should I know?
GORO:
. . . nello stesso locale
Alternar nuovi aspetti
Ai consueti . . .
(Which nobody can deny, least of all the Potters.)

MA *(as Goro slides the partitions of the Japanese house in and out):*
The Japanese sure are
a smart little race.
(They ought to be by this time, with everybody telling them so.)

PA *(with conviction that lends strength to his voice):*
They're a pretty tricky
gang, I'll say,
But an American's
smarter any day.
MA *(dubiously):*
Well, I don't know.
PA *(decisively):*
Well, I'll say so.

(A number of shushes are directed at Pa, who subsides and suddenly notices some Japanese servants and a Japanese maiden are on the stage.)

MA *(sotto voce):*
D'ye suppose that's
Butterfly over there?
PA:
That girl over there?
MA:
That one over there.

(There's only one on the stage, but, of course, it's necessary to indicate which one it is . . . 'it' being Irene Pavloska at her Suzukiest, than who there is no Suzukier.)

SUZUKI *(to Pinkerton):*
Sorride Vostro Onore?—
Il riso è frutto e fiore
Disse il savio Ocunama;
PA *(trying to guess what she's talking about and giving it up in disgust):*
If that's the one you
mean over there,
I don't know and I don't
care.

(Notices, for the first time, something darting in and out of the prompter's shell on the stage . . . wonders what it is . . . watches for it in a fascinated way. . . .)

MA *(as Pinkerton in the person of Forrest Lamont bounces a high one off the ceiling):*
Isn't it wonderful how
they can sing?
You'd never believe they
could do such a thing.
And do it so easy . . .
it just ripples out . . .
I do wish I knew what
they're singing about.

PINKERTON *(offering Sharpless a drink . . . ah, at last this is something Pa can understand):*
. . . dizzar ai dolci voli
dell'amor!
Whisky?

PA *(triumphantly):*
He says don't you want a
drink of whisky . . .
I'm beginning to catch on
to this now.

BUTTERFLY'S VOICE *(off stage):*
Ancora un passo or via.

MA *(excitedly):*
Isn't that beautiful?
My, oh My!
I'm sure that must be
Butterfly.
What d'ye suppose she's
saying now?

PA *(exasperated):*
I don't know French,
Ma . . . holy cow!

(And so, as the program has it, after Sharpless warns Pinkerton his marriage to Butterfly, which he takes so lightly, is a very serious matter to her, the relatives arrive, the marriage contract is signed with due ceremony, and while the guests are joyfully drinking the newly wedded pair's health a weird figure suddenly appears on the scene shouting and cursing wildly. It is Butterfly's uncle, the Bonze (Japanese priest), who has discovered her renunciation of faith and has come to curse her . . . all Butterfly's relatives turn on her, but Pinkerton turns the whole lot out of his house, and they depart shaking the air with their imprecations. Butterfly is left weeping bitterly, and Pinkerton proceeds to comfort his poor little Japanese wife. He soon woos her back to smiles and happiness, and a passionate love

scene follows. And so we leave this strangely assorted pair, the American naval lieutenant and the Japanese geisha girl, on the threshold of their life together. Curtain. Applause.)

Scene II.

(During the intermission, which seems interminable to the Potters . . . maybe all these dressed up snobs will take a good look while they are at it . . . anyway, Pa puts in his time reading the synopsis of what is to come . . . this time he's going to be all loaded for them.)

MA *(confidently . . . did n't Pa read all about it during the intermission?):*

Now, tell me, Pa, what it 's all about.

PA *(dubiously):*

Wait a bit, Ma, till I figure it out.

(Suzuki is praying before the image of Buddha. Butterfly is standing behind her . . . there is no baby . . . and yet the program said:

'The weary night has passed, and the breaking dawn discovers Suzuki and the baby fast asleep while Butterfly still stands waiting, watching . . .')

PA *(baffled):*

I don't see any baby there . . .

MA *(in a flutter):*

Has she a baby? I declare!
I once saw some cute little Japanese boys—

NEIGHBOR:

Sh-h-h, Sh-h-h, stop that noise.

(Ma nudges Pa to be quiet. Pa glares at Neighbor, who is intrenched behind a blinding white shirt front, over which he stares icily at Pa . . . combination of superior stare and dazzling shirt bosom is too much for Pa, who subsides and concentrates earnestly on the stage.)

MA *(as Suzuki and Butterfly hold long confab):*

What in the world are they talking about?
You read it, Pa. Can't you figure it out?

(According to what Pa read, this is about the place where Pinkerton comes back with American wife, but they don't show . . . suspects something wrong . . . does n't suspect the truth, however, that he read the synopsis for the last half of the second act instead of the first half.)

BUTTERFLY *(singing):*

. . . Un bel di, vedremo
Levarsi un fil di fumo
sull'estremo
Confin del mare.

MA *(excitedly):*

Listen, we 've got that on the phonograph at home.

PA *(it was such a look as this that shone on the noble face of Christopher Columbus when he discovered America):*

So we have—well, well, well!

(Sure enough, next to the Caruso record, 'One Fine Day,' from 'Madame Butterfly,' is the Potters' most cherished musical possession. It is always trotted forth for company, who, having the same record at home, immediately recognize it. . . . 'Ah!' they exclaim, 'Madame Butterfly' . . . I just adore 'Madame Butterfly,' don't you? . . . it 's so touching where she sits at the window watching all night for her American husband to return' . . . many an American wife has done that and never saw anything touching in it.)

MA *(as Butterfly, Edith Mason, climbs up on the highest note in the place and settles there, presumably for the evening):*

Is n't that wonderful? . . . Is n't that grand?
I do so hope they 'll give her a hand.

(Give her a hand, is it? They nearly tear down the house. Well, that was really worth while. . . . Later, Ma, through tear-dimmed eyes, sees Butterfly dress her little deserted baby in his pitifully gay finery, put an American flag in his hand, and then kill herself with her father's sword, which bears the inscription:

To die with honor
When one can no longer live with honor.

Is that Ma crying? Yes, and Pa seems to be blowing his nose rather loudly . . . poor Butterfly . . .)

F. CONTROVERSIAL ARTICLES

This section, like the preceding one, is really a branch of exposition. Many editorial articles are obviously controversial, though the tendency is for them to become less so except in occasional accesses of party strife. The difference between the purely expository article and the expository-controversial seems to lie in this—that while the writer of the former has a single eye to the reader, the writer of the latter has in view also sometimes 'a shadowy third,' sometimes a declared opponent. The controversial writer's constant endeavor is to pierce the joints of his opponent's armor,—less metaphorically, to point out the weaknesses of the opposing case or the fallacies involved in its arguments or assumptions. The controversialist naturally sets forth his own case too as strongly and cogently as he can, but he must have in mind, not merely the immediate effect upon his reader, but the possible openings he may leave for the adversary's counter-attack; he breathes the atmosphere of battle.

The articles in this section divide themselves into three groups: the first (I to III) centers round what is somewhat vaguely called socialism; the second (IV to VI) discusses the relation of the press agent to the newspapers and to the public; and the third deals with the burning issue of the behavior of the modern girl. Whatever, in each case, may be the reader's sympathies, he should not fail to note the skill with which each writer states his own view, and scores at the expense of his imagined or realized antagonist. It is possible to admire and enjoy the brilliant sword-play of a controversial writer without sympathizing with the cause for which he fights. Indeed, it is only after observing the shrewd devices of the tried champions of debate that the young aspirant to the honors of the lists can venture into them without certainty of discomfiture. The first thing, undoubtedly, is to have a good cause to fight for, or at least one that commends itself to the writer's inmost conviction; but he must also know how to defend his cause according to the art of war.

I

THE CASE FOR EQUALITY

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

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When I speak of The Case for Equality I mean human equality; and that, of course, can only mean one thing: it means equality of income. It means that if one person is to have half a crown, the other is to have two and sixpence. It means that precisely. You, Mr. Chairman, have spoken of equality of opportunity. The difficulty about that is that it is entirely and completely and eternally impossible. How are you going to give everybody in this room equal opportunities with me of writing plays? The thing is, I say, a ghastly mockery. In one sense it might be said: 'Well, any of us are welcome to try our hands at play-writing.' I might say that and smile. But I am quite safe in saying that to the majority of you it is just exactly like saying to a beggar: 'Well, my friend, Mr. Barnato made a large fortune; you have the same opportunities as Mr. Barnato; go and make that fortune,' at which Mr. Barnato would smile; but it is of no use at all to the beggar. The fact is that you cannot equalize anything about human beings except their incomes. If in dealing with the subject you would only begin by facing that fact, it would save you a very great deal of trouble in the form of useless speculation. I have chosen this subject for tonight because it is an extremely practical and important political subject. You have been for a long time using the power of Parliament to redistribute income in this country more or less. The very moment the Income Tax was introduced by Sir Robert Peel, somewhere in the 'forties—1842, I think—from that moment you were beginning to effect a redistribution of income. If you just glance over the subsequent succession of Chancellors of the Exchequer, you will find them all redistributing income unconsciously, until you come to Sir William Harcourt with his death duties, Mr. Asquith with his discrimination between earned and unearned

income, and Mr. Lloyd-George with his Supertax, all doing it consciously. The object of supertaxation, and the object of the threatened land taxation, is to effect a further redistribution of income in this country. There is another point which has not been quite so closely observed as that. The working classes have been using their power, at first indirectly, and of late years directly through the Labor Party in Parliament, to effect a redistribution. This used to be a redistribution in kind. Instead of getting money, the working classes got municipal dwellings; they got education; they got sanitation; they got the clearing away of slum areas; and this mass of municipal work was largely paid for by rating richer people than themselves, and by grants-in-aid, which came from the Income Tax, from which the working classes were exempt themselves. Thus they were deliberately transferring wealth from one class to another by Parliamentary power. They were redistributing part of the national income, and diverting it in their own direction. This went on for many years; but a few years ago they took an entirely new departure. Instead of saying, 'We will get more schools out of you; we will get more houses out of you; we will get more plumber's work out of you,' they suddenly took the step which was sooner or later inevitable, and said: 'We will have some money out of you. We will have some money straight out of your pockets into our pockets to do what we like with.' There was an apparent precedent for this in Poor Law outdoor relief, or the giving of public money to poor persons on the ground that they are poor. But when you passed Old Age Pensions, then, for the first time, you had money paid down without regard to the differences between one person and another. It was not given exclusively to the people who were poor, except that there was a certain limit of income, which was really rather a concession to the snobbery of the people who did not like to take it than a real essential difference of principle. The fact remains that a few years ago the Chancellor of the Exchequer began to put his hand into the national pocket, and to give every person aged seventy of the working class, without reference to his ability or sex, if he claimed it and had not a certain income at the time he claimed it, the sum of 5s. a week. The recipients of that 5s. a week included among them every possible variety of character. They all have exactly the sum of 5s. a week, no more and no less. Here is a process which has begun, and a process which we all know is going to go on. We know that that 5s. a week will not remain at 5s. a week. We know that it will be presently 10s. a week. (Dissent.) I should have thought that everybody here present would know that in New Zealand at the present time it is 10s. a week; and that the Labor Party know it; and that it is 10s. a week at an earlier age than the age of seventy. If any man present is simple enough to believe that it is going to stay at 5s. a week, I ask him to retire to the smoking-room downstairs, because he is congenitally (I must say it, though I say it without malice) incapable of understanding any address that I possibly can give. I take it now you are all convinced that it will not stay at 5s. a week; and I hope there will be no hesitation about this also: that the Supertax is not going to remain at what it is at present. I think you must all admit, though some of you may deplore it, that the Supertax is going to go up, which means a further redistribution of income in this country.

Having put the matter on a thoroughly practical basis, I now want to ask you whether you have made up your mind what is going to be the final result of this process; because if you are not like the mere opportunists who are outside the Political and Economic Circle and in the smoking-room downstairs—if you really are serious in your pretensions as members of this Circle, you must either have made up your minds already on that point, or you must be in the process of making up your minds; you must be asking yourselves what is the final level to be? I am here to-night to say that I have quite made up my mind as to the only possible solution of the question. I am going to show you that my solution, which is the solution of an equal distribution, is one which has overwhelming practical arguments in its favor.

Perhaps the strongest argument to people who are not very fond of abstract thought, is that equality of income is the only plan that has ever been successful, the only plan that has ever been possible. It is the plan that has always prevailed; and it is prevalent at the present time to a

greater extent than any other rule of distribution. The moment you begin to try and think of any other, you are met with such difficulties and such absurdities that, however reluctant you may be to come to the solution of equality, you are finally driven to it by the elimination of every other solution, except, of course, the solution of the mere brute scramble that we have at the present time. If you take our Civil Service and our Military Service, you find that equal pay is the rule. If you take our trades, you find in every class of society a certain conception of what constitutes a becoming livelihood in that class of society; and everybody in it aims at and claims an income representing that standard. Nobody seriously asks to have more than the other persons of his class. Every soldier of the same rank gets practically the same pay; every policeman of the same rank gets the same pay; every colonel gets the same pay; every general gets the same pay; and every judge gets £5,000 a year. You do not find Mr. Justice Darling getting up and saying: 'I really think that because I have put a little humor into the proceedings, I ought to have an extra allowance.' Nor do you find that the judges who put a little extra stupidity and cruelty into the proceedings, ever suggest that their salaries should be reduced on that ground; nor do the people who admire and uphold their cruelty and stupidity propose that they should get any more.

Now suppose you do not agree, suppose you think there should be some other standard applied to men, I ask you not to waste time arguing about it in the abstract, but bring it down to a concrete case at once. Let me take a very obvious case. I am an exceedingly clever man. There can be absolutely no question at all in my case that in some ways I am above the average of mankind in talent. You laugh; but I presume you are not laughing at the fact, but only because I do not bore you with the usual modest cough, and pretend to consider myself stupid. Very well. Take myself as an absolute, unquestionable case. Now pick out somebody not quite so clever. How much am I to have, and how much is he to have? I notice a blank expression on your countenances. You are utterly unable to answer the question. In order to do so, you would have to compare us in some quantitative way. You would have to treat human capacity as a measurable thing; but you know perfectly well it is not a measurable thing. Taking some person whom we will call X, an average man, you may think I am fifty times as clever as X; and you may think that I, perhaps, ought to have fifty times as big an income. But if anybody asks you: 'Where did you get that numerator of fifty from, and what does your denominator represent?' you will be compelled to give it up. You cannot settle it. The thing is impossible. You cannot do it. Every attempt you make in that way reduces itself to absurdity in your hands; and that silly dream of the nineteenth century which began with: 'The career open to the talents,' the idea that every man could get his value; all that is the vainest Utopian dream; and the most ridiculous, the most impracticable idea that ever came into the head of men. The reason it has been talked about so much, is that the people who were talking about it had no serious intention of ever bringing it into practice and never pleaded it in practice except as an excuse for giving somebody less than themselves. It would have been far more sensible to go at the question in the old mystic, religious way; when you would have immediately seen that all human souls are of infinite value, and all infinities equal.

It is now plain that if you are going to have any inequalities of income, they must be arbitrary inequalities. You must say flatly that certain persons are to have more than others, giving no reason for it. I am quite sure again, from the expression of your faces, that you have not any reasons. Well, I will give you one. As you know, obedience and subordination are necessary in society. You cannot have a civilized society unless tolerably large bodies of men are willing to obey other men, even by executing orders that they do not themselves understand. That is the real foundation of our traditional feudal inequality. In order to make a common man obey some other man, you had to take some means of making that other man an uncommon man; and the simplest way was to set him apart from common men by giving him more money, by putting him in a different sort of dress, by making him live in a different sort of house, by setting up a convention that under no circumstances could his son marry the daughter of the

common man, or the common man's son marry his daughter. In short, you resorted to idolatry to secure subordination in society; for the man so set apart became literally an idol. I do not deny that idolatry served its turn; but I suggest to you that modern democracy and modern conditions are exploding it. The very idols themselves have made the fatal mistake of allowing the invention of photography and the half-tone process to destroy the glamour on which the whole social structure is based. So long as you have a peer or millionaire who is known only by name and by reputation, people may believe him to be a great man, quite unlike themselves; but the moment you put his portrait into the papers, it is all up: the show is given away. The time has gone by for the old privacy, the old mystery, the old seclusion; that is how our idols are beginning to get found out in all directions. The whole movement of Liberalism in the history of the world—I do not mean the Liberalism of Parliament, or the Liberalism even of this Club, which, as you know, has very little to do with Liberalism at all—the history of Liberalism in the world, when you understand it thoroughly, has been the history of Iconoclasm. In America they will not allow their ambassadors to put on the uniform that European ambassadors wear; and they will not allow their judges to assume the ridiculous costume our judges put on to persuade people that a judge is not a man, but Justice incarnate; and they do not allow their President to put a crown on his head, in order to produce illusions as to its interior. I think you will admit that nowadays, in spite of the costumes of our judges, and in spite of our crowns, there is very little of such illusion left. As a matter of fact, the popularity of our last two monarchs has been due, I think you will agree with me, not at all to a belief in them as extraordinary and supernatural persons, but to the precisely contrary belief in them as rather good fellows much like ourselves. I am glad you agree with me; because that disposes of the last and only argument in favor of inequality of income: absolutely the last and only one.

Now I come to the objections to inequality, which have been too little considered in this country. I am going to show you that there is an overwhelming political objection to it. I will then show you that there is a still more overwhelming economic objection to it; and I will finish by showing you that there is a biological objection to it which, in my opinion, outweighs all the others.

Let us take, to begin with, the political objection. As long as you have inequality of income, you may have Franchise Acts, and you may have votes for men, and votes for women, and you may have votes for babies if you like, but there will be no such thing as real democracy in this country. There will be class government of the very worst description. There will be class government based on plutocracy, as there is at the present time; and there will be no possible real representation of the people in Parliament. It does not matter how high the characters of the members may stand. I will take two gentlemen who are at the head of Parliamentary life at the present time. Take Mr. Asquith on the one hand, and Mr. Balfour on the other. How can Mr. Balfour or Mr. Asquith represent men with £300 a year; much less men with £50 or £60 a year? How can they pursue in Parliament the interests of men with only a very small fragment of their income? I say, furthermore, that even if they wanted to do it, they would not be let do it. I say they are subject to public opinion. I say that public opinion is manufactured at the present time by newspapers; and I say that the newspapers are absolutely in the hands of the plutocracy. The extent to which they are in the hands of the plutocracy I could illustrate in fifty ways; but you cannot be so destitute of intelligence—I have no right to assume that you are lacking in intelligence at all—as not to feel this every day of your life. If you do not feel it, there is nothing that I could say which would convince you of it; but the extent to which our newspapers are under the personal control of the plutocracy, I may illustrate by a harmless little incident.

A little while ago I had the pleasure of holding a public debate in Queen's Hall with Mr. Hilaire Belloc. It was reported at some length in all the newspapers of London. It was considered an event of sufficient public importance to occupy from one to three columns—the three columns were in a highly conservative paper in London. All over the country the newspapers had reports. But there were two

papers that made absolutely no mention of the debate. One of them was the *Times* and the other was the *Daily Mail.* It has remained a profound mystery why those papers took absolutely no notice of a debate of which they were informed, and at which they were represented by their reporters. The only conjecture that was made on the subject was based on the fact that one of the speakers, by an unfortunate slip, mentioned Lord Northcliffe not as Lord Northcliffe but as Mr. Harmsworth. Now, gentlemen, I am not so absurd as to suppose that Lord Northcliffe went down to the offices of these two papers of his, and said: 'This blasphemer has called me "Mr. Harmsworth," as if I were not Lord Northcliffe; never mention him in my papers again.' I do not believe anything of the kind; but I am perfectly prepared to believe that the gentlemen in his employment may have been so under the influence of Lord Northcliffe's position, and may have been themselves so unjustly mistrustful of Lord Northcliffe's breadth of mind, that they may have thought it safer on the whole not to mention the debate, in which they would have had to report that deplorable slip; and so got out of the difficulty by not mentioning it at all. Any of you who are in public life must know that the moment you take part in any anti-plutocratic movement you are boycotted by the newspapers. Nothing is reported and worked up in the newspapers except the interests of the plutocracy. Those papers form public opinion. Public opinion cannot be formed in any other way. The consequence is that you have no genuinely popular government in this country.

I will give you just one other instance which comes back to memory: it is also a personal one. I once went to a meeting on the temperance question. That meeting was addressed by me; and it was addressed by a bishop. Under ordinary circumstances, when a meeting is addressed by me and addressed by a bishop, the bishop is very fully reported; and I am somewhat briefly reported. On this occasion, it happened that I said something, being a lifelong teetotaler, and the meeting talking a great deal of nonsense about the publicans, in defense of the publican. The bishop did not speak in defense of the publican. He spoke in the conventional manner against the liquor trade. The consequence was that in the *Times* next day my speech was reported at full length; and the only thing that was mentioned about the bishop was that 'the Bishop of Kensington then addressed the meeting.' When Bishop Gore, who was then Bishop of Birmingham, delivered a most eloquent protest in London against the assumption that political science, any more than religion, was on the side of industrial sweating he fared worse than the Bishop of Kensington: for he was not mentioned at all except by one morning paper, which shortly afterward changed its editor.

Gentlemen, leaving the question of the press, you know that every one of you wants to get into Parliament. I have never yet met a member of the National Liberal Club who did not intend to get into Parliament at some time, except those who, like our Chairman, are there already. Well, most of you will get no further than taking part in other men's election meetings. You will hardly ever have an opportunity of speaking on behalf of a man who really represents your opinions. Nine times out of ten, for the sake of what you call the Liberal Party, you will be speaking on behalf of a rich man. You will be answering for his magnificent Liberal principles; you will be explaining his views on the Welsh Church, and on Home Rule, and on Free Trade. And the gentleman on whose behalf you are speaking, and who will be returned if your oratory is successful, will be sitting there on the platform wondering what on earth you are talking about, but perfectly prepared to foot the bill, to pay the expenses, to bribe the constituency on the chance of getting into Parliament. Doubtless, when he gets into Parliament, he will go into whatever lobby the Liberal whip tells him is the proper lobby to go into. That is what you get in the shape of democracy; and that is all you ever will get as long as you have inequality of income.

Now I come to the economic objection; and you will all now please put on your best expressions, being all of you political economists. Now, gentlemen, I am really a political economist. I have studied the thing. I understand Ricardo's law of rent and Jevons's law of value. I can also tell you what in its essence sound economy means for any nation. It means, gentlemen, just what sound economy means for

any individual; and that is that whatever powers the individual has of purchasing or producing, shall be exercised in the order of his most vital needs. Let me illustrate. Suppose you find a man starving in the streets. You are sympathetic: you give that man sixpence. Suppose that man, instead of buying some bread and eating it, buys a bottle of scent to perfume his handkerchief with, and then dies of starvation, but with the satisfaction of having his handkerchief perfumed! You will admit that that man is an unsound economist, will you not? You will even declare that he is a lunatic? Well, allow me to tell you, gentlemen, that is exactly what this country is doing at the present time. It is spending very large sums on perfuming its handkerchief while it is starving, and while it is rotting. How are you going to remedy that? As long as you have inequality of income, that mad state of things is compulsory. If one man has not enough money to feed his children properly, and another man has so much that after feeding and clothing and lodging himself and his family as luxuriously as possible he has still a large surplus fund, you will find that the richer man will take his surplus purchasing power into the market, and by that purchasing power set the labor of the country, which ought to be devoted to producing more food for people who have not enough food, to the production of 80 horse-power motor-cars, and yachts and jewels, and boxes at the opera, and to the construction of such towns as Nice and Monte Carlo. The thing is inevitable.

Production is determined by purchasing power and always will be. If you were to attempt to do away with money and with purchasing power, then you would have, in order to satisfy your nation, to ascertain what every man particularly wants and likes; and as that would be impossible, you would have to give every man exactly the same thing, with the consequence that the man who wanted a race-horse as a luxury would get a gramophone, and the man who wanted a gramophone would get a race-horse. In order to enable men to determine production according to their own tastes, you must give a man his income in the shape of purchasing power. By that purchasing power he determines production; and if you allow the purchasing power of one class to fall below the level of the vital necessities of subsistence, and at the same time allow the purchasing power of another class to rise considerably above it into the region of luxuries, then you find inevitably that those people with that superfluity determine production to the output of luxuries, while at the same time the necessities that are wanted at the other end cannot be sold, and are therefore not produced. I have put it as shortly as possible; but that is the economic argument in favor of equality of income. All the arguments which have been brought forward against it, and all the more personal considerations in favor of inequality, seem to me, as an economist, to be practically swept away by the overwhelming weight of that economic objection.

I now come to the biological reasons for equality. I do not know, gentlemen, what may be the outcome of your experience in progressive political work, but I must confess to you here that I, having devoted more than thirty years, the most active part of my life, to political questions in their most serious aspect—not to the ridiculous game, not half as interesting as golf, which you call party politics and with which you debauch your intellects and waste your time, but to the genuine problems of the condition of the country and the condition of the people: in short, to the life of the country—I must confess to you that all my experience and all my thought on the subject have left me with very grave doubts as to whether mankind, as it exists at present, is capable of solving the political and economic problems which are presented to the human race by its own multitudinous numbers. If you take a few persons like ourselves, and put them into a new colony, in a climate which is not too rough, to make little pioneer villages like the pioneer villages in the days before Capitalism overwhelmed America, in that village you may get a reasonable and decent kind of life; a rough life, but a natural life; not in any very high sense a civilized life, and certainly not a cultured life; but a tolerably human kind of life. But the moment you attempt to go beyond the village stage, the moment you attempt to create the complicated political, social and industrial organization required by our great modern empires and cities, the human constituents of these communities are hopelessly beaten by the problems cre-

ated by that organization, and by their own numbers. Our House of Commons, to do it justice, does not even pretend to know what it is legislating about. Read its speeches on the subject, and you will find that it practically gives up the problem. It goes on in a hand-to-mouth fashion trying to remedy grievances, making five or six new messes every time it clears up an old one. You see measure after measure brought out, accompanied by extensions of the franchise; but all the time we are going more deeply into the mire, and increasing the evils I have been fighting all my life. Although people are constantly assuming that these evils are being got rid of, I assure you that they are not being got rid of at all; and the reason of that, it seems to me, is that we are not capable of getting rid of them. We are a stupid people; and we are a bad looking people. We are ugly; we have narrow minds; and we have bad manners. A great deal of that is due to the effect of being brought up in a society of inequality. I know perfectly well what happened to myself. I can remember one of my earliest experiences in life was my father finding me playing with a certain little boy in the street, and telling me I was not to play with that little boy, giving me to understand that he was a very inferior and objectionable kind of little boy. I had not found him so. I asked my father 'Why?' He said: 'His father keeps a shop.' I said to my father: 'Well, but you keep a mill.' Therefore my father pointed out to me that he sold things wholesale, and that this little boy's father sold things retail; and that, consequently, there was between me and that boy a gulf which could never be respectably bridged; and that it was part of my duty and part of my honor to regard that boy as an inferior, which I did ever after, in so far as I could safely do so, having regard to the fact that the boy was a more vigorous and larger boy than myself. I was also taught, being an Irish Protestant boy, what Protestant children are habitually taught in Ireland: that the great bulk of my fellow countrymen, being Roman Catholics, were condemned to eternal damnation. Perhaps you can see that this was blasphemy; but in my opinion the doctrine that the wholesaler should excommunicate the retailer was a much more dangerous blasphemy. At all events, when you are brought up, as you inevitably are in a society like ours, with that sort of blasphemy being continually dinned into your ears; when you are taught to be unsocial at every point, and brought up to be unsocial, then any little chance that your natural endowments at your birth may have left you of being able to grapple with the enormous problems of our modern civilization—problems that demand from you the largest scope of mind, the most unhesitating magnanimity, the most sacred recognition of your spiritual and human equality with every person in the nation—is utterly destroyed. That is why I doubt whether these problems can be solved by us, brought up in that way. To solve them, you need a new sort of human being.

And now we have come to what we call Eugenics. Ever since the time of Plato —and I dare say the subject was practically as old in Plato's time as it is now— sensible men have always said: 'Why cannot we breed men with the same care that we breed horses?' (Hear, hear.) Several gentlemen say 'Hear, hear.' Have they ever tried it? You must always test yourselves, when you have these ideas, by asking yourselves how would you begin. Suppose we could go as a deputation to Parliament, and were allowed to address Parliament at the bar of the House, and impressed them with the importance of this problem to such an extent that they passed an Act and sent it through the Lords and got the Royal Assent, indemnifying us and giving us power practically, we here, to make an attempt at breeding; to pick out a mother and father and try to produce a better sort of human being; we should not know where to begin. You see it is all very well when you come to breed a horse, because when you want to breed a horse you know the sort of horse you want. If you want a race-horse, all you care about is that the horse should be a very fast horse. If you want a draught horse, you know that all you want is a powerful horse. You do not bother about the horse's soul; you do not bother very much about its temper; you do not care whether it is a good horse in the pulpit sense of the word. You want a horse that will go round a race-course in a shorter time than any other horse. Or you want a horse that will carry a hundredweight more than any other horse you can get hold of. It is quite simple,

because you know the sort of horse you want. But do you know the sort of man you want? You do not. You have not the slightest idea. You do not even know how to begin. You say: 'Well, after all we do not want an epileptic. We do not want an alcoholic.' (It is a barbarous word, but drunken people are now called alcoholics.) But for all you know to the contrary, the Superman may be a self-controlled epileptic, fed exclusively on proof spirit, and consuming perhaps ten gallons a day. You laugh; but the thing is entirely possible. You do not know what a healthy man is. All your doctors are not able to tell you. All they can tell you is that if you bring them a healthy man, they will very soon have him in bed. Still less do you know, gentlemen, what is a good man. Take a vote as to whether I am a good man or not. Some people will tell you that my goodness is almost beyond that of any other living person. They will even tell you that I am the only hope of religion in this country. You will not have to go very far to find persons who are of exactly the contrary opinion. I tell you that you really do not know. I think the very first thing you have to do is to face the fact that you do not know, and that in the nature of things you never can know. Your capacity does not run to it. You have no clue, as far as your own judgment is concerned; and, therefore, you are thrown back on the clue that Nature gives you.

Let me propose to you an experiment which I am always proposing to large audiences in this country. I ask you tomorrow in the afternoon, if it is a fine afternoon, to walk down Park Lane or Bond or Oxford Street, or any well-frequented thoroughfare, and to look carefully at all the women you see coming along and to take a note of how many of those women you would care to be married to. If we are to judge by the utterances of some of our Moral Reform Societies, the members when they walk down Oxford Street, are so wildly and irresistibly attracted by every woman they meet, old or young, that nothing but the severest and most stringent laws restrain them from instant rapine. I cannot imagine how any man gets himself into such a deplorable condition of mind as to believe that this is true of himself, much less of any other human being. There may be some men of low type, who are nearly indiscriminate in their appetites; but I am perfectly certain, with regard to the great majority of men, that they may very often walk down Oxford Street without meeting one single woman to whom they could tolerate the idea of being married; and they will in any case be fortunate (because I like the sensation when it comes to me) if, on the most crowded day and in the finest weather, they meet two women for whom they feel that curious physiological attraction which we all recognize as the sex attraction. That attraction means something. If that attraction meant something destructive and ruinous to the human race, the human race would have been wiped out of existence long ago. It is what you call the Voice of Nature. You fall in love, as the saying is. You see a woman whom you have never spoken to, about whom you know absolutely nothing at all; you do not know her character, and you do not know her aims; but you look at her and fall in love with her. If you were a free person in a free society, you would feel very strongly in love with her; but nowadays you seldom feel more than that timid little—what shall I call it?—sort of sinking feeling, which is about as much as, in our present society, is left of any of our natural emotions. But you do feel some attraction. My contention is that this attraction is the only clue you have to the breeding of the human race, and I do not believe you will ever have any improvement in the human race until you greatly widen the area of possible sexual selection; until you make it as wide as the numbers of the community make it. Just consider what occurs at the present time. I walk down Oxford Street, let me say, as a young man. I see a woman who takes my fancy. I fall in love with her. It would seem very sensible, in an intelligent community, that I should take off my hat and say to this lady: 'Will you excuse me; but you attract me very strongly, and if you are not already engaged, would you mind taking my name and address and considering whether you would care to marry me?' Now I have no such chance at present. Probably when I meet that woman, she is either a charwoman and I cannot marry her, or else she is a duchess and she will not marry me. I have purposely taken the

charwoman and the duchess; but we cut matters much finer than that. We cut our little class distinctions, all founded upon inequality of income, so narrow and so small that I have time and again spoken to English audiences of all classes throughout the Kingdom, and I have said to every man and woman in the audience: 'You know perfectly well that when it came to your turn to be married, you had not, as a young man or a young woman, the choice practically of all the unmarried young people of your own age in our forty million population to choose from. You had at the outside a choice of two or three; and you did not like any of them very particularly as compared to the one you might have chosen, if you had had a larger choice.' That is a fact which you gentlemen with your knowledge of life cannot deny. The result is that you have, instead of a natural evolutionary sexual selection, a class selection which is really a money selection. Is it to be wondered at that you have an inferior and miserable breed under such circumstances? I believe that this goes home more to the people than any other argument I can bring forward. I have impressed audiences with that argument who were entirely unable to grasp the economic argument in the way you are able to grasp it, and who were indifferent to the political arguments. I say, therefore, that if all the other arguments did not exist, the fact that equality of income would have the effect of making the entire community intermarriageable from one end to the other, and would practically give a young man and young woman his or her own choice right through the population—I say that that argument only, with the results which would be likely to accrue in the improvement of the race, would carry the day.

I am sorry there are no ladies present here. There ought to have been, to have full justice done to the last argument. But the final argument which prevails with me is that it is half-past nine. I hope I have given you enough to talk about for some little time. I hope you understand that equality means equality of income. In justification of equality of income, I have given you a political argument, I have given you an economic argument, I have given you a biological argument; and now make what you can of it.

II

THE CASE FOR INEQUALITY

LINCOLN STEFFENS

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The only difficulty I find in answering Mr. Shaw when he is wrong is that I don't want to. It is sport to hear his purposeful fallacies running over the innocent sins of his generation, and mine. It 's a cruel sport, but it 's sport. And who would be a spoil-sport? Not I; not if the Superman would limit his hunting to his own country, where the libel laws make muckraking an intellectual game and British complacency requires that it be played by artists. But over here, in our country, muckraking is serious business. We are running down the truth that shall make us free. Mr. Shaw, addressing the Liberal Club of England on 'The Case for Equality,' is a gentleman shooting over his own preserves; the same man with the same case in the *Metropolitan Magazine* is a poacher. He is fair game for any of us; big game, but fair. I protest that Mr. Shaw should either stay at home, where the greater the truth is the greater the libel, or get down here with us to the hard but honest labor of raking up and marketing said truth. And why should he not deal in that precious commodity?

The truth divine is funnier than any man-made joke.

His joke on the Liberal Club shows that. The truth about the case for equality is more entertaining than Mr. Shaw's argument for it.

'When I speak of the Case of Equality,' he begins, 'I mean human equality.'

Now the joke in this thesis, the humorous truth divine about human equality is that we don't want it. By 'we' I mean not merely the editorial I; not myself alone; I mean Mr. Shaw also; and not only him and me, but Nature and human nature. And I certainly would include under that impersonal pronoun all those who agree with him and me when I shall have made over for him the Superman's case for the Superman.

For my contention is that Mr. Shaw's case for human equality is an argument

for human inequality; he does n't know just how to get it, but that is what he means and wants.

'I say,' as he says—I say that we are striving, not for human equality, but for the opposite: human inequality. Not democracy; aristocracy is what we are after; or, to be more precise, aristocracies. Again I define 'we' as Nature, human nature and Shaw, and, with all the force Mr. Shaw puts into a doubtful statement, I say that we democrats work and argue for democracy as a means to aristocracy; the free, natural development of human inequality. We do, and we must. Nature compels us to.

Nature is working toward the development of variations in all species.

Human nature is a part of Nature. Man is a species. So man is being worked toward variations in his species. Human variations appear as human inequalities and the process we call evolution tends to develop them into greater and greater inequalities. Hence my conclusion:

It is human inequality, not human equality, that Nature makes for and makes our human nature work for.

No matter what men say, it is distinction and differences they want. But Mr. Shaw says it, sometimes; he says it in the bewildering course of his case for 'equality, meaning human equality.'

'I must confess,' he confesses, 'that all my experience and thought have left me with very grave doubts as to whether mankind as it exists at present is capable of solving the political and economic problems presented by its own multitudinous numbers. . . . To solve them you need a new sort of human being.'

This sigh for a new sort of human being is merely a literary expression of Nature's brutal demand for the further variation of the human species; for more inequality, or for the more unequal development of existing inequalities. That is an amusing, confusing thing to cry for in a plea for human equality; and I think the statement is upside down. We don't want the Superman to solve our political and economic problems. We want to solve our political and economic problems to get our Superman. But of this later. What I want to fix now is the point upon which Mr. Shaw and I and Nature agree:

We all want human inequality.

And that 's why Mr. Shaw wants economic equality: because he wants human inequality. That is n't what he says; not all the time. As we have just seen, he sometimes puts it the other way. Most of the time, however, he has it right; most of his case is an argument for the solution of our economic problem with a view to the development of the race.

And, 'of course' (as he says), this is the only way we can proceed. We can't create new sorts of human beings; we have to grow them; we have to evolve our Superman out of mankind as it exists at present.

If Mr. Shaw (or anybody else) can't see that, I shall have to extend to him the invitation he gave to the 'congenitally incapable' members of the Liberal Club —'to retire to the smoking-room downstairs.'

But Mr. Shaw does see that, sometimes he says it; and I think he means it all the time. It would be quibbling, therefore, to hold him to his exact words when we can, by an effort, get at his thought. Let 's do that:

'When I speak of the case for equality,' he says, 'I mean human equality; and that, of course, can mean only one thing; it means equality of income.' And, as if to clinch my case, he adds: 'The fact is you cannot equalize anything about human beings except their incomes.'

So I will correct his thesis for him, and make him say what he says part of the time and means all of the time:

'When I speak of the case for equality, I mean human inequality; and that can mean but one thing: it means economic equality.'

My statement of his case is better because, first, it sounds more like Shaw than his own; second, it is nearer the truth; third, it illustrates what I said about the truth being funnier even than a Shaw jest, and there 's a fourth reason which should have a paragraph by itself:

By reversing thus his main proposition, Mr. Shaw's argument becomes suddenly good; not precisely, but pretty good.

His case for equality (meaning human inequality) now faces the fundamental problem of the race: to develop the breeds of men. And it gives Mr. Shaw's solution: economic equality. 'Equality of income' is his phrase, and he goes on to show that he means equal pay. 'It means,' he says, 'that if one person is to

have half a crown, the other is to have two-and-sixpence. It means that precisely.'

That 's right. If we are to have human inequality, we must have economic equality. Not precisely; no; Mr. Shaw is precisely too precise there. But he is approximately right. He sees that the reason we have no aristocracies now is because we have only plutocracies. His happiest illustration is given under the unhappy head of 'Biological Reasons for Equality.' He agrees with me that we cannot make his 'new sort of human being'; he goes beyond me to say that we cannot even breed him as we do animals. The breeder of horses, he argues, knows the sort of horse he wants. But, says Mr. Shaw, 'you do not know the sort of man you want. . . . You have no clue, as far as your own judgment is concerned, and therefore you are driven back on the clue Nature gives.'

This clue to natural selection is the sex attraction. 'My contention,' he says, 'is that this attraction is the only clue you have to the breeding of the human race.' And he shows that the money standards of our plutocratic organization of society interfere with this natural instinct in all classes of society. 'You have,' he concludes, 'instead of a natural evolutionary sexual selection, a class selection which is really a money selection.'

One might quarrel with some of this. A pretty good case could be made for the improvement of some breeds of men under existing conditions. And I, for one, know some sorts of human beings I want; musicians, for example; artists generally, and Bernard Shaws; and I think the day may come when we shall know how to continue some such transmissible human inequalities. But I accept the main argument, that we cannot improve the stock fast or far so long as we breed as we do so generally now for money, position or other privilege. That is as absurd as breeding horses, not for speed or strength, but for the amount of money their owners possess.

And I quote sympathetically the close of his argument: 'Equality of income would have the effect of making the entire community intermarriageable from one end to the other and would practically give a young man or woman his or her choice right through the population with results likely to accrue in the improvement of the race.'

That 's right, too. Equality of income might do the trick. But is n't it impossible? And unnecessary?

Mr. Shaw says every other kind of human equality is impossible. Scientists say no precise equality occurs in Nature; not even among crystals; and, as for incomes, the inhuman inequality between thrift and joyousness would spoil that arrangement, unless economic opportunities were equalized. He says most human beings get 'equal pay' now; and he refers to the wages of labor, and the army, navy and civil lists. And he observes the leveling process of redistribution in pension legislation, in income and all super-taxation. There is no denying these facts; the tendency of political and social reform is toward the redistribution of wealth by force through confiscation. But all this makes, not for equality of incomes; not precisely; it makes only toward approximate equality. And in the wrong way; and here is where I take issue with Mr. Shaw on his whole case, whether he is for human equality, as he says, or for human inequality, as he also says.

Our evils are due, not to private wealth, but to excessive wealth and power in the hands of individuals. Equally bad, both must be prevented. Mr. Shaw would not prevent either. He proposes to redistribute accumulated wealth by some power greater than the state puts into the hands of statesmen now. This is implied in 'precisely equal incomes,' which only a highly organized governmental machine could establish. And even if that were done, it would n't stay done unless we had economic equality. And why attempt the impossible?

We can prevent excessive individual wealth by socializing the sources of unearned money. These are either natural resources or leaks through which social value flows into private pockets. In a word, we should abolish privileges; and, for the rest, let Labor democratize industry. These two courses would not increase centralized power; they would give us what Mr. Shaw wants: economic democracy; by giving us what he despises: equal opportunities—not to get rich, but to develop each his own gifts or inequalities freely. No man could get rich if he had access to no value except that which

he produced, and I think that few would want to.

Men's activities and desires are determined, not only by economic conditions, but by resultant social ideals, and long before economic equality was reached, with the passing of the sources and example of distinguishing riches, we would be free; free from the fear of poverty and power; free to form some other ideal than money. The aristocratic few seek distinction or satisfaction now in service or skilful work. Some such ideal would soon spread through a free society, and free the sex instinct to further by natural selection, human, instead of economic, inequalities.

III

SOCIALISM

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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I—WHERE WE CANNOT WORK WITH SOCIALISTS

It is always difficult to discuss a question when it proves impossible to define the terms in which that question is to be discussed. Therefore there is not much to be gained by a discussion of Socialism *versus* Individualism in the abstract. Neither absolute Individualism nor absolute Socialism would be compatible with civilization at all; and among the arguments of the extremists of either side the only unanswerable ones are those which show the absurdity of the position of the other. Not so much as the first step towards real civilization can be taken until there arises some development of the right of private property; that is, until men pass out of the stage of savage socialism in which the violent and the thriftless forcibly constitute themselves co-heirs with the industrious and the intelligent in what the labor of the latter produces. But it is equally true that every step toward civilization is marked by a check on individualism. The ages that have passed have fettered the individualism which found expression in physical violence, and we are now endeavoring to put shackles on that kind of individualism which finds expression in craft and greed. There is growth in all such matters. The individualism of the Tweed Ring type would have seemed both commonplace and meritorious to the Merovingian Franks, where it was not entirely beyond their comprehension; and so in future ages, if the world progresses as we hope and believe it will progress, the standards of conduct which permit individuals to make money out of pestilential tenements or by the manipulation of stocks, or to refuse to share with their employees the dreadful burdens laid upon the latter by the inevitable physical risks in a given business, will seem as amazing to our descendants as we now find the standards of a society which regarded Clovis and his immediate successors as preëminently fit for leadership.

With those self-styled Socialists to whom 'Socialism' is merely a vaguely conceived catchword, and who use it to express their discontent with existing wrongs and their purpose to correct them, there is not much need of discussion. So far as they make any proposals which are not foolish, and which tend towards betterment, we can act with them. But the real, logical, advanced Socialists, who teach their faith as both a creed and a party platform, may deceive to their ruin decent and well-meaning but short-sighted men; and there is need of plain speaking in order accurately to show the trend of their teaching.

The immorality and absurdity of the doctrines of Socialism as propounded by these advanced advocates are quite as great as those of the advocates, if such there be, of an unlimited individualism. As an academic matter there is more need of refutation of the creed of absolute Socialism than of the creed of absolute individualism; for it happens that at the present time a greater number of visionaries, both sinister and merely dreamy, believe in the former than in the latter. One difficulty in arguing with professed Socialists of the extreme, or indeed of the opportunist, type, however, is that those of them who are sincere almost invariably suffer from great looseness of thought; for if they did not keep their faith nebulous, it would at once become abhorrent in the eyes of any upright and sensible man. The doctrinaire Socialists, the extremists, the men who represent the doctrine in its most advanced form, are, and

must necessarily be, not only convinced opponents of private property, but also bitterly hostile to religion and morality; in short, they must be opposed to all those principles through which, and through which alone, even an imperfect civilization can be built up by slow advances through the ages.

Indeed, these thoroughgoing Socialists occupy, in relation to all morality, and especially to domestic morality, a position so revolting—and I choose my words carefully—that it is difficult even to discuss it in a reputable paper. In America the leaders even of this type have usually been cautious about stating frankly that they proposed to substitute free love for married and family life as we have it, although many of them do in a roundabout way uphold this position. In places on the continent of Europe, however, they are more straightforward, their attitude being that of one of extreme French Socialist writers, M. Gabriel Deville, who announces that the Socialists intend to do away with both prostitution and marriage, which he regards as equally wicked—his method of doing away with prostitution being to make unchastity universal. Professor Carl Pearson, a leading English Socialist, states their position exactly:

'The sex relation of the future will not be regarded as a union for the birth of children, but as the closest form of friendship between man and woman. It will be accompanied by no child bearing or rearing, or by this in a much more limited number than at present. With the sex relationship, so long as it does not result in children, we hold that the State in the future will in no wise interfere, but when it does result in children, then the State will have a right to interfere.' He then goes on to point out that in order to save the woman from 'economic dependence' upon the father of her children, the children will be raised at the expense of the State; the usual plan being to have huge buildings like foundling asylums.

Mr. Pearson is a scientific man who, in his own realm, is as worthy of serious heed as Mr. Flinders Petrie, whom I mention later, is in his realm; and the above quotation states in naked form just what logical scientific Socialism would really come to. Aside from its thoroughly repulsive quality, it ought not to be necessary to point out that the condition of affairs aimed at would in actual practice bring about the destruction of the race within, at most, a couple of generations; and such destruction is heartily to be desired for any race of such infamous character as to tolerate such a system. Moreover, the ultra-Socialists of our own country have shown by their attitude towards one of their leaders, Mr. Herron, that, so far as law and public sentiment will permit, they are now ready to try to realize the ideals set forth by Messrs. Deville and Pearson. As for Mr. Herron, I commend to those who desire to verify what I have said, the article in the Boston *Congregationalist* of June 15, 1901; and to those, by the way, who have not the time to hunt up all the original authorities, I would commend a book called *Socialism; the Nation of Fatherless Children,* a book dedicated to the American Federation of Labor. The chapters on Free Love, Homeless Children, and Two Socialist Leaders are especially worth reading by any one who is for the moment confused by the statements of certain Socialist leaders to the effect that advanced Socialism does not contemplate an attack upon marriage and the family.

These same Socialist leaders, with a curious effrontery, at times deny that the exponents of 'scientific Socialism' assume a position as regards industry which in condensed form may be stated as, that each man is to do what work he can, or, in other words, chooses, and in return is to take out from the common fund whatever he needs; or, what amounts to the same thing, that each man shall have equal remuneration with every other man, no matter what work is done. If they will turn to a little book recently written in England called *The Case Against Socialism,* they will find by looking at, say, pages 229 and 300, or indeed almost at random through the book, quotations from recognized Socialist leaders taking exactly this position; indeed, it is the position generally taken—though it is often opposed or qualified, for Socialist leaders usually think confusedly, and often occupy inconsistent positions. Mrs. Besant, for instance, putting it pithily, says that we must come to the 'equal remuneration of all workers'; and one of her colleagues, that 'the whole of our creed is that industry shall be carried on, not for the profit of those engaged in it, whether masters or

men, but for the benefit of the community. . . . It is not for the miners, bootmakers, or shop assistants as such that we Socialists claim the profits of industry, but for the citizen.' In our own country, in *Socialism Made Plain,* a book officially circulated by the Milwaukee division of the Socialist party, the statement is explicit: 'Under the labor time-check medium of exchange proposed by Socialists, any laborer could exchange the wealth he produced in any given number of hours for the wealth produced by any other laborer in the same number of hours.' It is unnecessary to point out that the pleasing idea of these writers could be realized only if the State undertook the duty of taskmaster, for otherwise it is not conceivable that anybody whose work would be worth anything would work at all under such conditions. Under this type of Socialism, therefore, or communism, the government would have to be the most drastic possible despotism; a despotism so drastic that its realization would only be an ideal. Of course in practice such a system could not work at all; and incidentally the mere attempt to realize it would necessarily be accompanied by a corruption so gross that the blackest spot of corruption in any existing form of city government would seem bright by comparison.

In other words, on the social and domestic side doctrinaire Socialism would replace the family and home life by a glorified State free-lunch counter and State foundling asylum, deliberately enthroning self-indulgence as the ideal, with, on its darker side, the absolute abandonment of all morality as between man and woman; while in place of what Socialists are pleased to call 'wage slavery' there would be created a system which would necessitate either the prompt dying out of the community through sheer starvation, or an iron despotism over all workers, compared to which any slave system of the past would seem beneficent, because less utterly hopeless.

'Advanced' Socialist leaders are fond of declaiming against patriotism, or announcing their movement as international, and of claiming to treat all men alike; but on this point, as on all others, their system would not stand for one moment the test of actual experiment. If the leaders of the Socialist party in America should today endeavor to force their followers to admit all negroes and Chinamen to a real equality, their party would promptly disband, and, rather than submit to such putting into effect of their avowed purpose, would, as a literal fact, follow any capitalistic organization as an alternative.

It is not an accident that makes thoroughgoing and radical Socialists adopt the principles of free love as a necessary sequence to insisting that no man shall have the right to what he earns. When Socialism of this really advanced and logical type is tried as it was in France in 1792, and again under the Commune in 1871, it is inevitable that the movement, ushered in with every kind of high-sounding phrase, should rapidly spread so as to include, not merely the forcible acquisition of the property of others, but every conceivable form of monetary corruption, immorality, licentiousness, and murderous violence. In theory, distinctions can be drawn between this kind of Socialism and anarchy and nihilism; but in practice, as in 1871, the apostles of all three act together; and if the doctrines of any of them could be applied universally, all the troubles of society would indeed cease, because society itself would cease. The poor and the helpless, especially women and children, would be the first to die out, and the few survivors would go back to the condition of skin-clad savages, so that the whole painful and laborious work of social development would have to begin over again. Of course, long before such an event really happened the Socialistic régime would have been overturned, and in the reaction men would welcome any kind of one-man tyranny that was compatible with the existence of civilization.

So much for the academic side of unadulterated, or, as its advocates style it, 'advanced scientific' Socialism. Its representatives in this country who have practically striven to act up to their extreme doctrines, and have achieved leadership in any one of the branches of the Socialist party, especially the parlor Socialists, and the like, be they lay or clerical, deserve scant consideration at the hands of honest and clean-living men and women. What their movement leads to may be gathered from the fact that in the last presidential election they nominated and voted for a man who earns his livelihood as the editor of a paper which not merely practises every form of malignant

and brutal slander, but condones and encourages every form of brutal wrong-doing, so long as either the slander or the violence is supposed to be at the expense of a man who owns something, wholly without regard to whether that man is himself a scoundrel, or a wise, kind, and helpful member of the community. As for the so-called Christian Socialists who associate themselves with this movement, they either are or ought to be aware of the pornographic literature, the pornographic propaganda, which make up one side of the movement; a pornographic side which is entirely proper in a movement that in this country accepts as one of its heads a man whose domestic immorality has been so open and flagrant as to merit the epithet of shameless. That criminal nonsense should be listened to eagerly by some men bowed down by the cruel condition of much of modern toil is not strange; but that men who pretend to speak with culture of mind and authority to teach, men who are or have been preachers of the Gospel or professors in universities, should affiliate themselves with the preachers of criminal nonsense is a sign of either grave mental or moral shortcoming.

I wish it to be remembered that I speak from the standpoint of, and on behalf of, the wage-worker and the tiller of the soil. These are the two men whose welfare I have ever before me, and for their sakes I would do anything, except anything that is wrong; and it is because I believe that teaching them doctrine like that which I have stigmatized represents the most cruel wrong in the long run, both to wage-worker and to earth-tiller, that I reprobate and denounce such conduct.

We need have but scant patience with those who assert that modern conditions are all that they should be, or that they cannot be improved. The wildest or most vicious of Socialistic writers could preach no more foolish doctrine than that contained in such ardent defenses of uncontrolled capitalism and individualism as Mr. Flinders Petrie's *Janus*, a book which is absurd, but which, because of this very fact, is not mischievous, for it can arouse no other emotion than the very earnest desire that this particular archæological shoemaker should stick to his early-Egyptian last. There are dreadful woes in modern life, dreadful suffering among some of those who toil, brutal wrong-doing among some of those who make colossal fortunes by exploiting the toilers. It is the duty of every honest and upright man, of every man who holds within his breast the capacity for righteous indignation, to recognize these wrongs, and to strive with all his might to bring about a better condition of things. But he will never bring about this better condition by misstating facts and advocating remedies which are not merely false, but fatal.

Take, for instance, the doctrine of the extreme Socialists, that all wealth is produced by manual workers, that the entire product of labor should be handed over every day to the laborer, that wealth is criminal in itself. Of course wealth is no more criminal than labor. Human society could not exist without both; and if all wealth were abolished this week, the majority of laborers would starve next week. As for the statement that all wealth is produced by manual workers, in order to appreciate its folly it is merely necessary for any man to look at what is happening right around him, in the next street, or the next village. Here in the city where the *Outlook* is edited, on Broadway between Ninth and Tenth Streets, is a huge dry goods store. The business was originally started, and the block of which I am speaking was built for the purpose, by an abie New York merchant. It prospered. He and those who invested under him made a good deal of money. Their employees did well. Then he died, and certain other people took possession of it and tried to run the business. The manual labor was the same, the good-will was the same, the physical conditions were the same; but the guiding intelligence at the top had changed. The business was run at a loss. It would surely have had to shut, and all the employees, clerks, laborers, everybody turned adrift, to infinite suffering, if it had not again changed hands and another business man of capacity taken charge. The business was the same as before, the physical conditions were the same, the good-will the same, the manual labor the same, but the guiding intelligence had changed, and now everything once more prospered, and prospered as had never been the case before. With such an instance before our very eyes, with such proof of what every business proves, namely, the vast importance of the

part played by the guiding intelligence in business, as in war, in invention, in art, in science, in every imaginable pursuit, it is really difficult to show patience when asked to discuss such a proposition as that all wealth is produced solely by the work of manual workers, and that the entire product should be handed over to them. Of course, if any such theory were really acted upon, there would soon be no product to be handed over to the manual laborers, and they would die of starvation. A great industry could no more be managed by a mass-meeting of manual laborers than a battle could be won in such fashion, than a painters' union could paint a Rembrandt, or a typographical union write one of Shakespeare's plays.

The fact is that this kind of Socialism represents an effort to enthrone privilege in its crudest form. Much of what we are fighting against in modern civilization is privilege. We fight against privilege when it takes the form of a franchise to a street railway company to enjoy the use of the streets of a great city without paying an adequate return; when it takes the form of a great business combination which grows rich by rebates which are denied to other shippers; when it takes the form of a stock-gambling operation which results in the watering of railway securities so that certain inside men get an enormous profit out of a swindle on the public. All these represent various forms of illegal, or, if not illegal, then anti-social, privilege. But there can be no greater abuse, nor greater example of corrupt and destructive privilege, than that advocated by those who say that each man should put into a common store what he can and take out what he needs. This is merely another way of saying that the thriftless and the vicious, who could or would put in but little, should be entitled to take out the earnings of the intelligent, the foresighted, and the industrious. Such a proposition is morally base. To choose to live by theft or by charity means in each case degradation, a rapid lowering of self-respect and self-reliance. The worst wrongs that capitalism can commit upon labor would sink into insignificance when compared with the hideous wrong done by those who would degrade labor by sapping the foundations of self-respect and self-reliance. The Roman mob, living on the bread given them by the State and clamoring for excitement and amusement to be purveyed by the State, represent for all time the very nadir to which a free and self-respecting population of workers can sink if they grow habitually to rely upon others, and especially upon the State, either to furnish them charity, or to permit them to plunder, as a means of livelihood.

In short, it is simply common sense to recognize that there is the widest inequality of service, and that therefore there must be an equally wide inequality of reward, if our society is to rest upon the basis of justice and wisdom. Service is the true test by which a man's worth should be judged. We are against privilege in any form: privilege to the capitalist who exploits the poor man, and privilege to the shiftless or vicious poor man who would rob his thrifty brother of what he has earned. Certain exceedingly valuable forms of service are rendered wholly without capital. On the other hand, there are exceedingly valuable forms of service which can be rendered only by means of great accumulations of capital, and not to recognize this fact would be to deprive our whole people of one of the great agencies for their betterment. The test of a man's worth to the community is the service he renders to it, and we cannot afford to make this test by material considerations alone. One of the main vices of the Socialism which was propounded by Proudhon, Lassalle, and Marx, and which is preached by their disciples and imitators, is that it is blind to everything except the merely material side of life. It is not only indifferent, but at bottom hostile, to the intellectual, the religious, the domestic and moral life; it is a form of communism with no moral foundation, but essentially based on the immediate annihilation of personal ownership of capital, and, in the near future, the annihilation of the family, and ultimately the annihilation of civilization.

II—WHERE WE CAN WORK WITH SOCIALISTS

It is true that the doctrines of communistic Socialism, if consistently followed, mean the ultimate annihilation of civilization. Yet the converse is also true. Ruin faces us if we decline steadily to try to reshape our whole civilization in accordance with the law of service and if we

permit ourselves to be misled by any empirical or academic consideration into refusing to exert the common power of the community where only collective action can do what individualism has left undone, or can remedy the wrongs done by an unrestricted and ill-regulated individualism. There is any amount of evil in our social and industrial conditions of today, and unless we recognize this fact and try resolutely to do what we can to remedy the evil, we run great risk of seeing men in their misery turn to the false teachers whose doctrines would indeed lead them to greater misery, but who do at least recognize the fact that they are now miserable. At the present time there are scores of laws in the interest of labor—laws putting a stop to child labor, decreasing the hours of labor where they are excessive, putting a stop to unsanitary crowding and living, securing employers' liability, doing away with unhealthy conditions in various trades and the like—which should be passed by the National and the various State Legislatures; and those who wish to do effective work against Socialism would do well to turn their energies into securing the enactment of these laws.

Moreover, we should always remember that Socialism is both a wide and a loose term, and that the self-styled Socialists are of many and utterly different types. If we should study only the professed apostles of radical Socialism, of what these men themselves like to call 'scientific Socialism,' or if we should study only what active leaders of Socialism in this country have usually done, or read only the papers in which they have usually expressed themselves, we would gain an utterly wrong impression of very many men who call themselves Socialists. There are many peculiarly high-minded men and women who like to speak of themselves as Socialists, whose attitude, conscious or unconscious, is really merely an indignant recognition of the evil of present conditions and an ardent wish to remedy it, and whose Socialism is really only an advanced form of liberalism. Many of these men and women in actual fact take a large part in the advancement of moral ideas, and in practice wholly repudiate the purely materialistic, and therefore sordid, doctrines of those Socialists whose creed really is in sharp antagonism to every principle of public and domestic morality, who war on private property with a bitterness but little greater than that with which they war against the institutions of the home and the family, and against every form of religion, Catholic or Protestant. The Socialists of this moral type may in practice be very good citizens indeed, with whom we can at many points coöperate. They are often joined temporarily with what are called the 'opportunist Socialists'—those who may advocate an impossible and highly undesirable Utopia as a matter of abstract faith, but who in practice try to secure the adoption only of some given principle which will do away with some phase of existing wrong. With these two groups of Socialists it is often possible for all far-sighted men to join heartily in the effort to secure a given reform or do away with a given abuse. Probably, in practice, wherever and whenever Socialists of these two types are able to form themselves into a party, they will disappoint both their own expectations and the fears of others by acting very much like other parties, like other aggregations of men; and it will be safe to adopt whatever they advance that is wise, and to reject whatever they advance that is foolish, just as we have to do as regards countless other groups who on one issue or set of issues come together to strive for a change in the political or social conditions of the world we live in. The important thing is generally the next step. We ought not to take it unless we are sure that it is advisable; but we should not hesitate to take it when once we are sure; and we can safely join with others who also wish to take it, without bothering our heads overmuch as to any somewhat fantastic theories they may have concerning, say, the two hundredth step, which is not yet in sight.

There are many schemes proposed which their enemies, and a few of their friends, are pleased to call Socialistic, or which are endorsed and favored by men who call themselves Socialists, but which are entitled each to be considered on its merits with regard only to the practical advantage which each would confer. Every public man, every reformer, is bound to refuse to dismiss these schemes with the shallow statement that they are 'Socialistic'; for such an attitude is one of mere mischievous dogmatism. There are communities in which our system of state education is still resisted and condemned

as Socialism; and we have seen within the past two years in this country men who were themselves directors in National banks, which were supervised by the government, object to such supervision of railways by the government on the ground that it was 'Socialistic.' An employers' liability law is no more Socialistic than a fire department; the regulation of railway rates is by no means as Socialistic as the digging and enlarging of the Erie Canal at the expense of the State. A proper compensation law would merely distribute over the entire industry the shock of accident or disease, instead of limiting it to the unfortunate individual on whom, through no fault of his, it happened to fall. As communities become more thickly settled and their lives more complex, it grows ever more and more necessary for some of the work formerly performed by individuals, each for himself, to be performed by the community for the community as a whole. Isolated farms need no complicated system of sewerage; but this does not mean that public control of sewerage in a great city should be resisted on the ground that it tends toward Socialism. Let each proposition be treated on its own merits, soberly and cautiously, but without any of that rigidity of mind which fears all reform. If, for instance, the question arises as to the establishment of day nurseries for the children of mothers who work in factories, the obvious thing to do is to approach it with an open mind, listen to the arguments for and against, and, if necessary, try the experiment in actual practice. If it is alleged that small groups of farmers have prospered by doing much of their work in common, and by a kind of mutual insurance and supervision, why of course we should look into the matter with an open mind, and try to find out, not what we want the facts to be, but what the facts really are.

We cannot afford to subscribe to the doctrine, equally hard and foolish, that the welfare of the children in the tenement-house district is no concern of the community as a whole. If the child of the thronged city cannot live in decent surroundings, have teaching, have room to play, have good water and clean air, then not only will he suffer, but in the next generation the whole community will to a greater or less degree share his suffering.

In striving to better our industrial life we must ever keep in mind that, while we cannot afford to neglect its material side, we can even less afford to disregard its moral and intellectual side. Each of us is bound to remember that he is in very truth his brother's keeper, and that his duty is, with judgment and common sense, to try to help the brother. To the base and greedy attitude of mind which adopts as its motto, 'What is thine is mine,' we oppose the doctrine of service, the doctrine that insists that each of us, in no hysterical manner, but with common sense and good judgment, and without neglect of his or her own interests, shall yet act on the saying, 'What is mine I will in good measure make thine also.'

Socialism strives to remedy what is evil alike in domestic and in economic life, and its tendency is to insist that the economic remedy is all-sufficient in every case. We should all join in the effort to do away with the evil; but we should refuse to have anything to do with remedies which are either absurd or mischievous, for such, of course, would merely aggravate the present suffering. The first thing to recognize is that, while economic reform is often vital, it is never all-sufficient. The moral reform, the change of character—in which law can sometimes play a large, but never the largest, part—is the most necessary of all. In dealing with the marriage relation the Socialist attitude is one of unmixed evil. Assuredly woman should be guarded and honored in every way, her rights jealously upheld, and any wrong done her should be regarded and punished with severe judgment; but we must keep in mind the obvious fact that equality of consideration does not mean identity of function. Our effort should be to raise the level of self-respect, self-control, sense of duty in both sexes, and not to push both down to an evil equality of moral turpitude by doing away with the self-restraint and sense of obligation which have been slowly built up through the ages. We must bring them to a moral level by raising the lower standard, not by depressing the high. It is idle to prattle against the 'economic dependence' of woman upon man. In the ideal household —an ideal which I believe, though very far from being universally realized, is yet now more generally realized than ever before—there is really complete economic interdependence, as well as the high

spiritual and moral interdependence which is more nearly attained in happy wedlock, in a permanent partnership of love and duty, than in any other relation of life which the world has yet seen. Rights should be forfeited by neither partner; and duties should be shirked by neither partner. The duty of the woman to be the child-bearer and home-keeper is just as obvious, simple, and healthful as the duty of the man to be the breadwinner and, if necessary, the soldier. Whenever either the man or the woman loses the power or the will to perform these obvious duties, the loss is irreparable, and, whatever may be the gain in ease, amiable softness, self-indulgent pleasure, or even artistic and material achievement, the whole civilization is rotten and must fall.

So with our industrial system. In many respects the wage system can be bettered; but screaming about 'wage slavery' is largely absurd; at this moment, for instance, I am a 'wage slave' of *The Outlook*. Under certain conditions and in certain cases the coöperative system can to a greater or less degree be substituted with advantage for, or, more often, can be used to supplement, the wage system; but only on condition of recognizing the widely different needs occasioned by different conditions, which needs are so diverse that they must sometimes be met in totally different ways.

We should do everything that can be done, by law or otherwise, to keep the avenues of occupation, of employment, of work, of interest, so open that there shall be, so far as it is humanly possible to achieve it, a measurable equality of opportunity, an equality of opportunity for each man to show the stuff that is in him. When it comes to reward, let each man, within the limits set by a sound and far-sighted morality, get what, by his energy, intelligence, thrift, courage, he is able to get, with the opportunity open. We must set our faces against privilege; just as much against the kind of privilege which would let the shiftless and lazy laborer take what his brother has earned as against the privilege which allows the huge capitalist to take toll to which he is not entitled. We stand for equality of opportunity, but not for equality of reward unless there is also equality of service. If the service is equal, let the reward be equal; but let the reward depend on the service; and, mankind being composed as it is, there will be inequality of service for a long time to come, no matter how great the equality of opportunity may be; and just so long as there is inequality of service it is eminently desirable that there should be inequality of reward.

We recognize, and are bound to war against, the evils of to-day. The remedies are partly economic and partly spiritual, partly to be obtained by laws, and in greater part to be obtained by individual and associated effort; for character is the vital matter, and character cannot be created by law. These remedies include a religious and moral teaching which shall increase the spirit of human brotherhood; an educational system which shall train men for every form of useful service—and which shall train us to prize common sense no less than morality; such a division of the profits of industry as shall tend to encourage intelligent and thrifty tool-users to become tool-owners; and a government so strong, just, wise, and democratic that, neither lagging too far behind nor pushing heedlessly in advance, it may do its full share in promoting these ends.

IV

THE MENACE TO JOURNALISM

ROSCOE C. E. BROWN

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A new journalism is abroad in the land. To the reading public it is often indistinguishable from the old journalism. Like some of the parasitic fungi, whose spores penetrating the cells of their host change its substance to their own tissues, but in turn shape themselves into the outward form of the original plant, the new journalism has fastened upon the old, used it for its own purposes, and masked itself in the appearance of the independent and self-determining press. This parasite is propaganda. Its instrument of infection is the press agent. Its result is an organ of public opinion more or less completely, according to the extent of the process, transformed from an unbiased, or at least autonomous, expression to a suggested and not disinterested utterance.

Twenty-five years ago, the press agent was known to newspaper men as the ge-

nial distributor of circus tickets, and as the facile chronicler of the wonders of the jungle and the romances of the fat woman. He kept reporters apprized in gorgeous fashion of the coming of new plays and took a kindly interest in recovering actresses' lost jewels. For the rest, he left the reporters to go their way unaided to get their news as best they could, and to present it with that approximation to truth that comes from the detached appraisement of conflicting statements and dug-out facts. He was the scarcely recognized poor-relation of the journalist.

To-day the press agent belongs to a numerous, well recognized and well paid profession. His handsomely furnished office is next door to that of the president of the great corporation; he is the consultant of the organizers of great philanthropies, the mouth-piece of political leaders, the window-dresser of government departments. He lays upon the desks of the leading newspapers every day enough copy to fill their pages, news, editorial and advertising, twice over. And he succeeds in getting enough of this printed to earn his salary to the satisfaction of his employer, to establish his own importance in the eyes of publicity seekers, and to color effectually the picture of American life and its supposedly spontaneous movements presented to the American people.

The press agent commands a higher salary, strictly measured by his success in circulating propaganda disguised as news, than he could obtain in the direct service of a newspaper. Consequently trained writers that are ready to forego the journalist's ideal and give their pens to the service not of society but of a patron's ends tend in increasing numbers to forsake the editorial room for the publicity office, to the impoverishment of newspaper staffs. Their systematic and extensive preparation of pre-digested news is in turn changing the conditions of news gathering. They stand guard at many sources of news, fending off the too keen inquirer and leaving the newspaper the choice of letting itself be spoon-fed or going empty. The inevitable result must be the decay of reporting in its more difficult and for public purposes most important aspects, the growth of a race of mere retailers of ready-made intelligence, and the turning of the newspapers more and more to distribution, less of news than of what somebody wishes to be considered news.

The war gave a great impetus to propaganda. Surrender to it by the newspapers was a form of patriotic service. Mr. Creel's mental treatment, his suggestions of what the American people, to help win the war, should believe about fights with submarines or building airplanes, were faithfully transmitted to them by a mobilized press. For that the press need not apologize. Even public opinion must goosestep in a military movement, though it may know it is being fooled. The creation of a certain state of mind was as necessary as the equipping of an army, and the newspapers did their part to create it, without inquiring too curiously behind official statements. Nevertheless this meant an adjournment of the free play of public opinion, and unfortunately it has not reconvened. Semi-official propaganda claimed succession to the privileges of the official propaganda, and too often obtained it. Organized movements of every sort, religious, political, philanthropic, selfish, realized as never before the potentialities of the press agent, and found the newspapers habituated to unbelievable hospitality and frequently, it might seem, to unbelievable innocence. For to an extent never before seen, at least since the dark era of the party newspaper dependent on politicians in the first third of the nineteenth century, the American press is taking things at second hand and allowing artificially stimulated sentiment to appear as the expression of natural public opinion.

Yet the war did not give birth to the era of the publicity agent. His sway began when some of the railroads and other large corporations awoke to the fact that unpopularity did not pay. Alexander J. Cassatt, if not the discoverer of this truth, was one of the earliest of the railroad executives to realize the consequences of the hostile feeling that was growing up against corporations. He not only tried to persuade his fellow railroad presidents to meet half way the demands for regulation, but also sought to put their aims and methods in a favorable light before the people. One of his earliest approaches was to a newspaper writer of distinction, who declined what seemed to him a princely salary, not because he did not

sympathize with Mr. Cassatt's wish for better understanding between business and the public, but because, for himself, he would have no client but the public. Writers were found, however, who undertook to give newspapers information about corporation doings, and the old habits of silence gave way to positive volubility—in one tone. The newspapers welcomed this hospitality and were in turn hospitable; but before they realized it they had opened the gate to a wooden horse. They allowed the press agent to gain control of whole fields of news. Whereas the reporter formerly could gain access to corporation heads, make his own inquiries, and ask questions that gave him insight even if unanswered, now these men will rarely see reporters and screen themselves behind prepared statements. In a business crisis or industrial dispute—for the labor unions have not been slow to adopt the new method—it is almost impossible to bring a joined issue before the court of public opinion, because statements that are not responsive are frequently all that can be obtained.

In the lobby of the National Press Club in Washington, according to the *Editor and Publisher*, there is a table much like a free-lunch counter. On it are displayed every day the mimeographed copies of the hand-out articles, official and unofficial, that the press agents hope will prove bait for the correspondents. With a paste-pot and a little rewriting a brave show of covering the Capital can be made. If that were all, it would not much matter. The conscientious and enterprising correspondent would show the difference between news and propaganda. But unfortunately the persons for whom the press agents work have learned that, if they stand on propaganda statements alone, and make no other, the newspapers will take them; and so they have shut the door on the independent investigator. Moreover, the press agents are clever enough to dress up for their own purposes matter that has real news interest, or seems to an editor to have when he sees it in a rival paper; and so the reporter, by the pressure of external circumstance and to meet the short-sighted demands of his own office, is driven to be the mere mouthpiece of biased statement. This has gone so far that Mr. Frank I. Cobb of the *New York World*, a practical editor by no means inclined to quixotic standards, declares that the newspapers are not meeting major problems and are not driving at the heart of things, but are 'skimming the surface, and it is only now and then that a reporter gets under the skin of these great events.'

Another sort of propaganda, not new but growing, is that which seeks free advertising. Sometimes it is plain puffery for commercial purposes. As often it is extensive free publicity for enterprises, good, bad and indifferent, from an Interchurch World Movement to the creation of a personality for a nonentity with political or social ambition. Against the advertising space-grafter the American Newspaper Publishers Association has been for some time making a campaign. The legitimate advertising men have found themselves more than once about to close a large contract when a press agent stepped in and persuaded the would-be advertiser that for a small sum advertising could be dressed up as news and circulated free to the limit of his desires. A few months ago a highly-colored story of the escape of a Turkish heiress from Constantinople filled columns of space in American newspapers, only to prove a piece of publicity for a motion picture. No paper that had not blunted its news instincts by the habitual acceptance of press-agent concoctions could have failed to scent a selfish purpose in such a tale. When a leading automobile company, after the annual shows in New York and Chicago, publicly boasts that 'more than twenty thousand dollars' worth of free publicity in the news columns of the New York and Chicago newspapers was the proud record obtained' by its advertising division during the shows, it is no wonder that the publishers are aghast at their own fatuity in letting columns of advertising disguised as 'human interest' stories pass their desks. When a publicity agent undertakes to raise a $10,000 charity fund on a $2,500 commission, and does it with the aid of $26,000 worth of free reading matter, the newspapers may well ask themselves who are really supporting the philanthropies.

Sometimes, it is true, the editor grows suspicious that he is being used; but then the propagandist is ready for him. No more revealing exhibition of his methods of creating a false appearance of spontaneous public sentiment can be found

than appears in a letter of the National One Cent Postage Association that fell into the hands of the American Newspaper Publishers Association shortly before the war. It read:

In conjunction with the prosecution of our campaign for one cent letter postage, we find we secure invaluable assistance from the newspapers by their publishing articles in regard to one cent letter postage.

We also find that if we send these articles direct they are often disregarded, while if we secure some of our friends to send the articles to them, the newspapers use them very promptly.

Because of this fact, we are asking the assistance of friends of the movement to secure publicity for our work. I am taking the liberty of enclosing herewith an article which I have had prepared, and in which I have had your name inserted, and would appreciate it very much if you would place this in the hands of one of your local newspapers.

Call up the city editor of your best paper, and the one most likely to use the article, and tell him to send a reporter around to your office, that you have a newspaper story for him. Don't tell him what the story is about, but simply request that the reporter call and see you. When the reporter does come tell him that to save him the trouble you have written the story out yourself. Then hand him the enclosed interview.

He will be glad to get it in this shape, and will doubtless use it in about the same manner in which it is written. This will advertise our movement wonderfully in your territory and should prove of great assistance to us in the creation of public sentiment in favor of one cent letter postage.

Surely, the editor needs to be as wise as the serpent and as cynical as Satan, if he is going to safeguard himself against propaganda and make his columns a chronicle of real happenings and a reflector of authentic, un-'accelerated' thought.

Shortly before the war, Mr. Cobb has said, the newspapers of New York took a census of the press agents who were regularly employed and regularly accredited, and found that there were about 1,200 of them. There are doubtless many more to-day, and they have, as he pointed out, seized control of many of the direct channels of news of business, social and political activity, and closed them, except as information is filtered through themselves. Great firms and corporations carry on publicity as a profession, and for a fee will contract to put upon the map of popular thought anything from a railroad rate campaign or a political program to a prayer-meeting or a charity fund. The *Editor and Publisher* reports that in one day last year 189,350 words of 'publicity matter' were received by the *Washington Herald,* which equals 24 newspaper pages. It came from religious and 'uplift' organizations, political parties, government departments, and commercial and miscellaneous sources of every sort. This was an average day, and that paper was not exceptionally favored by the press agents. How much of this was used does not appear, but a great mass of such material is regularly used or it would not be prepared in ever increasing volume. The skilled newspaper reader can detect it in almost every paper he sees. Already the ulterior purpose behind what appears to be innocent news is frequently questioned. If the general body of readers shall be driven to share that suspicion, to look upon the newspaper record of life as artificial, and cease to find in it the mirror of their own thought and action, the old journalism will be dead and the new journalism will be bankrupt.

From one point of view all this is highly flattering to the press. It is a tribute to its power. When bank and factory, church and college, official and reformer, all systematically scheme to make the press present their interest and their version of news, not as their own, but as its own, they acknowledge in act what they so often deny in speech, that the voice of the newspaper is really the voice of the community talking to itself.

No longer can even the greatest take the attitude of the Duke of Wellington, who, when the editor of a leading London journal asked permission to view the coronation procession of William IV from the roof of Apsley House, answered that it was of no possible interest to the Duke whether the editor saw the procession or not. The propagandist has this excuse for fastening himself as a parasite on the newspapers: It is almost his only chance to reach the ear of power. When Bolingbroke employed Nicholas Amhurst as his press agent for warfare on Walpole, he had to reach only a handful of men, who made the public opinion of England, and a small edition of a tiny sheet answered his purpose. Hamilton put the

Federalist into the mind of America through a little paper of possibly 1,500 circulation. Anybody with the aid of a hand press could then publish a newspaper on substantially equal terms with anybody else. But all that is changed. Not only has the cost of producing anything that can possibly hold its place as a newspaper become enormous, but in a democratic society the public to be reached is so vast that nothing but the great established machinery of publicity is adequate to the task. The existing journals have a practical monopoly of public attention, and only through them can it be effectively arrested.

Of course it is easy and is much the fashion to lay the blame for the sway of propaganda upon some mysterious 'system,' to complain that some malevolent and super-intelligent group of men are with a common purpose seeking to control the press. But that is mere witch-hunting. It gets nowhere. The simple fact is that all movements dependent on mass sentiment must be organized. Propaganda is as old as society. Only it has come to a new intensity, dangerous to the public and to the press itself because of its parasitic nature. It has taken a leaf out of the book of business efficiency. No 'system,' no group, has deliberately set out to poison public opinion. The world in general, which means a great number of individuals, each seeking his own ends, has discovered the value of publicity in a democracy and has sought it with the practicality characteristic of the age. Everybody desiring access to the public mind has adopted the ideas of a commercial civilization to obtain it. The same business method inspires the bank's press agent and its cashier. The publicity bureau of a political party or a college endowment committee studies the psychology of the sales manager, adopts his slang, and starts out to 'sell' an idea to the community. And it was not long ago that a great body of religious leaders also became enamored of business efficiency and dreamed that with a large bank account, a huge office force, expert administration and unlimited drafts on newspaper publicity, they could 'sell' to the world the Sermon on the Mount, if not the Apostles' Creed.

Undoubtedly a great deal of the mass of 'publicity matter' that is offered by parties in interest to the newspapers and accepted by them has news value, and deals with worthy enterprises entitled to notice. But that does not make the prevailing habit of opening newspaper columns to press agents' productions less dangerous. Indeed it makes it more dangerous. Propaganda must have news value, real or apparent, to gain publication and then win attention. Its news value, disguising its insidious purpose, is the tool needed to break into the public mind. And the insidious purpose is always there. Great corporations and organizers of campaigns do not pay large salaries to able men just to save the newspapers the expense of getting their own news, benevolent as their professions of 'saving the reporter trouble' may seem. What they want is free advertising, otherwise 'publicity,' for some scheme or opinion of their own, and the press agent's offering, either by distortion, suppression, unwarranted emphasis, or sheer invention, achieves not a judicial summing up of the facts, but an attorney's special plea for his client.

The press agent will say, perhaps with some truth, though probably no editor will admit it, that the newspaper has made him a necessity by failure of enterprise, by neglect to exploit really important matters outside of the day's concrete happenings, by an unfair attitude toward business enterprises, and by teaching public speakers that, no matter how much worth while what they have to say may be, it will receive scant attention unless it is handed out in typewritten slips. However that may be, the newspapers certainly opened the door, taught the fabricators of propaganda their trade, fell into the habit of taking things at second hand, and are now in danger of being overwhelmed by the flood.

What is the remedy? Nothing but the absolute refusal to recognize the press agent, or to publish news that is not prepared by the editorial staff itself and its disinterested agents. Some of the leading publicity men themselves admit the present abuses and advise editors to verify more carefully press-agent offerings, and to exclude concealed advertising, or whatever seems to be unduly colored. But that does not go to the root of the evil. In many cases, espe-

cially with matter coming from a distance, verification is impossible, and the protection of advertising space against grafters, commercial or philanthropic, is not the chief concern of the public. If the newspapers want to give away thousands of dollars every week in free advertising, that is mainly their affair; though the community does have a right to read news as news and advertisements as advertisements, and not be fooled into reading one for the other. But nothing short of a rule: Exclude all 'publicity,' will shut up the propaganda bureaus, stop the deluge of tainted news, and once more open the closed doors to the disinterested reporter.

The essence of the mischief in propaganda is not its falsity in any particular case, but its origin. The essence of journalism is its autonomous expression of itself as an interpreter of society. The editor who is entitled to confidence, and who alone in the long run will get it, is he whose every utterance is his own. Neither the accuracy of a journal's news nor the justness of its opinions is half as important to society as certainty that whatever it publishes is the result of its own independent outlook on the world in the capacity of a public watchman. That is its profession; that is its trust.

Unless the American press rescues itself from this growing tendency to be the mouthpiece of extra-sanctum preparations of news and 'accelerations' of sentiment, and by its own self-contained enterprise seeks out everything that is important for men to know and presents it as appraised and interpreted disinterestedly by itself, it will cease to be the Fourtn Estate. Its claim to that distinction and influence rests on its performance of a public function, and it will not endure the abdication of trusteeship and the loaning of the instruments of current intelligence to the irresponsible agents of propaganda.

V

PUBLICITY—AND ITS ETHICS

ATHERTON BROWNELL

[*North American Review*, February, 1922. By permission.]

In the November issue of the *North American Review* Professor Roscoe C. E. Brown discussed what he was pleased to call *The Menace to Journalism*, with a mind as impartial and in a tone as calmly judicial as was possible once he had selected a title which left little to be said except to pass sentence upon the guilty culprit. The 'menace' to which he referred is publicity or propaganda—using the terms interchangeably—and the offenders are the press agents, or publicity men—likewise considering these as synonyms, which they have long since ceased to be—who are represented as being parasites who have colonized in great numbers on the Fourth Estate. Apparently the only distinction that Professor Brown would make is that the old-time and smilingly tolerated press agent of the circus 'left the reporters to go their way unaided to get their news as best they could, and to present it with that approximation of truth that comes from the detached appraisement of conflicting statements and dug-out facts'; whereas, the modern publicity representatives of great corporations, banking interests, public movements or philanthropies 'stand guard at many sources of news, fending off the too keen inquirer and leaving the newspaper the choice of letting itself be spoon-fed or going empty.'

That the guileful, often amusing and usually harmless tactics of the old-time press agent have been developed of late years into a well paid and unusually busy profession of publicity as applied to large interests, may not be denied, and the first reflex is naturally upon the making of a modern daily newspaper. It has emerged from under the flap of the circus tent and from the narrow confines of the theater box-office, until it holds a place of considerable dignity and importance in the public activities of today. It is only in comparatively a few editorial sanctums, though in many publishers' offices, that the modern publicity man is looked upon as an outlaw, conducting a kind of guerrilla warfare against which the advertising department must arm itself.

For a number of years the American Newspaper Publishers' Association has maintained a standing committee to fight this fancied menace to its revenues, suspended in its activities only during the war when it was considered to be a patriotic duty to lend the power of the

press to the propaganda work of the Government in its many forms. Yet it may be possible to show that so far from being a detriment to the material interests of the publishers, the work of the intelligent and resourceful publicity man may be and can be a direct stimulant to the creation of great national advertisers, thus dovetailing with the purpose of the publishers and the advertising agents.

Professor Brown, however, dignifies the discussion by placing it upon a higher ethical plane for consideration than has hitherto been attempted, and also by removing it—as it should be removed—from the business offices of the newspapers into the editorial field, thus bringing it into the broader light of the public welfare. In thus stimulating an open discussion of the subject on higher ethical grounds than its effect upon the advertising revenues of the newspapers, Professor Brown has rendered a service that places all parties at interest in his debt.

To the mind of the layman, not particularly versed in the details of the question, but viewing it with a natural shrewdness and innate common sense, there may come the query as to why it is true, as Professor Brown says, that 'trained writers are ready to forego the journalist's ideal and give their pens to the service not of society but of a patron's ends' and, he admits, 'to the impoverishment of newspaper staffs.' Is it true that all these men are apostates, lacking in any idealism that cannot be made subservient to the greater monetary temptations that are held out to them, that they have 'forsaken the editorial room for the publicity office'?

Are the old methods of news-gathering so perfect that they cannot be changed in any respect to advantage? Is it not within the bounds of reasonable possibility that these men of superior attainments, having lived in daily intimacy with present-day conditions of news-gathering, and partly disillusioned thereby, have perceived that there is a function to be performed that has little chance of development in the rush and hurry of the production of a modern daily newspaper, but supplementing it? May it not be that there is another ideal that is worthy of consideration, equally in the interest of society and of the best journalism, this taking the form of the search for and the preparation of real news that is 'predigested'—rather than hastily gathered and hurriedly thrown together, given to the public half-baked and not only undigested but actually indigestible?

We may not necessarily go so far as to agree entirely with the newspaper cynic who defined 'news' as 'any violation of any one of the Ten Commandments,' but it is indisputable that in common practice that which is compelling news, that which bears the editorial blue pencilled 'must' across its face, is of some sensational happening, something picturesque and attention-arresting, something that can be made into a 'story' and the more of 'human interest' it possesses the better. Bad news flies fast—it meets the reporter more than half way. Good news is often retiring and conceals itself. The function of the real publicity man is to give it wings. The news prepared by the modern publicity man is the news of construction. It has been sought out from a mass of data or other information in which it is so deeply imbedded that it could never be found by the hurried reporter seeking the news that shrieks aloud to be told.

This is the interesting point that Professor Brown raises, and which may broadly cover the entire field of activity of what we may call purposeful publicity, that 'whereas the reporter formerly could gain access to corporation heads, make his own inquiries, and ask questions that gave him an insight even if unanswered, now these men will rarely see reporters and screen themselves behind prepared statements.'

Access to great corporation heads undoubtedly is more difficult today than it was formerly, and equally undoubtedly these corporation heads speak with greater care when they speak at all. When the great anthracite strike of a dozen or so years ago was pending, there were eight or ten corporation heads all being constantly sought by dozens of reporters, more or less competent, from as many different local papers. Aside from the loss of time from executive duties, nothing but confusion resulted in the public mind from the various digests and interpretations of many not specially informed reporters from the disjointed statements of these several corporation heads. Since the importance of public understanding

of the situation was recognized to be important, one man was selected—a trained newspaper man—who became the spokesman for all, thus saving time and clearing the atmosphere of a mass of ignorant speculations. As a rule, the man who is important enough to be sought by the newspapers, and who has any respect for accuracy, has learned that his only safety lies in the prepared statement—not as a shield to protect himself from saying things that he does not want to say, but as a preventative from being made to say things that he has not said.

The strict executive, who will not permit a letter carefully dictated to a competent and tried stenographer to leave his office without re-reading before signing, is expected to deal in an off-hand way with the most vital of topics whenever asked to do so by a reporter, and then to permit his views to go out to the world through the mediumship of a man he has perhaps never seen, who relies upon his memory only for faithful transcription, who has no fundamental knowledge of the subject to permit of accurate compression of the essentials into newspaper space and who does not permit the subject of the interview to see what he is to be committed to saying before its publication. This is one of the conditions of news-gathering that Professor Brown would not have changed, yet it is neither fair nor just to place the entire responsibility for misquotation upon the shoulders of the reporter. The plea of having been misquoted is as often, perhaps, because of the fault of him who is interviewed as it is that of the newspaper man. Few men of great executive ability—few men, in fact, of any kind—possess the faculty of talking for publication, accurately, interestingly and intelligently. It is an art in itself, usually acquired only by cultivation although, like genius, it is born in a few. Few men who have become authorities on any subject great enough to be sought by the newspapers still retain the thought that others not so familiar with it require a primary exposition of the fundamentals if a clear understanding is to be the result.

A single case in point may serve to illustrate more clearly the function of the publicity man in corporation work; and also the result, in one instance, of the collision of interviewing, as it is practiced, with that ideal of journalism which which would 'leave the reporters to go their way unaided to get their news as best they could, and to present it with that approximation of truth that comes from the detached appraisement of conflicting statements and dug-out facts.' A man of many millions and of great achievements in the industrial world had placed himself at the head of a new corporation which had a 'vision.' It was a vision of vast profits, perhaps, but it also from its nature possessed a public service value that caused it to be 'news.' For many months its plans had been prepared and merely hinted at publicly in detail. Each step in preparation had been scrutinized by the publicity man for its reaction upon the public. The newspapers were keen for the 'story.'

With infinite pains and much rewriting,—'predigesting,' if you please,—the entire plan had been reduced to the form of an interview with the head of the corporation and had finally been initialled by him as evidence of his approval after careful study and weighing. In this instance it is possible that many newspapers would have accepted the statement had it been sent to them by mail, but the publicity man recognized fully what Professor Brown means when he charges that access to heads of corporations is often denied.

Since it was quite out of the question for a man of so many interests to give up the time to meeting all of these representatives of the metropolitan newspapers and of the various press associations singly, it was arranged that he should visit New York and receive them all at once at his hotel. Including trade papers, there were sixty or more newsseekers present, and of this number there was but one who declined to accept the prepared statement that was awaiting them. This single exception seemed to be inspired by Professor Brown's stricture upon what he call 'spoon-fed' journalism and branched off into side-issues and absolutely extraneous subjects when he asked his questions.

Although unprepared for this and taken unawares, the subject of the interview courteously submitted to the heckling and arose to the emergency. His answers were short and to the point. They ad-

mitted of little or no possibility of misunderstanding and there was but one man within his hearing who did misunderstand. It was unfortunate, to say the least, that this should have been the reporter who was questioning him and that the readers of his paper the following morning should have been given a falsehood in the place of truth, while every other paper that did not follow Professor Brown's ideal had a perfectly accurate and truthful story.

A number of years ago—it was during President Roosevelt's second term—two prominent railroad magnates were each seized simultaneously with a desire to say something to the public regarding the railroad problem that was then vexing Congress and the public. To get his views and opinions widely before the public unexpurgated and in digestible form, each of these two magnates retained a publicity specialist, and these men followed methods that were essentially different. Both principals were men who were known to be hard to interview: the one because of a quick impatience that permitted of no slowness of comprehension or inquiry into essential detail; the other, because of a diffidence that stood in the way of expression by words. Both were required to reduce their ideas to writing, which were then edited and carefully 'predigested' so that each in his own way said just what he wanted to say, in the fewest possible words, and with the greatest possible newspaper story value. The first, accompanied by his publicity man, went to Washington where the national correspondents gather. They were invited to come to the hotel to meet the magnate and came eagerly, for the fact that this man was willing to talk was news in itself. They listened to his humorous stories, smoked his cigars and probably partook of his hospitality otherwise. They plied him with questions and they politely took his prepared statement away with them. The next day, all over the country, this railroad man had all the publicity he wanted, but not of the kind that he desired. His statement was largely ignored, since the real story was that at last he had seen the light and was not only willing but eager to take the public into his confidence. That was the 'news' as it was developed. To the day of his death this railroad man never again submitted himself to a newspaper interviewer.

In the case of the other a very different policy was followed. His publicity man, knowing the psychology of the newspaper mind, carefully rehearsed his principal in a little drama that was calculated to win great applause at the final curtain. The cast was a small one, consisting of the railroad man and the President of the United States, with the Interstate Commerce Commission acting as a kind of chorus. Act I showed the publicity man calling on the President and, in the course of the conversation, casually mentioning that Mr. So-and-so, his principal, had a carefully worked out plan for the settlement of the railroad question.

'Is that so?' inquired Col. Roosevelt. 'That 's bully! I 'd like to talk it over with him!'

'Why don't you invite him to come down? He 'd come.'

Act II showed the railroad man accepting the President's invitation and arriving in Washington thoroughly 'in character,' as a reserved and more or less unapproachable magnate, traveling in his private car. This car was, of course, quickly identified by the local reporters with the result that it was surrounded by correspondents when the principal—with no publicity man in attendance—returned to it from the White House. To all eager inquiries as to the subject of his conference no answer was given, except that it would be entirely improper and discourteous to the President to give out anything, unless it emanated from the Executive Mansion.

Act III shows the railroad man's car again rolling into Washington and a repetition of the previous proceeding, while the word passes around that some 'big news is going to break.' On his return to his car the railroad man seems to be more willing to speak but still holds his reserve, and then follows the masterstroke of the little drama, with the advice and consent of Col. Roosevelt, who thoroughly enjoyed the little play. As the train began to pull out, leaving the correspondents with long faces, the railroad man leaned confidentially from the platform of his car and said with a smile, 'It 's a wonder you boys don't know where the office of the Interstate Commerce

Commission is!' and was gone. No faster, however, than the race for the offices of the Interstate Commerce Commission which at once started, and there, carefully prepared and edited, fully 'predigested, the statement was found to be on file waiting to be read, laboriously copied and telegraphed to all parts of the country.

The wiles and the artful practices of the press agent to advertise his client, regardless of any public interest in his subject, are so indefensible that it would be a waste of time to discuss them. This is not the form and character of publicity that has been brought to the light of this discussion by Professor Brown, but there is one argument that comes from the advertising office that deserves more than a passing word. 'You can say anything in the advertising columns that you can say in the news columns, and just as effectively' is a favorite statement of publishers which is largely, yet not 100 per cent., true, as a single instance will show.

A great work of a semipublic nature, involving engineering problems having no precedent, had been undertaken in New York. It was being financed by its bankers through the sale of short term notes as a temporary expedient. An issue of these notes was close to maturity and it was the expectation of the bankers that a new issue would immediately be taken up by the holders of those which expired. About ten days before this maturity period there appeared in Wall Street and in the financial centers of Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago and elsewhere, where the notes were heavily held, a rumor that could be traced to no starting point. It was one of those 'whispering campaigns' that are usually the cloak of crooked finance and stock manipulation and its source could be suspected though not proved. It was to the effect that the engineering difficulties in this work had proved to be insuperable and that the project had been virtually abandoned. The object in view was perfectly apparent, and was the discrediting in advance of the new note issue in order to bring ruin upon the entire enterprise.

The banker sent for his advertising agent and placed the problem before him with the request that he answer the rumor and kill it. The advertising agent's advice was to call in a publicity man since to meet the situation by advertising a denial would be to spread the damaging rumor more widely. This was late on a Thursday afternoon. The following Sunday morning virtually every newspaper in New York carried an illustrated story on its first page detailing, with many picturesque episodes, the inspection of the work made the day before by an Athenian Prince, several French army engineers and other notable scientists from Europe, and the following day the financial press of the country carried it in condensed form.

This space could not have been purchased at any price. No 'influence,' however strong, except that of actual news value, could have obtained it. The price that the publicity man paid for that space was in the only coin that passes current in the editorial department. Nor was it spurious coin, even though he had created the superficial news value by the introduction of the Prince into the situation. The real news lay in the fact that the work was going on uninterruptedly; the rumors of its cessation were false and that the investors were not in danger of loss of their money. The result was to dam the stream of lying rumors and to accomplish a piece of constructive work that otherwise would not have been done. It saved the work and it created, on its completion, an advertising patron which has turned many thousands of dollars into the coffers of the papers.

To many minds the word 'publicity' means the 'putting over' of something improperly. It would be a useless waste of space to berate at length all of the schemes and wiles of the unconscionable publicity man or press agent that really have for their purpose the exploiting of something under the guise of news that should not be exploited at all, or that are otherwise as indefensible as are many of the newspaper practices that are not in keeping with the highest ethics of journalism. It is a fact that has to be met and reckoned with that out of its fantastic beginnings there has arisen a new profession that, properly governed and regulated, is essentially in the interest of the public and which has been forced into existence by the failure of the press in

many important particulars to live up to its highest ideals.

VI

A COMMENT

ROSCOE C. E. BROWN

[*North American Review*, February, 1922. By permission.]

Mr. Atherton Brownell illuminates with interesting incidents the conditions that have created the publicity business, without challenging the public's right to news from independent and disinterested sources. Nor does he deny that matter written to serve private purposes in increasing volume masquerades as news. The article in the November issue of the *North American Review*, which evoked his discussion, thus foreshadowed his explanation of the sway of publicity:

> The press agent will say, perhaps with some truth, though probably no editor will admit it, that the newspaper has made him a necessity by failure of enterprise, by neglect to exploit really important matters outside of the day's concrete happenings, by an unfair attitude toward business enterprises, and by teaching public speakers that, no matter how much worth while what they have to say may be, it will receive scant attention unless it is handed out in typewritten slips.

Mr. Brownell goes further than this and pictures the newspapers not only as failing to get for themselves what he calls 'news of construction' and stupidly or perversely bungling such news when it comes their way, but also as forcing the 'publicity specialist' of a great railroad man to resort to tricks worthy of a mere press agent seeking some free advertising, in order to circulate that financier's views at a moment when the President of the United States himself was giving them attention.

It is doubtful if this defense of publicity will tend to endear the publicity man to the editor. If Mr. Brownell's anecdotes were to be accepted as typical either of the newspaper's sense of real news and attitude toward it, or of the methods of the high-class corporation publicity man, whom he is so careful to differentiate from the old-time press agent, famous for disguising private schemes as public news, then, indeed, a critic might think there was little to do but pass judgment on the 'guilty culprit,' whether of the editorial or the publicity office. But it is far less important to pass such judgments than to diagnose conditions. The writer's purpose has not been to condemn men of either calling for what is the result, not of any wrongful purpose on their part, but of business and social developments with which journalism and the intellectual interest of a large body of the readers on which it depends have not been able to keep pace. It has rather been to consider the journalistic tendencies thus fostered, with a view to the newspaper's future prestige and influence as a trusted leader and interpreter of society to itself. Mr. Brownell confirms belief in the menace of those tendencies.

Modern civilization has become too vast and complicated for many newspaper organizations. Only the greatest newspapers can afford to cover it adequately or expertly. And too often their circulation is among those who do not in the least care to have it thus covered. So whole fields are left to the publicity man and doubtless will be left to the publicity man until the newspapers, either singly or by associated effort, send out larger staffs of men and women highly trained to deal of their own initiative with these complicated matters. A beginning of such independent news investigation has been made in the field of science.

The methods and aims of news-gathering today leave much to be desired, and the conditions that promote such misrepresentation as Mr. Brownell describes and that he says the writer would not have changed, far from being left unchanged, should be radically reformed. But the 'search for and preparation of real news,' supplementing the chronicle of the routine and the sensational, which Mr. Brownell points to as the function of the publicity man, ought to be so carried on by the newspaper itself that there would be no need to depend on the self-interest of publicity seekers for the due enlightenment of society. And as for that 'good' news that is too retiring to meet the reporter unchaperoned by the press agent, it is too good to be true.

While the tendency of newspapers to make themselves the retailers of ready-made news and opinions is easily explained, while the publicity man does an

otherwise undone work, the fact remains that the all-important function of a newspaper is to report the world as it sees it, and not as some party in interest wishes it to be seen. The publicity expert may, indeed, have an enduring place. He may tell corporations how to conduct themselves so as to deserve public confidence; he may help their managers to speak so as to catch the public ear; but he should never be permitted to put his story, written from the point of view of a private interest, into a newspaper in the guise of its report as an independent instrument of public intelligence. When that is permitted the newspaper surrenders itself to propaganda and invites loss of faith.

VII

IS THE GIRL OF TO-DAY AS BAD AS SHE IS PAINTED? 'INDEED SHE IS!'

KATHLEEN NORRIS

[*Pictorial Review*, January, 1922. By permission.]

Be it therefore

Resolved: That the modern young woman in America is frivolous and immoral beyond all bounds, and beyond anything ever known in the history of girlhood; that she drinks, smokes, and flirts to excess, and that her dress and her manner of dancing are entirely improper; and be it further

Resolved: That because of these things she is absolutely unfitting herself for wifehood and motherhood, and thereby jeopardizing the safety and the continuance of the race.

That is about the way that press and people, old ladies in porch-rockers, men in clubs, and preachers from their pulpits have summarized the situation. More has been said and written about the rising generation, and more agitatedly and despairingly said and written, than of any other rising generation that ever danced and flirted.

The thing has become a universal and a public scandal; and we are beginning to see in it a real national menace. For if ever a nation needed good wives and good mothers, and good homes and good children, this nation does at this moment, and we are becoming more and more aware of the danger that this sort of thing will speedily lead to very few homes, and those not good ones, and almost no children at all.

'This sort of thing,' I say. Every one who can read knows what I mean. I mean just what we have been witnessing between girls and boys of seventeen to twenty-five: reckless speech, unchaperoned parties of the wildest freedom, smoking, the 'hip-pocket flask' at afternoon and evening dances, the demand for incessant extravagant amusement, and the wearing of immodest dress.

We all know the stories, and distracted mothers write me new ones in every mail; from Wichita and Sioux Falls, and Paris, Me., and Galveston, Tex. There seems to be no end to the gasping and the shocks. And there seem to be no noticeable geographical limits to the contagion. Truly, it was in the biggest city that a débutante with a boy friend, last Winter, rented a small furnished apartment down-town, and entertained their friends there in what I believe to be a perfectly innocent manner, with lunches, teas, and early dinners, entirely without the knowledge of their elders. The little girl was always home at night, and for the rest, her mother said easily, she was always 'with her own crowd.' This was in New York; but it was in a small Western town that the story of the abandonment of stays at dances started, and it was from a Kentucky city that a woman wrote me that her son's little group, children of 'the nicest families in town,' called their small dancing club 'The Twin Beds Club.' A conservative Boston gentleman reproached his wife in my hearing with their daughter's intoxication at her coming-out tea, and to my own knowledge a California débutante found herself, on the morning after her imposing presentation ball, with several boy friends at a country hotel.

So that the thing seems wide-spread, and of no particular group or place. And that it is a very real danger, and a very real reproach upon ourselves as parents and guardians, we are all bound to admit. The girlhood of a nation, its purity, sanity, and self-control, are one of that nation's most valuable assets, and nothing can replace that girlhood misdirected and despoiled.

If our young persons are indulging in

all sorts of excesses now that will make quiet home life and parenthood distasteful and almost impossible to them—and there seems to be no doubt that they are —then we older persons should rise as at a call to war and bend all our energies toward a cure.

The old soothing platitudes, that this is just youth, and that they must have their fling, and that there is a great deal of smoke for a very little fire, do not apply here. They are routed by the facts; that home life *has* grown increasingly difficult and thankless, that children have grown fewer and fewer, and that the modern standard of extravagant hospitality—motor-cars, dances, card-games, manicure, hair-dresser, and a thousand other luxuries—ruins a girl's simplicity before she is married at all, makes the thought of a child, or of children, utterly unwelcome, and goes far to wreck her marriage almost before it has begun.

We all know—we older people—that marriage is a serious business. It is a problem that takes everything we have of temperance, self-control, patience, and strength. There are times, even in the happiest marriage, when silence, gentleness, self-denial, and resolute courage *must* be forth-coming, or the whole gallant little vessel goes on the rocks, and one more tragedy is added to a world too full of tragedies now.

Where is the modern girl to learn silence, gentleness, self-denial, and patience? Her days are merely a feverish round of pleasure-seeking. If a man is shabbily dressed, and has no motor-car, and does not dance well, he simply does not exist for her. She bases her friendship on material things; she is 'crazy' about the new young man because he is a 'perfect sport,' he drives a stunning car, he apparently has 'tons' of money. He knows everybody, movie stars, and the amateur tennis and golf champions, and the head waiters at the big hotels.

What more could any woman ask in a husband? If a real man walked into her presence—a man who was to be the Abraham Lincoln, or the big scientist, or the great writer of ten years hence, she would look upon him with horrified contempt. And if her rich young man, her golf-player and dancer, really met a fine and good and simple woman, whose interest in life was to be her husband, and her nursery, and what is fine in music, literature, and home-making, he would characterize her as an 'egg.'

At a débutante dance a few months ago I asked a young girl why one of the young men was dancing with a two-dollar bill rather conspicuously displayed in his hand.

'Because he wants somebody to cut in and dance with that girl—she's an egg!' was the innocent reply.

The 'egg' happened to be the daughter of the hostess, but that is perhaps an irrelevant detail.

Now, let us ask ourselves as older, if not much wiser, men and women, what the result will probably be when the modern girl, after three or four years of incessant dashing about in expensive cars, drinking, dancing, flirting to the danger-point, dressing expensively, strewing money casually about among manicures and beauty specialists, making what friends she chooses, and in every particular of manners and morals being a law unto herself—let us ask ourselves what her marriage must be.

Of any marriage, the first six months is not important, to the world, at least, There is everything to make it pleasant, the new name, the new house, the new dignity. The bride and groom entertain all their less blissful friends, and the car and the dancing and the general excitement continue unabated.

But then the real problems begin. Perhaps a too indulgent father stops the allowance; perhaps patient tradespeople begin to hint at more regular settlements; perhaps the girl wants a fur coat at the very moment that the boy wants to join a new club.

Both are going, drinking, eating, dancing, talking, and laughing almost to the point of insanity. The telephone is always ringing, the crowd is always arriving; it is time to eat and they are dancing as well as eating; it is time to rest and their engagements and appointments are three deep; it is time to sleep and for them the night is just beginning.

Human nerves and bodies will not stand the strain; presently the boy is telling a lawyer his story, and he is not to blame. And the girl is telling another lawyer hers, and she is not to blame.

'And goodness knows,' we fathers and mothers say plaintively, 'that *we* are not to blame!'

So we find ourselves turning into a nation of failures, unhappy marriages, and empty nurseries on all sides; we know no more quiet, contented women whose holidays are all the more wonderful for being rare, whose interests are tenderly bound up in the interests of the little lives about them, and whose homes are centers from which radiate all the homely, wholesome, essential virtues that are the real bulwark of a great nation.

It is all lost—the delight of simple living, the sunny gardens with small rompers staggering about them, the planned hospitalities that are so much sweeter than all the shrieking, crowding motor-trips that ever tore through a Summer night.

The chase for pleasure and distraction and amusement grows madder year after year, and the secret of real happiness remains just where it was before, hidden away in the miracle of seven words, 'Whoso loses his life shall gain it.'

Two generations ago the question used to be, 'What are they going to name it?' To-day the question—and one may ask it of almost every young married pair one knows—is, 'I hear that there is trouble there?'

I say 'two generations ago,' because this new national trouble of ours, this flat refusal of our young women and men to grow into rational, self-respecting, home-making, and family-raising citizens, is no mushroom growth.

We are to blame, almost entirely to blame, we of the generation that raised them and made their world what it is for them to grow in. We are the ones who have hedged about home-making and the raising of children with endless difficulties and absurdities, and who have held before their eighteen- and twenty-year-old eyes an ideal of extravagance and empty display. We ask them to be simple, and temperate, and reasonable, but we are none of these things.

Where there is money we follow blindly. We do not shut our doors to the fabulously wealthy man because he is not also a decent man. We do not sell our motor-car because the doctor's bill has been a year unpaid, or wear the 1918 coat just because it is still warm and whole.

They break our hearts now, these dear and lovely and precious girls, when they prefer their friends to their family, when they slip away day after day and evening after evening to their unwholesome pleasures, and when nothing plain, nothing normal and moderate, suffices to amuse them. A picnic with the younger children—a dinner with Grandma and Uncle Tom—a theater party with the family—oh, Heaven forbid! Their own mad little group, with its bobbed heads and its abbreviated skirts, its cocktails and cigarettes, its racy stories and racier trips, is waiting—what can we possibly offer as a counter-attraction?

We are too late. But our time came, and went, ten years ago, when the débutante of today was a stupid little girl of nine; when she was troubled over her arithmetic, when she longed for mother's society, and cried because she was not included on the Sunday motor-trip. How easily she could have been influenced then—how easily she could have been built into the structure of the family life, always to take her standards and her ideals from mother and dad!

They manage these things better in England, and in Europe. There is a social background there for the growing girl. She is only a part of a great, well-rooted structure; her parents' friends, her grandmother's friends, form a rampart about her. Her life is a part of their lives; she can not tear it away and live it as a separate thing. The men she knows at twenty she knew at three years; dinners are delightful meetings of persons of all ages; evening parties have dancing only as a sort of side-issue. Between dances somebody asks the boy how his Aunt Louise is; somebody else interests the girl in a general conversation.

It is one of our national weaknesses that we have no social background; we feel it now, when mother after mother complains that she 'dare' not antagonize her daughter by too radical a restriction. Dare—! There is nothing a good English mother would not dare if she saw the need. Behind her are a thousand years of devoted and self-sacrificing mothers, a thousand years of good homes, where childhood is loved and welcomed, and where truth and honor are built into little characters while bread and milk are built into their little bodies. The girl

who would risk the loss of such a home knows well that she risks everything else in life too—friends, self-respect, and future. And that is the power of such an environment.

We had such homes once, in America. And we can have them again, even though the spacious old Virginia and Massachusetts mansions, under their elms, are gone forever, and the old ways of spinning and baking, leisurely ambling behind the family bays, and weekly gathering in the family pew, are gone forever, with them.

But they must be made for our young people before they can be made by them. And even without being too violent in our innovations we can take tremendous steps toward them; in time perhaps to help even this generation.

We can try to make home the one place in the world where our girls really love to be.

We can weed out of our own lives all the extravagances and superfluities that are keeping us from being real women, fit to guide real girls.

We can at least prohibit liquor, with its accompanying law-breaking, from our own homes, so that the eighteen-year-old may never retort to an admonition, 'Well, *you* do it!'

We can study the changing conditions of American life, the domestic service problem, the rent problem, the dress problem, and perhaps find, in our superior wisdom and experience, various simpler and more economical ways of handling them.

We can learn ourselves, perhaps, to think less of money, of big motor-cars and expensive trips, of social position and empty display, and to think more of what is real; of the quiet holiness and happiness of married life, and of the exquisite miracle of babyhood. Over these two things, even in the plainest setting, there lies a glory that makes the most spectacular of yachting trips—the most sensational of fancy-dress balls, seem what it is, a mere hysterical attempt, on the part of stupid people, to convince themselves that they are having a glorious time.

What we can not do is to continue to sit back and do nothing except wring our hands. We are all descendants of pioneers; from one European country or another our forefathers had the courage to set forth into the unknown, hoping for better things than they could find at home, for their children, and their children's children. Ours is as great and as rich a nation, if not the richest and the greatest, in all the world; it is the youngest nation, the most cosmopolitan in its composition. We must still be pioneers, and as we have led the world in great movements, we must lead it in this. We must devise some system of so educating, and so employing, and so inspiring our national girlhood as to turn it naturally and simply from what is wasteful and debasing and dangerous. If their schooling has been defective, then it must be changed; if they are too idle, then we must find them avenues for self-expression.

But immodesty, intemperance, impurity of speech and dress, and coarseness and familiarity where the sacred things of life are concerned, bring them no happiness now, and jeopardize their chance of ever finding real happiness in the future. And we might better put out their eyes, and let them face life with merely a physical handicap than allow this sort of thing to go—as it must by its very nature go—from bad to worse.

Only—don't blame the girls. It was a hundred years ago that Wordsworth wrote:

O Friend! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, oppressed,
To think that now our life is only dressed
For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

VIII

IS THE GIRL OF TODAY AS BAD AS SHE'S PAINTED? 'I SHOULD SAY NOT!'

CORRA HARRIS

[*Pictorial Review*, January, 1922. By permission.]

I shall not begin this defense of the young girl by attempting to justify her manners, morals, or dress; but my purpose is to offer an explanation of her development, to place the blame where it belongs, and to suggest the only possible means by which she may be recovered and restored to her friends and family.

Not all the charges against her are suitable for polite discussion. This is true of most people if they only knew it. We may defend ourselves against robbers and assassins, but there is no possible defense against the evil mind which frequently exists in the most respectable men and women. The young girl has become the object of this kind of gossip and inquisition. Out of respect for her, and a profound compassion, this writer will endeavor to keep on the side of this discussion nearest propriety and decency, even if she fails to mention all the accusations promulgated against the young girl. A lot of our best people live and die without having their faults published in the Sunday papers.

One of the lighter indictments is that she has made a mockery of her maiden countenance. She bobs her hair, picks her brows, powders excessively, rouges still more excessively, uses a 'lip-stick,' and perfumes the palms of her hands.

Personally, I do not think it is morally wrong to bob one's hair. All men do it. I do not think so even if certain business firms refuse to employ girls with bobbed hair, claiming that this brevity of the hair indicates a frivolous mind. Maybe so. But even so, it certainly is hypocritical to refuse her a position behind the perfumery, cosmetics, and curling-tongs counter because she uses the goods advertised and sold there.

The trouble is that we concede hypocrisy as one of the legitimate methods in this very business which flourishes upon the decadent vanities of girls.

This is not recorded as an extenuating circumstance, but the young girl's mother powders, paints, and works the 'lip-stick.' I have no doubt that she would also bob her hair if she had enough of it to bob. Of course, the young girl should set her mother a better example, but since this is such a reversion of the relation between mother and daughter, probably she has never realized that this was her duty. She has followed her mother's example, as usual.

And while I may be breaking a sacred confidence which was never given me, it is a secretly notorious fact that young men have become addicted to the pink-paste pots which enhance the complexion. They have degenerated to the practice of feminine arts upon their faces. It is disgusting. One wonders what form of decadence they represent. But one knows why the girls rouge. They do because 'everybody does,' including their mothers and their beaus. If these silly vanities are to be charged against those who practice them, why single out the young girl, who is the least guilty, and omit the mothers and the men?

By far the greater number of complainants against the modern young girl are men. I can not believe in view of the example they set her that their arguments against her and their strictly virtuous horror of her conduct are inspired by the subliminal uprush of their own moral natures. My shrewd suspicion is that it is all due to an occult masculine selfishness. Potentially speaking, they own romantic stock in these wayward maidens. They resent the damaging of this stock. If it were not so distressing for the girls it would be funny when one considers that they are only trying to attract and please the men. And it is evident that they have the right 'dope,' because they do attract more attention from men than ever before.

The trouble is that it is a sort of universal attraction, not complimentary but ardent. What a man wants is for a girl to please him, not every man. He is jealous.

I have always wondered why men were considered reasonable and why women were regarded as unreasonable when the whole history of their relationship to each other proves the contrary. Men are invariably most strongly attracted to women these days by the very qualities, fashions,

and vanities which they condemn in women. Meanwhile the modern girl has discovered what attracts men and she makes herself the image of that, regardless of his purely ethical views. She is astoundingly rational about this. Her logic is what makes her capable and unscrupulous. She knows what he wants and she does not care the snap of her fingers what he thinks. This is the view taken by the demi-monde, as are the fashions of the clothes she wears and the 'toddles' she dances. But who introduced the ideals of the demi-monde to this young girl? By nature she is the most delicate, sensitive, and modest being born into this world.

Somebody is responsible. Not long since a prominent society woman in a certain city overheard her daughter refuse to accept the escort of a young man for a dance.

'Why did you decline to go with him?' she asked.

'Because he is rude; he is familiar. He puts his hands on me,' the girl replied.

'Other girls stand it. Are you any better than they are?' was this mother's retort.

Two strangely eccentric parents at a fashionable resort this Summer exercised a mild supervision of their young daughter, a lovely and attractive girl. They would not permit her to attend public dances where the 'toddle' and the 'Chicago' were the favorite numbers. The old and middle-aged women in that hotel were indignant to a man. They were sorry for this poor young girl. They were merciless in the criticism of her parents. They represented what we call the 'cream of society' in several States. And they were the propagandists of conditions which make young girls what they are.

The charge is made that the young girl dresses immodestly. Her frocks are cut too low at the top and too brief at the bottom. She wears no corsets, rolls her stockings and shows her knees when she pleases.

This is the truth. She does all these things. So does her mother. If you are a decent person, it is very sad. If you have the sensitively immoral mind, it is positively shocking, and gives you something deliciously scandalous to talk about.

But who designs these fashions? They were planned and produced by modistes without the knowledge of the young girl, or her approval. Not that she is not game to approve and wear anything offered. She is. They are daring.—My dear brethren and sisters, the modern girl will not take a dare!—Later she and her equally modern mother go down-town to buy a frock. They purchase half a frock because no whole ones were being shown this season.

It is easy to understand why the girls buy these things. They are young, conventional. They naturally wish to look at least as smartly dressed as possible. And they know how much more interested men are in this kind of clothes than they have ever been. This is reason enough in all conscience, and even without conscience, to account for the way the modern girl dresses.

What I can not understand is this. If a dairyman sells polluted milk or skimmed milk in a city, there is a great hue and cry. He is stealing the substance of life from children; he is killing the babies. He is prosecuted. He may be mobbed. But when was any one prosecuted for selling garments to women deliberately planned to destroy modesty, decency, and virtue? It is not done. Yet the crime committed is a worse crime.

We can offer no excuse for the exhibition the young girl makes of her legs. Still, some good may come from the exposure. For one thing it may cure men of a senseless curiosity they have always sneakingly indulged about these members of the feminine body. But you must hand it to the young girl. Nothing in this turgid situation so nearly approaches comedy as the horror with which all mankind has thrown up its hands at the sudden revelation girls have made of these stems of their being without the slightest concern for every man's outraged sense of propriety. It is not she who is conscious of them, I am firmly convinced, but these men. They have been suddenly deprived of their curiosity. It is a singular but very real loss. Consider how many ages women have been worried and hobbled in the effort to keep their very ankles a secret. I hope all prudes will forgive me, but I can not help thinking that these candidly confessed legs are the pentameters of poetic justice, so to speak.

As for rolling her stockings, she has simply revived the custom of her lady grandmother, who always did. This writer lives in a remote mountain community where manners and customs have not changed for fifty years. One week ago, on the Lord's Day, I saw a very good woman, forty years old, and a member of the primitive Baptist Church, descend from her buggy in front of this church door. As she did so she revealed a stout, durable leg with the stocking rolled six inches below the knee. No one in this county would question that woman's exceedingly stern sense of propriety nor her right to roll her stockings. It distresses me almost as much as it does any man to see a girl with her hose rolled, but I am bound to admit that she has the best authority for doing it.

The difference, of course, is in the length and width of her skirt as compared with that of her grandmother's.

When we who are now middle-aged women were girls, mothers, men, preachers, and doctors were teetotally against the idea of our wearing corsets. I remember the first one I ever had was stolen from a young lady aunt. I put the thing on and wore it to school. But it was so much too long for my pudgy little-girl waist that I could not sit down in it. I was obliged to slip out of the schoolroom, crawl under the Presbyterian church which was adjacent, and take it off after a fearful struggle. Probably the steel ribs of it are there yet just below the floor of the pulpit.

Now the young girl has discarded the corset, and all modern society professes to be shocked. A good many of us are. She did not take the thing off for reasons of health or wider respiration. The reason most frequently assigned is that men prefer to dance with a girl when she does not wear one. Not only that, but they call her 'Iron sides' if she does, and they will not dance with her. This is not a moral reason, but it is a natural one. Girls want partners at a dance, and lovers, and husbands because they have never had husbands, so they do the best they can to please these possible partners, lovers, and prognosticated husbands.

The crowning accusation brought against her is that she is extravagant, that she is a 'dead-beat,' using her wits and charms to get what she wants from dinners to dances. She smokes, she drinks, and she 'vamps.' Her manners are bad, her conversation bold, and she is never ashamed of herself nor anything else.

The chief reason why I am inclined to believe she is guilty of cheating, swindling, and disorderly conduct generally is that men are mortally afraid of the young girl. They distrust her as formerly young girls were warned not to trust men. They spend extravagantly to win her favor and suffer anguish because they do not know how many other young men are doing the same thing. If she seems to care for one of them, he is on guard at once. He dares not believe that she loves him. He fears she is 'stringing' him.

In the old days there was about one coquette to a town of five thousand, not assigned, but developed. A sort of genius, she was, for winning lovers. Now nearly every young girl in a town of this size on up to cities of any size is a 'vamp,' or practising to become one.

I am not sure what a 'vamp' is. I have asked a number of young men, and they invariably become heated, indignant, and incoherent. The dictionary gives this definition, 'Something added to give an old thing a new appearance.' I suppose the coquette is the old thing to which the powers and charms of the 'vamp' have been added. It is a fearful combination.

But I call your attention to the strength of this young girl's character. I do not say what kind of character it is; I merely contend that it is an invincibly strong one. She has overruled the authority of her parents, she has remodeled society without regard for what is good for society, and now she is striding barelegged through this civilization with her nose in the air as indifferent to her reputation as the average young man has always been to his reputation. She has accomplished this scandalous emancipation without propaganda or 'leagues' or petitions to Legislatures for her rights. She is the smartest thing this nation has ever produced and the least fearful of the consequences. She is the object of universal criticism.

Literally no one approves of her. But does she blench, blush, or repent? She does not. She appears to have reached the conclusion that modesty and innocence

are unprofitable assets, and that the price paid in restrictions for a good reputation comes too high. This is astounding when you consider how many ages women have been the timid slaves of public opinion. The slightest breath of scandal was fatal. They spent their whole lives preserving their neatly bleached reputations. This was necessary because without a proper reputation neither girl nor woman was acceptable socially, and no self-respecting man would marry her. Now all that is changed. Men are not so particular. And society is very liberal. It must be, to exist at all with such material for its foundations.

This is the explanation of the young girl of today. She cheats in love as a man might cheat at cards because she has discovered the modern man. She is his comrade and his mate. She is not modest because he despises a prude. She drinks because she is a 'good fellow' and because she likes to show off. She gets publicity that way.—Publicity or death is one of the mottoes of American life.—It is not peculiar to the young girl. Too much attention is paid to her. She should be stricken from the printed page, especially the society page, for a year. This would go far toward sobering her.

The American parents abdicated long ago. They no longer control their sons or daughters. They only bring them up, produce them, you may say.

Recently a committee of physicians called on a committee of mothers in a certain city. They gave information and urged that these mothers look more carefully after the health and character of their daughters. The mothers were very dignified. They washed their hands of these girls. They said it was the times and modern ways, and that they were helpless. Indeed they are. When you are going the same gait your wayward daughter goes you may be her rival but not her mentor nor her confidante.

No special session of a Legislature has been called yet to consider the problem of the young girl, because Legislatures make laws; they can not make characters. But two weeks ago the Grand Jury of a certain suburban county met. Among other presentments in the report they made there was a paragraph which begins with this sentence, 'We urge that parents know where their daughters are at all times.' They might as well have urged that parents know where their sons are at all times. This is where the trouble really began. Parents have failed to keep in touch with their sons. These young men have formed strange tastes in manners, morals, love, and marriage. The young girls simply conform to the doubtful types they demand and marry them. They have less difficulty getting married than any generation of girls we have ever produced.

Always in every age and in every condition of society, the quality and character of women are determined by men. When they have demanded chastity, modesty, and dignity of women, women have been chaste, modest, delicately clean in mind and spirit. They have been truly and ineffably good. Now they make no such demands. They are more masculine, less moral. They marry fast girls faster than they do good girls. The latter are too tame. They do not appeal to the jaded romanticism of modern men. Besides, there is always the divorce court. They both know that; keep it like a card up their sleeves at the very altar where they swear their marriage vows. And after the divorce they both return to the game. Recently this comment was made upon a man whose wife had just divorced him, and who was immediately the avowed lover of a young girl, 'Well, he did very well by his wife. She had no difficulty about alimony. He provided handsomely for her.' This was the feather in his cap, gave him a sort of strut as a lover thus recommended for his second courtship and marriage. On the other hand, the young divorcée is invariably more popular than the young girl. She has more partners in the dance, and quicker lovers. So long as men place the premiums they do upon the faults and perversities of the young girl, she is not likely to improve her manners or morals. I do not know what will become of her, but every thoughtful person must know that she is the victim, not the criminal. She may be more or less abandoned, but she was abandoned first. And I stick to it, she is intelligent, she is game, and she has a stronger character than her mother or her lovers. As for her father, he dares not show his diminished head.

IX

DO WOMEN DRESS TO PLEASE MEN?—YES

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

[*Century Magazine*, March, 1922. By permission.]

A pile-driver, having thoroughly performed its task, would be no more surprised to see a battered, submerged victim pop lightly up again than was I to note the reappearance of a long-buried fallacy in a recent article in *The Century Magazine*.

To doubt a dogma, a doctrine, a miracle, is bravely praiseworthy, but what shall be the meed of him who doubts a natural law?

That women dress to please men is so obvious, so conspicuously visible, so plainly recognized by the man in the street, that one wonders at any lingering doubt of it. Yet this most patent fact is airily denied by a no less authority than Alexander Black.

To one who has shown, taught, reiterated, and proved through an argumentative lifetime that women do, this buoyant assumption that they do not dress to please men seems unbelievable; yet there it is. Do not look for direct assertion,—that is not this graceful writer's way,—but the heresy is there none the less, thus set forth:

It is not alone the failure in man's sense of humor that induces him to think she is dressing solely for him. That blunder has a remoter explanation.

A blunder, is it? The pile-driver begins again.

To clamp the victim firmly, we must remove that qualifying 'solely,' his only excuse for wabbling. No one could assert that Eskimo ladies wear furs 'solely' to please men, unless in the strained sense that it would not please them to have all their women frozen to death. Furs are worn by arctic savages for two compelling reasons: one that they must be warmly clothed or die; the other, that the skins of beasts are the only fabric available. No, the verb 'to dress,' in this discussion, does not mean wearing clothes, but the process now popularly rendered 'to doll up.'

It is idle to question the women as to their purposes. We have to deal with the real reason, with the basic cause, not with explanations offered by these much-adorned ladies. Little reck they of biological laws. They may modestly repudiate and honestly or angrily deny any conscious effort to attract. They may lay the blame or the praise for their garniture on a variety of immediate pressures, as, for instance, that 'it is so hard to get nice shoes without high heels;' but that does not touch the underlying fact that those inadequate curvilinear supports for the human frame are designed in obedience to man's admiration for a 'feminine foot.'

The hoof of a mare is 'feminine,' the paw of a lioness is 'feminine,' yet in efficacy they are as good as male ones. Our 'feminine' foot is so ostentatiously decorative that it can neither stand, walk, nor run as well as if it were shod like a human foot instead of a female one.

The excessive and conspicuous sex appeal of women's shoes may be submitted to by individual wearers for a variety of reasons, but its cause is the approval of men for the ultra-feminine, for something smaller, feebler, more slenderly curved than what they consider 'masculine.'

Of the five main reasons for wearing clothes, protection, warmth, modesty, decoration and symbolism, it is the last two we are here considering. The other three apply to both sexes, and that 'solely' must not serve as a way of escape by referring to them.

The 'dress' of women, as here used, refers to the sharp distinction between us and other creatures which shows the human female as the only one carrying that excess of ornament known as 'sex decoration.' In other species, where some added splendor appears beyond the racial beauty common to both, it is seen upon the male. To him belong the lordly crest, the bulbous wattles, the floating plumes, the spreading tail, the gorgeous hues.

And all this beauty or would-be beauty —for sometimes his blue-painted callosities miss the mark as widely as do the corpse-white noses of our women—does serve to please the female. Whether developed by her conscious selection or not, it is patently used by her strutting suitor

to attract her attention and to win her favor.

So with the human male, in so far as a ruthless economic pressure leaves him anything which can be called decoration, such as gay cravats and richly harmonious socks, his demand for these adornments appears with a rush when first he seeks to please the other sex and continues longest in those individual men or classes with whom pleasing women is a permanent interest.

Observe the hasty adornments of a group of cow-boys when ladies, especially unattached young ladies, arrive at the ranch. Note even in the tedious reiterance of habits in 'the movies' the demeanor of the young man when 'she' is about to appear. In the adjustment of coat and waist-coat, the settling of collar and tie, he seeks to please through his attire.

We have here an overwhelming mass of evidence that 'dress' in this sense of extra-decoration is used to attract the other sex by all males. If women, the only females so empowered, use it for other purposes, the burden of proof is on them.

The reason that the female of the human species is saddled with this extra burden, in addition to her human activities and the large demands of motherhood, is clear enough. Other females have no need for the male except as a mate and co-parent, but we women need men as 'providers.' As was definitely stated in *The Wizard of Oz*, 'even the fairest face must be fed.'

Painfully plain is the case *a priori;* but we must follow it among the many corroborative proofs *a posteriari.* If the laboratory method could be employed, it would be finally convincing. This would require the segregation of numbers of women of similar type and equal opportunities, but cut off from men's society altogether; and the comparison of their dress with that of a group otherwise identical, but allowed masculine society. Failing such conclusive experiment, we find some approximation to it in the dress of women in an undermanned summer resort during the week compared with their sudden efflorescence on Saturday night, when the men arrive.

Still more convincingly it appears when mercenary mothers for the sake of their daughters, or other women for personal needs, deliberately set themselves to please men, making full use of dress. Even the wife, desiring to win some special indulgence from her husband, not only provides the dinner he likes best, but wears the dress he likes best, if she has one.

Kipling, surely a most masculine type, freely acknowledges this motive, as in his story 'Three and an Extra.' It starts with a Punjabi proverb. 'When halter and heelropes are slipped, do not give chase with sticks, but with *grain.*' He underlines grain. The woman whose husband neglected her and was 'annexed' by Mrs. Hauksbee took heart of grace and 'spent a week designing' a costume that the author thus feelingly describes: 'It was a gorgeous dress—slight mourning. I can't describe it, but it was what *The Queen* calls 'a creation'—a thing that hit you right between the eyes and made you gasp.'

She wore it to a party to which he had taken Mrs. Hauksbee. It worked. 'The men crowded round her for dances,' her husband stared at her from doorways, 'and the more he stared the more taken was he.' Mrs. Bremmil recovered her stray with that one dress.

Another line of evidence is found among earlier authors who lectured women on their duties, frequently rebuking them for a laxity, even slovenliness, of dress after marriage. It was all too evident that these ladies took great pains to 'make their market,' as the phrase went, and quite naturally relaxed their efforts when it was made. The obverse is familiar to us in the classic tale of the man who was censured for not showing the same gallant attentions to his wife that he had to his sweetheart.

'Why should I run for the car,' he protested, 'after I have caught it?'

Perhaps the clearest and least pleasing proof that women dress to please men is given by the class who do that for a living, and who, to our shame, are responsible for many of our fashions. These, making a business of attraction, dress as fascinatingly, as conspicuously, and as varyingly as they can, for man loves variety. They cannot let up in their efforts to please, as they never catch the car, but must continually chase it.

In direct opposition to this instance is the character of clothing worn that is es-

pecially intended not to attract. In the black-swathed women of the veiled East, as in the garb of nuns or Shakers, we find the same requirements—concealment, monotony, and lack of color. This surely indicates that revealment, variety, and bright hues are attractive.

Men have always showed a critical interest in the dress of women, which apparently has as much power to displease as to please them. Their displeasure was usually based on a too great attractiveness. Greek, Roman, and Hebrew discourse upon it; we know the strictures of Isaiah and St. Paul. In the later days there flows a constant stream of advice, praise for the garments men admire, censure for those disliked. In 'Peter's Letters to His Kinsfolk,' published in Edinburgh about 1820, great objection was made to the 'short waist' and to what Peter calls 'the truly Spartan exposure of the leg.' This he declares 'is, in my judgment, the most unwise thing in the whole world; for any person can tell from the shape of the foot and ankle, whether the limb be or be not handsome; and what more would the ladies have?'

'Moreover,' he continues with increasing acerbity, claiming that while there may be difference of opinion as to beauty of face, there can be none as to beauty of form, which is clearly established in picture and statue, 'the fashion has not been allowed to attain its ascendancy without evident detriment to the interests of the majority; for I have never yet been in any place where there were not more limbs that would gain by being concealed than by being exposed.'

Sensitive and critical are men to the dress of women, responding without analysis, and often criticizing unwisely, yet always affected by it. A man will often intellectually condemn some feminine habit of dress, yet succumb to its influence as promptly as if he liked it.

A further proof remains, patent and pathetic. Some women there are who, urged by personal convictions as to beauty, health, or comfort, rebel against this masculine demand, and do not 'dress' in the decorative sense at all. For them the reasonably comfortable shoe, low-heeled and broad of toe; the easy garments, suited to their own demands. What happens to them?

They are let alone. They are not danced with, not walked with, not invited about. A man hates to be seen with a woman who is not, in his sense, well dressed, smart, and conventional.

There must be something in the minds of those who can for an instant question so obvious a position. It is probably this: they are considering not why women dress, but why women think they dress, which is quite a different thing. As a matter of dressing, the human mind is past master in draping many graceful illusions over a biological fact; but the fact remains.

X

DO WOMEN DRESS TO PLEASE MEN?—NO

ALEXANDER BLACK

[*Century Magazine*, March, 1922. Reprinted in a collection of essays by Alexander Black entitled *The Latest Thing* (Harper & Brothers, copyright). By permission.]

An eminent sociologist might be presumed to speak with authority, and when, in a matter concerning women, the eminent sociologist happens to be a woman and one of the world's foremost exponents of the feminine side, no man who retorts can avoid a sense of hazard. Even a man arrogant enough to feel the entomologist who knew all that it was possible to know about ants *without being an ant* must still be aware that the odds are against him; and I waste no time in denying any such arrogance.

Yet it may be said that the entomologist knew some things about ants which the ants did not know about themselves. I need not proceed to expand this point, though there is, I venture to think, much of significance in it, and there would be mere hypocrisy in ignoring the fact. You will already have suspected me of believing that a possible way to know certain things about one sex is to belong to the other. I don't say that this suggestion need be directly applicable to a question of dress; yet it may have a relationship.

Then there is that complicated question of instinct and motives. Few, if any, of

our acts or habits have a single causation, and most of us are poor witnesses as to our own motives. We have an instinct, and label it with a motive. Over a bunch of these little motive labels we paste a large label called a principle. The instincts keep right on ignoring the labels, and letting the labels do the talking.

For this reason I cannot logically or confidently quote the circumstance that many women have assured me that women do not dress to please men. Quite aside from the fact that a great many women have assured me of things that are not so, I must admit this other fact about human motives as advising a certain caution. And it will be prudent to indicate in some appropriate way that I did not acquire the theory Mrs. Gilman criticizes by any admissions or protests of women themselves. If I were willing to accept such testimony at face- (or figure-) value, I might go on thinking that Mrs. Gilman had been outvoted. For the moment I ignore the testimony. Denial not only does not remove suspicion, but often inspires it. I could concede without a qualm that there are reasons why women, speaking to a man, might find it comfortable and salutary to deny dressing to please men. Looking at the matter calmly, or as near calmly as any man may hope to look in such a tight place, I can see that denying motives of this sort might arise from a sense of need to take some of the conceit out of men. Even a clever concealment of one motive might gather excuse from the promptings of another so praiseworthy.

On the other hand, Mrs. Gilman herself must have a motive. I am sure that her motive is to establish the truth. If the truth convicted men, I am sure, too, that she would not be unduly gratified. Since it is possible that I also might be accused of having a motive, I will concede at once that, in view of the history of feminine ornament, some men might feel sharply hurt by proof that they were responsible for the way women dress. Yet, if it were permissible to argue, it would be only fair to point out that no amount of proof showing that most men are biased is really proof that I am. Though I never could be free of suspicion, I might claim to have gained my knowledge while simply enjoying what Mr. Comrad has called 'the privileged detachment of a cultivated mind.'

I will concede, too, all of Mrs. Gilman's biological deductions as to primitive women. I take the risk of admitting anything as to early women and early men, and that devices of sex attraction are no more obsolete than sex rivalry. But I cannot concede that because women began decorating themselves to please men they still decorate themselves wholly or even generally for that same simple reason. It will not do to rally the support of Havelock Ellis or any of the other scientists who assure us that such primitive complexes have long been superseded. Mrs. Gilman has no awe for scientists, especially when they chatter about women. Nevertheless, I venture to suggest that there are various signs plain to every one that the dress of women, like many another institutional function, has strayed far from its beginnings.

It is conceivable that the orthodox Jewish woman who dons a harsh wig and tries to look old and settled after her marriage, and the fashionable Christian woman who tries after her marriage to look as unsettled and as young as possible, are both willing to please men. Mrs. Gilman sees a relaxing of dress coquetries after marriage. Undoubtedly, the same abandonments appear in many men. Courtship is a highly competitive game, more competitive than it used to be, and artifices of dress are as common as artifices of conduct, on both sides of the house. But the proportion of women who abandon pretty clothes after marriage for any other reason than because they can't get them, or have n't a chance to wear them, is surely very small. There must be, also, some evidential weight in the fact that the most extravagantly decorative clothes are very often worn by women who have accomplished marriage. These women might have sense enough to know that pleasing men, and particularly a man, is still good strategy. It will be a sad world when the pleasing of one woman by one man and the pleasing of one man by one woman stops being instinctive or profitable. But the signs go quite beyond that. An excessive splendor so often persists long after domestic groaning begins, so often

long after even bankruptcy sets in, that one would often have to eliminate the husband at least from the list of pleased men. The notorious fact that husbands, not to consider particularly the stingy ones, are as a class unobservant and unappreciative of partner decoration, might not disprove the continued need for the coquetry. It certainly would not prove that an art fails of effect even where its technic is unobserved. And it has a tendency to imply that women are aware of the fact that there are other men. But it rather hampers proof that women have any singleness of need for masculine approval.

The slump after marriage which Mrs. Gilman regards as significant would look like support for a theory that women thought in terms of one man. Thinking in terms of one man, in the matter of clothes or anything else not involving the basic union, is about the last thing one would care to ascribe to the American woman. It ought to be unpleasant to ascribe it to any woman.

However, I must not overlook the fact that Mrs. Gilman does not insist that women are thinking of men or of a man in the concrete sense. It is, she implies, in a large way that the primal impluse foliates, whatever women may say or even think. A feeling with regard to the opposite sex began it, and that feeling, secretly or openly, consciously or unconsciously, dominates the expression. That is the contention.

To believe this, we should have to overlook many a related circumstance. The primitive woman may have decorated and drudged (she was a wonderful bundle-carrier, and was permitted to carry all the bundles) to please a man. The civilized parallel is far from perfect, and at one of the imperfect points the free or freer woman slips through. A great many things she once did simply to please a man she now does to please humanity or to please herself. I am not thinking of the exceptional woman at the head of a big corporation, or of any less exceptional woman who may be wage-earning head of a family with a useless man in it. I am thinking of the average American woman, still decorating herself and carrying burdens of some human sort. If men began by decorating themselves to dazzle women, and now find a more imperative reason for dressing well in the fact that it is good business, why may it not be assumed that women have found in the same function a far different and a far wider expression than any primitive instinct could have prophesied? Nothing is clearer than the primitive reason for daily labor, but who does not know men who set out to get money with which to live, and who long ago lost sense of anything but the money?

The dress of women has lost no expression it once had, but it has gained many others. It has become a great art, often practised for its own sake. What was once primitively personal has become artistically social. In my opinion the man, referred to by Mrs. Gilman, who would not go forth with his wife without the crinoline was not influenced by male instinct or by thought of other men. He was influenced by the thing that influences us all more than any other thing—social pressure. There is a social expectation that women will be highly decorated and that men will not be highly decorated. It does n't make much difference how that expectation came about. It is there. I believe that for a woman this pressure is felt as exerted mostly by other women. If designed merely to please men, decoration might be just as assertive, but it would scarcely need to be so fine an art as it now is. The Saturday-night emphasis at a summer colony may be occasioned by men, but men may be an occasion without being a cause. They may, for instance, be an excuse.

It may please a man to marry him, but it would be absurd to say that a woman is necessarily thinking of nothing else, or is intuitionally prompted by nothing else, when she does marry him. There is no need to expond the other social or purely personal impulsions that might make pleasing him, either as a man or as an economic factor, about the last thing in her mind.

After all, I may end where Mrs. Gilman began, with that word 'solely.' I do not think my reference was so poorly safeguarded as she pretends. 'Solely for him' cannot be made to mean solely as to the elements or functions of clothes. It must, I think, be taken to mean solely as to women's instincts or motives.

I believe that some women 'doll up' *almost* solely to please men. I believe that many others have never had any such motive, latent or conscious. I believe that most women are willing that their decorations should incidentally please men. It is doubtless a matter of percentages. Of course the percentage must be altogether a matter of opinion, whether it is estimated by a man or by a woman. I took my fling at the complacency that permits some men to think that the whole fuss has had men for its special and ultimate mark. The notion that modern woman lives her life, in any particular and to any absorbing extent, specifically to please men, still seems to me quite fantastic.

I don't believe women 'dress' solely to please men, not only because they don't have to take that much trouble, not only because dress is so satisfying in itself, and because, as an art, it must always be influenced more by its specialist criticism than by its spectators, and women are the specialists; but because most women have other business in life, and pleasing other women has become as important to them as pleasing men, in a vast number of cases more important.

I do not believe that the special sense or humor which women illustrate in their clothes is equally distributed among all women. Some women, it is quite evident, do not see the clothes pleasantry at all. Every artist is under the hazard of a blind spot. Yet I am still quite sure that men (and this was my contention) usually miss not only the art implications, not only the subtle difference between pleasing and teasing, but the secret reservations that must ever establish the ultimate point of the joke.

G. LITERARY CRITICISM

Literary criticism makes use of some of the same mental processes that the writer of the expository article or the editorial brings to bear upon his material: in both cases there is the same striving to place certain facts clearly before the reader, and the same effort to express an unbiased and illuminating judgment upon these facts.

Literary criticism covers a wide range, from the humble endeavor of the journalistic man of all work to tell what a book is about, to Anatole France's 'adventures of a soul among masterpieces.' There is no kind of work for which the literary tyro is more inclined, and none for which, as a rule, he is less fitted, for good reviewing involves a degree of the critical faculty with which the inexperienced are seldom endowed. The article by Professor H. S. Canby, literary editor of the *New York Evening Post*, which heads this section, offers some very useful and practical warnings in this connection.

Roughly speaking, there are two kinds of literary criticism found in periodicals. The book note or notice gives a short statement of the contents of a volume and seeks to characterize it in only the briefest and most general way. Such a notice is usually unsigned, and as its purpose is less serious than that of the larger reviews of the next class, its literary art is not so conspicuous. The book review proper is a more elaborate consideration of a volume, its relation to its subject in general, and to the other works of its author. Book reviews of this latter sort are often noteworthy for their keen insight, their sound critical judgment, and their trained literary style; they are written and signed by authorities on the subject with which the book deals, and in many cases they become permanent contributions to critical literature.

I

THE SINS OF BOOK REVIEWERS

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Editor, *The Literary Review*

[*Bookman*, October, 1921. By permission.]

I have known thousands of reviewers and liked most of them, except when they sneered at my friends or at me. Their profession, in which I have taken a humble share, has always seemed to me a useful, and sometimes a noble one; and their contribution to the civilizing of reading man, much greater than the credit they are given for it. We divide them invidiously into hack reviewers and critics, forgetting that a hack is just a reviewer overworked, and a critic a reviewer with leisure to perform real criticism. A good hack is more useful than a poor critic, and both belong to the same profession as surely as William Shakespeare and the author of a Broadway 'show.'

The trouble is that the business of reviewing has not been sufficiently recognized as a profession. Trades gain in power and recognition in proportion as their members sink individuality in the mass and form a union which stands as one man against the world. Professions are different. They rise by decentralization, and by specializing within the group. They gain distinction not only by the achievements of their individual members but by a curious splitting into sub-types of the species. Law and medicine are admirable examples. Every time they develop a new kind of specialist they gain in prestige and emolument.

A reviewer, however (unless he publishes a collected edition and becomes a critic), has so far remained in the eyes of the public just a reviewer. In fiction we have been told (by the reviewers) of romancers and realists, sociologists and ethicists, naturalists and symbolists, objectivists and psychologists. Are there no adjectives, no brevet titles of literary distinction for the men and women who have made it possible to talk intelligently about modern fiction without reading it?

My experience with reviewers has led me to classify them by temperament rather than by the theories they possess; and this is not so unscientific as it sounds, for theories usually spring from temperaments. No man whose eliminatory processes function perfectly ever is a pessimist, except under the compulsion of

hard facts. No sluggish liver ever believes that joy of living is the prime quality to be sought in literary art. And by the same eternal principle, moody temperaments embrace one theory of criticism; cold, logical minds another. I identify my classes of reviewers by their habits, not their dogmas.

But in order to clear the ground let me make first a larger distinction, into mythical reviewers, bad but useful reviewers, bad and not useful reviewers, and good reviewers. Like the nineteenth century preacher I will dispose of the false, dwell upon the wicked, and end (briefly) with that heaven of literary criticism where all the authors are happy and all the reviewers excellent.

The reviewer I know best never, I profoundly believe, has existed, and I fear never will exist. He is the familiar figure of English novels—moderately young, a bachelor, with a just insufficient income in stocks. Oxford or Cambridge is his background, and his future is the death of a rich aunt or a handsome marriage. In the meantime, there is always a pile of books waiting in his chambers to be reviewed at 'a guinea a page,' when he has leisure, which is apparently only once or twice a week. The urban pastoral thus presented is one which Americans may well be envious of —*otium cum dignitate*. But I have never encountered this reviewer in London. I fear he exists only for the novelists, who created him in order to have a literary person with enough time on his hands to pursue the adventures required by the plot. Yet in so far as he is intended as a portrait of a critic, he stands as an ideal of the leisured view of books. There has been no leisured view of books in America since Thoreau, or Washington Irving. Even Poe was feverish. Our books are read on the subway, or after the theater, and so I fear it is in London —in London as it is.

Coldly, palpably real is the next critic of my acquaintance, the academic reviewer. He does not write for the newspapers, for he despises them, and they are rather scornful of his style, which is usually lumbering, and his idea that 1921 is the proper time in which to review the books of 1920. But you will find him in the weeklies, and rampant in the technical journals.

The academic reviewer is besotted by facts, or their absence. The most precious part of the review to him is the last paragraph in which he points out misspellings, bad punctuation, and inaccuracies generally. Like a hound dog in a corn field, he never sees his books as a whole, but snouts and burrows along the trail he is following. If he knows the psychology of primitive man, primitive psychology he will find and criticize, even in a book on the making of gardens. If his specialty is French drama, French drama he will find, even in a footnote, and root it out and nuzzle it. I remember when a famous scholar devoted the whole of his review of a two volume *magnum opus* upon a great historical period, to the criticism of the text of a Latin hymn cited in a footnote! The academic reviewer (by which I do *not* mean the university reviewer, since many such are not academic in the bad sense which I am giving to the word) demands an index. His reviews usually end with, 'There is no index,' or, 'There is an excellent index.' The reason is plain. The index is his sole guide to reviewing. If he finds his pet topics there he can hunt them down remorselessly. But if there is no index, he is cast adrift helpless, knowing neither where to begin nor where to end his review. I call him a bad reviewer, but useful, because, though incapable of estimating philosophies or creations of the imagination, he is our best guarantee that writers' facts are facts.

My acquaintance with the next bad, but occasionally useful, reviewer is less extensive, but, by the circumstances of the case, more intimate. I shall call him the ego-frisky reviewer. The term (which I am quite aware is a barbarous compound) I am led to invent in order to describe the phenomenon of a critic whose ego frisks merrily over the corpus of his book. He is not so modern a product as he himself believes. The vituperative critics of the Quarterlies and, earlier still, of Grub Street, used their enemies' books as a means of indulging their needs for self-expression. But it was wrath, jealousy, vindictiveness, or political enmity which they discharged while seated on the body of the foe; whereas the ego-friskish critic has no such bile in him.

He is in fact a product of the new advertising psychology, which says, 'Be human' (by which is meant 'be personal') 'first of all.' He regards his book (I know this, because he has often told me so) as a text merely, for a discourse which must entertain the reader. And his idea of entertainment is to write about himself, his tastes, his moods, his reactions. Either he praises the book for what it does to his ego, or damns it for what it did to his ego. You will never catch him between these extremes, for moderation is not his vice.

The ego-frisky reviewer is not what the biologist would call a pure form. He (or she) is usually a yellow journalist, adopting criticism as a kind of protective coloration. The highly personal critic, adventuring, or even frolicking among masterpieces, and recording his experiences, is the true type, and it is he that the ego-friskish imitate. Such a critic in the jovial person of Mr. Chesterton, or Professor Phelps, or Heywood Broun, contributes much to the vividness of our sense for books. But their imitators, although they sometimes enliven, more often devastate reviewing.

Alas, I am best acquainted among them all with the dull reviewer, who is neither good nor useful. The excellent books he has poisoned as though by opiates! The dull books he has made duller! No one has cause to love him unless it be the authors of weak books, who thank their dull critics for exposing them in reviews so tedious that no one discovers what the criticism is about.

The dull reviewer has two varieties: the stupid and the merely dull. It is the stupid reviewer who exasperates beyond patience the lover of good books. He is the man who gets a book wrong from the start, and then plods on after his own conception, which has no reference whatsoever to the author's. He is the man who takes irony seriously, misses the symbolism when there is any, and invariably guesses wrong as to the sources of the characters and the plot.

There are not many really stupid reviewers, for the most indolent editor cleans house occasionally, and the stupid are the first to go out the back door. But merely dull reviewers are as plentiful as fountain pens. The dull reviewer, like Chaucer's drunken man, knows where he wants to go but does n't know how to get there. He (or she) has three favorite paths that lead nowhere, all equally devious.

The first is by interminable narrative. 'When Hilda was blown into the arms of Harold Garth at the windy corner of the Woolworth building, neither guessed at what was to follow. Beginning with this amusing situation, the author of *The Yellow Moon* develops a very interesting plot. Garth was the nephew of Miles Harrison, Mayor of New York. After graduating from Williams, etc. etc. etc.' This is what he calls summarizing the plot.

Unfortunately, the art of summary is seldom mastered, and a bad summary is the dullest thing in the world. Yet even a bad summary of a novel or a book of essays is hard to do; so that when the dull reviewer has finished, his sweaty brow and numbed fingers persuade him that he has written a review. There is time for just a word of quasi-criticism: 'This book would have been better if it had been shorter, and the plot is not always logical. Nevertheless, *The Yellow Moon* holds interest throughout.' And then, finis. This is botchery and sometimes butchery, not reviewing.

The dullest reviewers I have known, however, have been the long-winded ones. A book is talk about life, and therefore talk about a book is one remove more from the reality of experience. Talk about talk must be good talk, and it must be sparing of words. A concise style is nearly always an interesting style: even though it repel by crudity it will never be dull. But conciseness is not the quality I most often detect in reviewing. It is luxurious to be concise when one is writing at space rates; and it is always harder to say a thing briefly than at length, just as it is easier for a woman to hit a nail at the third stroke than at the first.

I once proposed a competition in a college class in English composition. Each student was to clip a column newspaper article of comment (not facts) and condense it to the limit of safety. Then editorials gave up their gaseous matter in clouds, chatty news stories boiled away

to paragraphs, and articles shrank up to their headlines.

But the reviews suffered most. One, I remember, came down to 'It is a bad book,' or to express it algebraically, (It is a bad book)[3]. Another disappeared entirely. On strict analysis it was discovered that the reviewer had said nothing not canceled out by something else. But most remained as a weak liquor of comment upon which floated a hard cake of undigested narrative. One student found a bit of closely reasoned criticism that argued from definite evidences to a concrete conclusion. It was irreducible; but this was a unique experience.

The long-winded are the dullest of dull reviewers, but the most pernicious are the wielders of clichés and platitudes. Is there somewhere a reviewer's manual, like the manual of correct social phrases which someone has recently published? I would believe it from the evidence of a hundred reviews in which the same phrases, differently arranged, are applied to fifty different books. I would believe it, except for the known capacity of man to borrow most of his thoughts and all of his phrases from his neighbor. I know too well that writers may operate like the Federal Reserve banks, except that in literature there is no limit to inflation. A thousand thousand may use 'a novel of daring adventure,' 'a poem full of grace and beauty,' or 'shows the reaction of a thoughtful mind to the facts of the universe,' without exhausting the supply. It is like the manufacture of paper money, and the effect on credit is precisely the same.

So much for the various types of reviewers who, however interesting they may be critically, cannot be called good. The good reviewers, let an uncharitable world say what it will, are, thank heaven! more numerous. Their divisions, temperamental and intellectual, present a curious picture of the difficulties and the rewards of this profession. Yet I cannot enter upon them here, and for good reasons.

The good reviewer is like the good teacher and the good preacher. He is not rare, but he is precious. He has qualities that almost escape analysis and therefore deserve more than a complimentary discussion. He must hold his book like a crystal ball in which he sees not only its proper essence in perfect clarity, but also his own mind mirrored. He must— . . . In other words, the good reviewer deserves an essay of his own. He is a genius in a minor art, which sometimes becomes major; a craftsman whose skill is often exceptional. I will not put him in the same apartment with reviewers who are arid, egoistic, or dull.

II

THE ORGANIZATION OF MODERN BUSINESS[1]

[*New York Evening Post*, December 31, 1921. By permission.]

Ever since business began to be business, probably, one group of tired business men, theatrical producers, on service bent, have served up behind the footlights stimulating stuff for their tired, taxed colleagues. The business journals are trying to help, too. They begin early in the morning, before the tired business man gets tired. *Commerce and Finance* facetiously suggests 'this simple regimen' of 'exercises for the tired business man': '(1) Stand in the middle of room, raise arms slowly overhead, take deep breath and say "Damn the government," lowering arms in attitude of despair. Ten times. (2) Kneel, wring hands, meditate upon the labor unions, and groan one hundred and fifty times. (3) Collapse on floor. Grovel vigorously, think of the income tax and gnash teeth in anger. *Ad libitum.*' The firm of consulting industrial engineers of which Mr. Basset is a member reprints this prescription—and possibly a certain seriousness tinctures their humorous appreciation of it.

But Mr. Basset has done the business man a service of a sane and constructive sort which, among other happy results, ought to make vaudeville, and possibly even the morning maledictions, much less necessary. He has written a book for him, setting forth, with apt illustration, some leading principles of business organization and management. His suggestions carry the more weight because they are the outgrowth of years of experi-

[1] *The Organization of Modern Business.* By William R. Basset. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1921. $2.

ence—gained, as he states in his preface, 'in consultation with more than a thousand clients.'

In a dozen chapters the author drives home, very clearly and forcefully—though at times in language really too Rotary Clubish—nearly as many guiding principles for the organization and carrying on of a business enterprise. The theme is coördinated production, with finance and speculation shown their (ancillary) places, with the Government shown its place—still more ancillary. The business man's objective, frankly, is business profits. The means to that end is efficiency—co-ordinated plant efficiency. The highest efficiency (and therefore the greatest profit) results, Mr. Basset thinks, from a business policy based upon high wages for labor and low prices for the commodity or service produced. Both high wages and low prices are made possible through low unit costs attained by carefully planned production. The acid test is service to the community—and that service the author believes to be the most effectively rendered by keeping prices low and wages and profits high. His book outlines the policies believed to be calculated to bring about this end. One reason that prices skyrocket is that so many manufacturers sell goods, then make them—are stampeded by the selling end of the game. Don't do it, says Basset. 'First make—then sell.' Again, instead of borrowing more money, see whether that money cannot be squeezed out of the plant itself by eliminating excess equipment—that is to say, finance the business 'from the inside,' so far as possible; 'make the capital small in proportion to the sales and then make that capital move rapidly'; concentrate on a single product 'and cash in on it'; run the plant continuously, neither employer nor employee in the end benefits from a shutdown; don't try to mix speculation with manufacturing and selling; don't take too seriously the maxim 'money makes the wheels go round'—'the management of finance is subsequent . . . to the management of production.'

Mr. Basset was a member of the committee on elimination of waste in industry of the Federated American Engineering Societies, whose report has just been published. He knows how stupendous existing industrial wastes are. He realizes how much may be accomplished in the way of eliminating them by better management—improved, scientifically coördinated production. Eliminated waste means the possibility of lower prices, higher profits, higher wages—so it is grist to Mr. Basset's mill. But the grinding should not be interfered with by either (1) the Government, with its 'sinister rulings,' with price fixing and profit fixing, or what not; (2) the trade unions, with their restrictive and waste producing regulations, or the speculator, with his subordination of manufacturing and selling to the irresponsible whims of the stock market.

III

THE FRIENDLY ARCTIC[1]

[*Christian Science Monitor*, January 4, 1922. By permission.]

I

An arctic with much dry land, meadows, flowering plants of various sorts, including the poppy, heather, sedge, and the bluebell, with edible mushrooms, birds and animals, such as geese, gulls, and tern, caribou, bears, and ovibos—this is the arctic of which Stefánsson writes, and it is indeed a region quite different in its details from what people who have read the usual books on polar exploration or attended the usual lectures have misconceived conditions there to be. The possibilities of living in arctic lands, and even on the arctic ice, Stefánsson presents, partly in the form of straight narrative of his experiences, and partly in the form of explanation and argument to develop his thesis.

Much of his story makes decidedly exhilarating reading, largely because of his own sustained enthusiasm. To him polar exploration includes comparatively few real hardships, since he is ever determined to enjoy the very circumstances that might seem hardships to others. Setting out to prove for himself the essential friendliness of the northern regions, he has kept himself awake to find opportunities where other explorers have found only problems. He may be excused for the pride with which he tells of his successes, for his very pride is like that of

[1] *The Friendly Arctic. The Story of Five Years in Polar Regions.* By Vilhjálmur Stefánsson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $6.

the farmer of South Dakota who has achieved successful crops after a season that was not without its difficult details. The whole book, in fact, gives just the sort of details that an ardent rancher or pioneer in other kinds of work in any part of the world might recount for the benefit of skeptical friends.

Despite his pride in the triumph of his own theory, he tries to be fair to all those in any way associated with him. His fairness is, indeed, of a ruthless sort which sets down facts in sequence, whether these facts are to the credit or the discredit of those concerned in them. In setting them down, however, he shows himself a not unsympathetic analyst of human nature, aware that individuals have not been responsible for the fears and misconceptions of the north in accord with which they have acted or refused to act, but have needed to be awakened to the wisdom of rejecting what never had any real basis.

II

This volume differs from most books on polar exploration in that it deals mainly, not with the discovery of utterly new regions, but with the learning how to live on land and ice that might, or might not, have been visited before. One of the especially interesting chapters, for instance, tells of the reaching of the point farthest north on Prince Patrick Island that was attained by the expedition under F. L. McClintock, in 1853, 62 years earlier. Here, as elsewhere, Stefánsson compares his own observations, experiences, and conclusions with those of his predecessors. Thus he remarks particularly on McClintock's limited understanding of polar resources when the latter wrote, 'But no fuel of any kind could be got (in Prince Patrick Island).'

In an earlier chapter on Banks Island Stefánsson says, in a typical passage: 'Since I began to know the north its beauty, freedom and friendliness have continually grown upon me. They were there from the first, but my eyes were holden and I could not see them, for even in that clear air I walked wrapped in the haze of my bringing-up. With southern feelings and an assumption of the inferiority of that which is different, I failed to see the resources and values where they lay before me, and distrusted everything that was strange. Especially on such delightful and care-free journeys as we were now making it is difficult to realize that this land is not only assumed to be barren by those who do not know it, but has actually appeared so to men who have been there. Certainly it would take keen eyes to read between the lines of McClure's narrative of hardship and heroism the soft beauty and homelikeness of Banks Island as I see it.'

Thus his is a very natural originality consisting of the intensive discovery of what others had regarded cursorily. In this it marks a new period in arctic activity, a period in which development rather than mere adventure must be the main motive. His reiterations of the differences between what he found and what others reported that they found are necessary because of the persistence of the old impressions, and need to be appreciated in order that the comprehension of the north as a tremendous opportunity may be hastened.

III

The main thesis of his book is, as he informs us over and over again, that the arctic regions, like other parts of the earth, can be made to furnish the essentials of living, if one will but face the conditions as they are and make the most of them by using the ways and means actually adapted to the north, rather than ways and means learned in what are supposed to be more civilized lands. Thus he explains with care enough to convince any one, it would seem, that fresh water is practically always available even on the ice, since 'sea ice becomes fresh during the period intervening between its formation and the end of the first summer thereafter.' His whole experience was a continual demonstration of the previously doubted fact that seals could nearly always be found, if one knew how to look for them, to supply food, clothing, and fuel. Shelter of an entirely adequate kind was furnished him by the snow itself, which he readily learned to make into houses of the old-fashioned Eskimo kind, houses not at all fragile, easy to keep warm and properly ventilated, and as commodious as one might wish in the circumstances.

'When the snow dome has been otherwise finished,' he writes, 'a tunnel is dug

through the drift into the house, giving a sort of trap door entrance through the floor. Most Eskimos, failing to understand certain principles of thermodynamics, use a door in the side of the house. But it is obvious that if a door in the wall is open and if the interior of the house is being artificially heated, then warm air being lighter than cold, there will be a continual torrent of heated air going out through the upper half of the doorway, and a cold current from outside entering along the floor. If the door is on a level with the floor or a little below it, the warm air from the house cannot go out through the door, even with the door open, because warm air has no inclination except that of rising. Similarly cold air cannot come in through the door in the floor so long as the house above is filled with warmer air, for two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time.'

Then he goes on to tell in detail how the top of the dome may be made thicker or thinner so as to keep the house at the right temperature. To a reader who has never camped out far away from settled communities, it may be astonishing to see how engrossing these details of living become in a book of this sort where they are represented in utter simplicity, without any of the complexities of modern city conveniences. The friendliness of the arctic regions to Stefánsson arises from the facility with which he has been able to convert to his immediate needs just what he has found at hand.

IV

In some respects the most interesting parts of the book are those passages which deal with the usual mental attitudes of people toward the arctic, and with the manner in which false attitudes may be changed. Generalizing, he says, for instance, 'an educated man of diversified experience has the mental equipment to meet "hardship"; the ignorant are fitted to meet easily only those "hardships" that are native to them.' Again he remarks, concerning the 50 whalers that have been lost in the Beaufort Sea, 'The 50 ships lost might not have been lost at all but for the timidity through which they had usually been abandoned by their crews.' Of the argument against the possibility of getting fresh water in the far north, he says, 'There are few things considered more certain than that the ocean is salt, and there is no inference more logical (although no inference is ever really logical) than that the ice of salt water must also be salt.'

To be open-minded about new conditions, he shows repeatedly, is needful if one is really to make himself at home in the polar regions. Many would doubtless feel that never could they wish to make themselves at home there; but Stefánsson shows that this is an unreasonable prejudice, as absurd as the old prejudices against trips to Alaska or other misunderstood places. Sooner or later every part of the earth must be proved to be important in some useful way; so Stefánsson is doing the world a large service by emphasizing what he believes to be the importance of the arctic.

One who has an aversion to snow-houses, cold, and an unvaried diet, may, moreover, according to him, find none of these 'hardships' in many a land, within the arctic circle, during at least the summer months. He gives plenty of pictures of dry land, vegetation, birds, and animals, to illustrate the actuality in place of what people have imagined of the north.

There are passages also about Eskimo superstitions, about the stones showing where camp circles have been in the past, about the arctic noises, caused by the crushing of the ice, by birds and animals, and by winds and storms, about the construction of sledboats, about the enjoyment of the night as well as the day, the winter as well as the summer. There are explanations of the skill of Eskimo seamstresses, of the habits of seals, bears, foxes, wolves, and caribou, of the manner of living in comfort that is possible in the arctic, and of geographical facts discovered. Stefánsson gives a record, in fact, of how he continuously had to replace the old concepts of arctic living with new concepts of his own based on the actuality.

Of the book as a whole, it may be said that it is perhaps rather more ponderous than it ought to be. Some points are amplified long after the reader has been fully convinced that they are true. There are some needless repetitions of thought and experience in various parts of the volume. Then, too, for the average reader the distance covered and the time

elapsing from chapter to chapter may not be sufficiently clear. Dates and distances might be given at the top of each page, so that one could tell at a glance how much of the journey was accomplished between any two or more events. The whole volume, however, is fluent and animated, with a style which, though rarely distinguished by any special literary qualities, is always adequate. It is certainly praise to say that the style is that of the enthusiastic talk of a man completely interested in his subject.

The final paragraph gives in a few words the import of the whole volume. 'This expedition has contributed materially toward making easy what once was difficult, and safe the things that used to be considered dangerous. It is human nature to undervalue whatever lands are distant and to consider disagreeable whatever is different. But we have brought the north a good deal closer and have made it look more than it used to like Michigan or Switzerland. To the members of our expedition the glamorous and heroic polar regions are gone and in their place is a friendly but a commonplace country. To the reader the same will be true in proportion as he succeeds in seeing, either through this narrative or through our technical volumes, that it is the mental attitude of the southerner that makes the north hostile. It is chiefly our unwillingness to change our minds which prevents the north from changing into a country to be used and lived in just like the rest of the world.'

This is certainly a theme that was worth developing, both in actual experience and in writing, and the development of it as a whole should be entertaining and profitable to many. Others will find it worth while to read much in the book here and there to supplement the understanding gained from Stefánsson's magazine articles and his lectures in which he has presented in briefer form the same ideas.

IV

MR. BRYAN'S SPEECHES

P[HILIP] L[ITTELL]

[*New Republic*, December 5, 1914. By permission of author and publisher.]

Every man, people say, gets the interviewer he deserves. It is not true. Few notables have any such luck. In my whole life I've read the perfect interview just once. This was in January, 1895, not long after the first performance of *An Ideal Husband*, when the London *Sketch* published Gilbert Burgess's interview with Oscar Wilde. Mr. Burgess was a man who knew the difference between questions and questions. He asked the right ones:

'What are the exact relations between literature and the drama?'

'Exquisitely accidental. That is why I think them so necessary.'

'And the exact relation between the actor and the dramatist?'

Mr. Wilde looked at me with a serious expression which changed almost immediately into a smile, as he replied, 'Usually a little strained.'

'But surely you regard the actor as a creative artist?'

'Yes,' replied Mr. Wilde with a touch of pathos in his voice, 'terribly creative—terribly creative!'

The interview is republished in the volume called *Decorative Art in America* (Brentano's, 1906), and is still as fresh as ever, after twenty years. I turned back to it the other day, after reading here and there in two small blue volumes published in 1909, *Speeches of William Jennings Bryan, Revised and Arranged by Himself*, and wondering whether Mr. Bryan would ever fall into the ideal interviewer's hands. You, for example, could not interview Mr. Byran properly, nor could I. We should feel both supercilious and intimidated. The man for the job is somebody who could mediate fearlessly between the remote Bryan period and the present time. Does such a man exist? By accident I have hit upon the right party—Hector Malone. Of Hector his creator has written, in the stage directions to *Man and Superman*, that 'the engaging freshness of his personality and the dumbfoundering staleness of his culture make it extremely difficult to decide whether he is worth knowing; for whilst his company is undeniably pleasant and enlivening, there is intellectually nothing new to be got out of him.' You already perceive a certain affinity between Hector Malone and Mr. Bryan. Now for their unlikeness: when Hector 'finds people chattering harmlessly

about Anatole France and Nietzsche, he devastates them with Matthew Arnold, the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, and even Macaulay.'

It is an affair of proportion. As Nietzsche and Anatole France are to Macaulay, Matthew Arnold and the Autocrat, so, in the scale of modernity, are these authors to those with whom Mr. Bryan does his devastating. Mr. Bryan's culture would seem about as dumbfounderingly stale to Hector Malone as Hector's does to a generation fed on Anatole and Nietzsche. Hector is too modern and sophisticated to quote Gray's *Elegy, The Deserted Village,* Tom Moore and William Cullen Bryant. He knows that people don't do such things. But Mr. Bryan does them, and adds other incredibilities. Like Tennyson's brook, Demosthenes has said, Rollin tells us, Muelbach relates an incident, as Plutarch would say—here they are, and more of the same, in these two blue volumes. Looking backward, Mr. Bryan quotes 'breathes there a man with soul so dead' and 'truth crushed to earth.' Looking forward, he says that after Alexander and Napoleon 'are forgotten, and their achievements disappear in the cycle's sweep of years, children will still lisp the name of Jefferson.'

The earliest of these speeches and lectures is dated 1881 and the latest 1909. In reality all of them have the same age. They all taste of 'das Ewig-gestrige, das Flache.' In 1904, Mr. Byran gives 'the reasons which lead me to believe that Christ has fully earned the right to be called The Prince of Peace,' and meditates thus upon eggs: 'The egg is the most universal of foods and its use dates from the beginning, but what is more mysterious than an egg? . . . We eat eggs, but we cannot explain an egg.' From its context in a lecture on 'Man,' delivered at the Nebraska State University in 1905, and also at Illinois College, I take this: 'Ask the mother who holds in her arms her boy, what her ideal is concerning him and she will tell you that she desires that his heart may be so pure that it could be laid upon a pillow and not leave a stain; that his ambition may be so holy that it could be whispered in an angel's ear. . . .'

If there is already too much superciliousness in the world such passages do harm. They do good if there is not superciliousness enough. In either case they do good in their context. They and their context have helped thousands upon thousands of Chautauquan early risers to be cheerful and industrious and unselfish and kind. These speeches reveal an incomparable mental unpreparedness to deal with their grave subjects, with the resurrection of the body, the atonement, miracles, inventions, evolution, faith, the soul, the secret of life. With an easy, happy flow the make-believe thought comes out in sincere and shallow sentences, which make one respect Mr. Bryan's good intentions, and admire his sweetness and good will. Thousands of good men and women have grown better on this thin food. Blessed are those who mean well, for they shall be spared the labor of thought.

It sounds patronizing, my attitude, and it is. Although you and I can no more write significantly of life or death than Mr. Bryan can, yet we have a superficial sophistication, we have acquired a suspicion that twaddle exists and may be distinguished from its opposite. Therefore do we smile complacently, in our offensive way, when Mr. Byran sets forth 'the reasons which lead me to believe that Christ has fully earned the right to be called The Prince of Peace.' Little as we patronized him in 1896, how can we help patronizing Mr. Bryan now when we find him patronizing Christ?

Chronic good will, courage, a capacity for sudden formidableness, an early perception of important discontents, sympathy with the unprivileged average—in this mixture, I suppose, we must seek the explanation of his hold upon his followers. His size and importance were measured at the Baltimore convention in 1912, and again in the following spring, when President Wilson, afraid to leave him outside and hostile, turned him into a third-rate secretary of state and a useful backer of presidential legislation. One likes to imagine him sitting in the state department, mellowed by his popularity, set free from old jealousies, showing an unexpected capacity for team play, frock-coatedly glad-handing and kind-wording a hundred callers a day, always glib and sunny and sincere. Is he a shade more acquisitive than you 'd think to find such a very popular hero? Perhaps. Is he, for a man with exactly his reputation, a little too smooth, too unrugged, too deficient in homely humor? Why not? In every

reputation, however explicable, there is a residuum of mystery. 'What,' as Mr. Bryan himself says, 'is more mysterious than an egg?'

V

PARNELL[1]

F[RANCIS] H[ACKETT]

[*New Republic*, December 5, 1914. By permission of author and publisher.]

Married in her twentieth year or thereabouts to a cornet in a sporting regiment, Katherine O'Shea had lived thirteen years with Willie O'Shea and borne him three children before she met Charles Stewart Parnell. Her relations with O'Shea had long been unsatisfactory. Handsome, gay, sarcastic, self-assured, O'Shea was a spoiled and rather dictatorial specimen of the petty aristocracy. Already bankrupt through mismanagement of his racing stable, he spent a great deal of his time away from Mrs. O'Shea engaged in patching up his fortunes, being absent as long as eighteen months at a time on mining ventures in Spain. When they were together O'Shea was rather jarring and possessive, easily made jealous, insisting on visits, visitors and entertainments his wife disliked, with which he alternated periods of undependability and neglect. His wife's impulsiveness and mettle he did not understand, and before the entry of Parnell into their lives 'the wearing friction caused by our totally dissimilar temperaments began to make us feel that close companionship was impossible, and we mutually agreed that he should have rooms in London, visiting Eltham to see myself and the children at week-ends.'

Mrs. O'Shea's father was an English clergyman, Sir John Page Wood. She was the youngest of a family of thirteen. Brought up in a household where men like Trollope, the older Cunninghame Graham, John Morley came to visit, she spent a great deal of her life with an august aunt at a Georgian lodge in Eltham to whom George Meredith used to come almost every week for a stipulated two hours of 'the classics and their discussion.' Mrs. O'Shea knew George Meredith well, and I dare say he, behind his badinage and 'effectiveness,' knew that flashing spirit rather better.

In 1880, Willie O'Shea was urged to stand for an Irish constituency. 'I wrote back strongly encouraging him,' says Mrs. Parnell, 'for I knew it would give him occupation he liked and keep us apart—and therefore good friends. Up to this time Willie had not met Mr. Parnell.'

At this time Parnell was thirty-four years of age. The actual leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, he had already broken away from the 'fine reasonableness' of Isaac Butt at which 'the English parties smiled and patted the Irish indulgently on the head,' and he had initiated his policy 'of uncompromising hostility to all British parties and of unceasing opposition to all their measures until the grievances of Ireland were redressed.'

Because he disliked all social intercourse with Saxons, Mrs. O'Shea's attempts to secure Parnell for her dinners were repeatedly unsuccessful, but, a determined lady, she eventually decided to deliver her invitation in person at the House. 'He came out, a tall, gaunt figure, thin and deadly pale. He looked straight at me smiling, and his curiously burning eyes looked into mine with a wondering intentness that threw into my brain the sudden thought: "This man is wonderful—and different."' Mrs. O'Shea planned a theater party for his distraction, and 'he and I seemed naturally to fall into our places in the dark corner of the box. I had a feeling of complete sympathy and companionship with him, as though I had always known this strange, unusual man with the thin face and pinched nostrils, who sat by my side staring with curious intent gaze at the stage, and telling me in a low monotone of his American tour and of his broken health . . . and his eyes smiled into mine as he broke off his theme and began to tell me of how he had met once more in America a lady to whom he had been practically engaged some years before.'

A few months later, when Mrs. O'Shea was in great distress over the death of Lucy Goldsmith, her lifelong friend and nurse, the tenor of Parnell's notes from

1 *Charles Stewart Parnell, His Love Story and Political Life.* By Katherine O'Shea (Mrs. Charles Stewart Parnell). New York: George H. Doran Company.

Dublin revealed the truth. 'I cannot keep myself away from you any longer, so shall leave to-night for London.' They did not meet, but Mrs. O'Shea pictures the subsequent weeks. 'And my aunt would doze in her chair while I dropped the book I had been reading to her and drifted into unknown harmonies and color of life . . . and I was conscious of sudden gusts of unrest and revolt against these leisured, peaceful days where the chiming of the great clock in the hall was the only indication of the flight of time.'

'In the autumn of 1880 Mr. Parnell came to stay with us at Eltham.' There he fell ill, brought near to death's door by 'his exertions on behalf of the famine-stricken peasants of Ireland,' and Mrs. O'Shea nursed him back till he was nearly strong. Hovering over him as he slept, 'pulling the light rug better over him,' she recalls his murmur: 'Steer carefully out of the harbor—there are breakers ahead.'

Next year Captain O'Shea came to Eltham without invitation, found Parnell's portmanteau there, sent it to London and left declaring he would challenge Parnell to a duel. The challenge was accepted but 'Willie then thought he had been too hasty.' Parnell's real emotions seem to have centered on his portmanteau. 'My dear Mrs. O'Shea,' he wrote, 'will you kindly ask Captain O'Shea where he left my luggage? I inquired at both parcel office, cloak room, and this hotel, and they were not to be found.' But the incident cemented the fate of O'Shea. 'From the date of this bitter quarrel Parnell and I were one, without further scruple, without fear, and without remorse.'

In 1881 Parnell was arrested for his Land League activities, and was in Kilmainham at the will of Gladstone until the following May. It was a period of unremitting agony for Mrs. O'Shea, and for him on her account. In February, 1882, she bore Parnell a daughter whom he saw for the first and last time for a day in April. 'My little one's paternity was utterly unsuspected by the O'Sheas.'

From that time till 1890, the year of the divorce case, Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea lived their double life. A 'volcano capped with snow,' Parnell endured secrecy and deception, and she with him, for the sake of the Home Rule bill. When the crash came Mrs. O'Shea was afraid, but his mind was clear. 'Put away all fear and regret for my public life. I have given, and will give, Ireland what is in me to give. That I have vowed to her, but my private life shall never belong to any country, but one woman. There will be a howl, but it will be the howling of hypocrites; not altogether, for some of these Irish fools are genuine in their belief that forms and creeds can govern life and men; perhaps they are right so far as they can experience life. But I am not as they, for they are among the world's children. I am a man, and I have told these children what they want, and they clamor for it. If they will let me, I will get it for them. But if they turn from me, my Queen, it matters not at all in the end. . . . You have stood to me for comfort and strength and my very life. I have never been able to feel in the least sorry for having come into your life. It had to be, and the bad times I have caused you and the stones that have been flung and that will be flung at you are all no matter, because to us there is no one else in all the world that matters at all—when you get to the bottom of things.'

Between O'Shea and Mrs. O'Shea there were friendly relations till the end of 1886. She induced Parnell to work for his parliamentary candidacy in 1886, and while O'Shea was willing to use Parnell to further his own necessities (he seems to have been a tool of Joseph Chamberlain) he hated and railed against the imperturbable Parnell. All during their intimacy, Mrs. O'Shea acted as an intermediary between Parnell and Gladstone in negotiations which she vividly recounts. Whenever Gladstone sought Parnell in an emergency he sent for him to Mrs. O'Shea's house. The pious surprise of Gladstone when the crash came was characteristic hypocrisy.

Mrs. O'Shea was married to Parnell in June, 1891. Worn out by his campaign against his own former adherents, now under the dictation of Gladstone and the priests, Parnell succumbed in October. He died October sixth, less than four months after his marriage, in his forty-seventh year.

Now a woman of nearly seventy, Mrs. Parnell has been induced to reveal her intimate life for the sake of Captain O'Shea's child, her eldest son. That

young man, whose psychology is not worth discussing, is 'jealous for his father's honor,' and it is ostensibly to prove that Captain O'Shea was not a willing beneficiary of her relations with Parnell that these two volumes were written. The real motive, however, is the deep human motive of self-vindication. Mrs. Parnell loved one of the great men of his generation. She loved him purely, passionately, consumedly. Possessing the great treasure of his love in return, she has been unwilling to die without rebutting all the slander, all the contumely, all the belittlement and reproach and vilification that were the price she paid for seeming to have cheated Ireland of her uncrowned king. Writing these two volumes 'without scruple, without fear, and without remorse,' she has brought to her aid all the resources of imagination, keen intelligence, and vivid memory, and she has produced a work of consummate significance and touching humanness. Defiant of convention, she has given full reality for her reader to the extraordinarily powerful and fascinating personality to whom she dedicated her life. Exposing for this purpose much that is painfully private and sacredly naïve, dwelling on facts that belong, if anything belongs, to that inner life to which Parnell asserted his right so implacably, she has, at this great cost, succeeded in asserting the quality of their personal relation. It was true love, if ever love was true, and it honored human nature. If Captain O'Shea was 'deceived,' it was the fruit of his own mean inadequacy, determined as he was to keep Mrs. O'Shea in bond, to enforce a legal advantage that flattered his vanity at the expense of everything generous, noble and free. He struggled, as small people always struggle, to keep the springs of life from finding their level, but they were too strong for him. After many years' effort to reconcile herself to insuperable limitations, Mrs. Parnell found an adequate, a complete, an immeasurable appeal to every power and sympathy she possessed. She answered that appeal heroically, failing to conform with the written law in order to conform with what may curtly be called the unwritten law of her own and Parnell's being.

When these volumes were published in London, they were dismissed in twenty lines by the *British Weekly* as an outrage against decency, a 'glorification of adultery . . . the foulest treachery and vice.' It is quite in keeping with the Gladstone tradition and, indeed, with English righteousness in general, that this work, which the *British Weekly* 'would fain consign to oblivion,' is now offered to us in this country by the agents of the *British Weekly* in America.

VI

JOHN SYNGE[1]

STUART P. SHERMAN

[*New York Evening Post*, January 11, 1913. By permission.]

John Synge was so skilful in eluding biographers that he was dead before it was generally known in this country that he had existed. Within the last year or two he has become one of the most conspicuous figures in the literary world. Yet current discussion has proceeded for the most part in ignorance of the facts of his life and has confined itself mainly to one or two of the plays. Even among the better informed there still remain the widest differences of opinion regarding his character, his relation to the so-called Irish Renaissance, and his appropriate niche in the temple of fame. And in consequence of various non-literary forces, the division has been rather partizan than critical. It is darkly hinted in one quarter that he owes everything to the French decadents. On the other hand, Mr. Yeats would have us believe that his work came straight from the heart of Erin. On the one hand it is argued that he is only a clever craftsman. But Mr. Howe holds that he stands by his absolute achievement only a little lower than Shakespeare. 'If he had lived,' says Mr. Howe, 'he could not but have added to the number of his plays; and yet in the six plays he has left us, what that is essential in life

1 *The Works of John M. Synge.* Boston: J. W. Luce & Co. 4 vols.

The Cutting of an Agate. By William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Co. In this are gathered up Mr. Yeats's principal articles on Synge; also articles on Lady Gregory, John Shawe-Taylor. Spenser, and miscellaneous thoughts on poetry and drama.

J. M. Synge: A Critical Study. By P. P. Howe. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

has he failed to include?' This is the question one asks of the supreme geniuses; this is the question one asks of Shakespeare.

With the collected works of Synge now before us and with eager advocates and jealous disparagers on each side of us, it may be worth while to inquire in an entirely dispassionate way what manner of man this was.

I

Synge was for a considerable portion of his life practically as well as theoretically a tramp. We know that he was born at Rathfarnham, near Dublin, in 1871, and that he passed through Trinity College. Then the door is almost closed upon his occupations till 1898-9, when he was called from abroad to take part in the new movement in Ireland. Yet we are permitted to catch one significant glimpse of a poverty-stricken, silent, rather morose young man in ill health, who has left his native land and is apparently seeking to escape from his memories in aimless wanderings among alien people and alien modes of thought. His first wayfaring was in Germany, where Heine was perhaps the will-o'-the-wisp to his feet, but all roads lead the literary vagabond ultimately to Paris, and when he had made his pilgrimages, he brought up in the Latin Quarter. 'Before I met him,' says Mr. Yeats, 'he had wandered over much of Europe, listening to stories in the Black Forest, making friends with servants and with poor people, and this from an esthetic interest, for he had gathered no statistics, had no money to give, and *cared nothing for the wrongs* of the poor, being content to pay for the pleasure of eye and ear with a tune upon the fiddle.'

Synge's transformation from a tramp into an Irishman of letters his sponsors represent to us as a kind of modern miracle. But they can preserve this air of mystery only by insisting that the return to Ireland meant an abrupt break and a fresh beginning rather than the natural evolution of his career—only, in short, by maintaining that what is clearly illuminating is wholly irrelevant. Now about 1895 Synge installed himself in solitary lodgings in Paris and undertook to prepare himself to be a 'critic of French literature from the French point of view.' At this point our authorities diverge, and Mr. Yeats executes a bit of skilful and characteristic legerdemain. He lifts the curtain in the garret of the Latin Quarter some four years later and discovers the author of two or three poor poems studying the works of Racine. George Moore, on the other hand, says explicitly that Synge was writing indifferent impressionistic criticism of Lemaitre and Anatole France. There is no necessary conflict between these two reports, but there is a noticeable difference of emphasis. Between Synge and Racine I should never attempt to establish any affinity. But between Anatole France and Synge?—that is quite another matter. For the discreet discoverer of the new poet admits that he found Synge 'full of that kind of morbidity that has its root in too much brooding over methods of expression, and ways of looking upon life which come, not out of life, but out of literature.' Was that Mr. Yeats's covert way of confessing that Synge was steeped in Anatole France? This, at any rate, can be established: Synge's point of view in comedy is identical with that of Anatole France. Despite the Frenchman's vastly greater range of culture, the two men are absolutely at one in their aloof, pyrrhonic irony and their homeless laughter—the laughter of men who have wandered all the highways of the world and have found no abiding city.

Mr. Yeats, who is crammed with convictions and constitutionally incapable of understanding this desperate and smiting skepticism—no one, I think, asserts that Synge acquired his humor from the Dublin singers—Mr. Yeats gives a puzzled account of Synge's ideas which unintentionally confirms our conjecture. Synge had, he tells us, 'no obvious ideal'; he seemed 'unfitted to think a political thought;' he looked on Catholic and Protestant alike with amused indifference; all which comes down to us from education, and all the earnest contentions of the day excited his irony; 'so far as casual eye could see,' he had 'little personal will.' This description of moral and volitional prostration would be applied with hardly an alteration to Anatole France. And it should help put to rest the legend of the joyous Synge, bounding over the hills with the glad, wild life of

the unspoiled barbarian. There are passages in the *Aran Islands,* to be sure, which reveal high nervous excitement induced by conflict with the elements. But there are also clear indications of chronic weariness and low vitality. In the grim humor of his little narrative, *Under Ether,* there is something more than a manly resolution in the face of death; there is in it the nonchalance of one who has long made death his familiar.

II

Synge's verse is what we should expect of a rather despondent young Bohemian, unsure of himself, and seeking among other poets food and forms for his melancholy. I wish to tarry for a moment upon his small collection of poems and translations, partly because, though little known, it is intrinsically interesting, and partly because it reveals so clearly on a small scale the nature of his literary talent. The poems are due to the influence of various masters—to Burns, Wordsworth, Swinburne, and, notably, to that fascinating oulaw, Maistre François Villon. In about one-third of them he sings of death, and in nearly all of them there is a distinguishable echo of some earlier singer.

In the poem, 'To the Oaks of Glencree,' to take a single example, we notice how Maistre Villon helps him shape and round out the first pure impulse of lyric exultation:

My arms are around you, and I lean
Against you, while the lark
Sings over us, and golden lights and green
Shadows are on your bark.
There 'll come a season when you 'll stretch
Black boards to cover me;
Then in Mount Jerome I will lie, poor wretch,
With worms eternally.

The startling and paradoxical fact about this collection is that the original poems constantly remind us of some one else; the translations alone seem unmistakably Synge's. The original poems have the merits of skilful literary imitation. They might have been written, however, by Stevenson or Lang or by Mr. Edmund Gosse, or by half a dozen other cultivators of old French verse. But neither Mr. Gosse nor Lang nor Stevenson could have written a line of the poem that follows:

Are you bearing in mind that time when there was a fine look out of your eyes, and yourself, pleased and thoughtful, were going up the boundaries that are set to childhood? That time the quiet rooms, and the lanes about the house, would be noisy with your songs that were never tired out; the time you 'd be sitting down with some work that is right for women, and well pleased with the hazy coming times you were looking out at in your own mind.

May was sweet that year, and it was pleasantly you 'd pass that day.

Then I 'd leave my pleasant studies, and the paper I had smudged with ink where I would be spending the better part of the day, and cock my ears from the sill of my father's house, till I 'd hear the sound of your voice, or of your loom when your hands moved quickly. It 's then I would set store of the quiet sky and the lanes and little places, and the sea was far away in one place and the high hills in another.

There is no tongue will tell till the judgment what I feel in myself those times.

Here are all the peculiar marks of Synge himself—the irresistibly quaint idiom, the drifting rhythm, the loose sentence structure, thought thrown out after thought, as it were, without premeditation, and blossoming from phrase to phrase, the window opened upon a mist of vague and limitless emotion, the poignant and adorable Celtic wistfulness: while, as a matter of fact, these lines are a tolerably close translation of the first half of Leopardi's 'Silva.' We are here in the presence of a pure miracle of that style which is Synge's special creation, and which distinguishes him not merely from Leopardi, but also from all his Anglo-Irish contemporaries. With all its apparent spontaneity, his style is as patiently and cunningly wrought out as the style of Walter Pater—wrought of a scrupulously select vocabulary, idiom, and images, with an exacting ear controlling the cadence and shepherding the roving and dreamy phrases. With the aid of this perfected instrument he is able to appropriate and seal as his own poems from authors as diverse as Petrarch and Walter von der Vogelweide, Leopardi and Villon. This fact, taken together with his dependence on the original poems, tends to justify a search beneath the sur-

face of his other work for alien forces secretly shaping his emotions and determining his forms.

III

The orthodox method of 'explaining' Synge is to ignore the poems and translations and point to the volume on the Aran Islands. This is the record, we are told, of Synge's literary salvation; here lies the key to the dramas. In other words, we are asked to believe that Mr. Yeats's theory of poetry has been demonstrated. A stranded Irishman living gloomily in Paris without ideal and almost without ideas is sent to a little group of lonely islands to the southwest of Galway, inhabited by stolid fisher-folk in a very backward state of culture. He spends part of every year there—we pass over the fact that the other part is spent in Paris—wearing the rawhide shoes of the natives, warming his blood with their fires and their poteen, living in their kitchens, hearing their legends, and sharing in their noble primitive customs till the folk passion streams through him and makes him a genius. If any one is skeptical, we point to the fact that something like the 'germ' of two or three of Synge's plays is actually present here in the form of jottings on folk story and belief. Now, this is a delightfully simple recipe for making a genius. If this were the whole truth, one might agree without reservation with one of the reviewers who declares that the *Aran Islands* is of 'vast importance as throwing light on this curious development,' and who adds that it 'is like no other book we have ever read.'

When I first read the *Aran Islands,* I thought of that much-experienced vagabond and subtle exploiter of exotic and primitive cultures, Pierre Loti; and I have learned recently with some satisfaction, from a foot-note in Mr. Howe's book, that 'Synge thought Pierre Loti "the best living writer of prose."' And when I found Synge comparing conditions in the Aran Islands to a disadvantage with what he had seen in his rambles in Brittany, I thought of Anatole le Braz and all his charming studies of the songs and superstitions and customs and characters of that other Celtic people. And then there drifted into my remembrance the pensive face of another wanderer and exile, half-Irish and half-Greek, known in the Orient as Koizumi Yakumo, and in the Western world as Lafcadio Hearn. As I turned once more the pages of his book on Japan and ran through the *Life and Letters,* glancing at his Eastern costume and at the almond eyes of his sons, I reflected that he, at any rate, had possessed the courage to realize the dreams of his favorite author, Théophile Gautier, and the Oriental reveries of Victor Hugo. Finally, I opened the book of Chateaubriand, great father of them all, and read: 'When he arrived among the Natchez, René had been obliged, in order to conform to the customs of the Indians, to take a wife, but he did not live with her. A melancholy disposition drew him to the depths of the forest; there he passed whole days alone, and seemed a savage among the savages.'

The attitude, the point of view—that is the question about this Irishman and his book on the Aran Islands. *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* Now, it is an essential error to imagine that when Synge passed from the Latin Quarter to the Aran Islands he was returning to his own people. He never desired to return to his own people. He went to this group of islands, and then to the most remote and backward of them, because he wished to escape into a perfectly strange and virgin environment.

The peculiar charm of the *Aran Islands* and other books of its class consists not in the identification of the narrator with the life of the people whom he describes, but rather in accentuating the contrast between the sophisticated son of the cities and the simple barbarian. It is the esthetic charm of looking upon illusions through the eyes of the disillusioned. In the earlier examples of this *genre* the sense of the sundering gulf is emphasized by bringing the weary heir of all the ages into sentimental relations with a 'noble' female savage—an unspoiled daughter of the wilderness. But the sentiment now smacks of the romanticism of the old school. In the various books in which Pierre Loti pictures his exotic amours, you may trace the declension of the lovely and beloved barbarian into a mere transitory symbol of the 'soul' of the land in which she is found. In the *Mariage de*

Loti, for example, there is still a breath of strange passion for the poor Samoan girl, yet the lover comments as follows: 'In truth, we were children of two natures, widely sundered and diverse, and the union of our souls could be only transitory, incomplete, and troubled.' But in that most heartlessly beautiful book in contemporary literature, *Madame Chrysanthème,* the breath of passion has given way to sheer nervous disgust. With the little yellow poupée, Loti has nothing in common, not even an emotion. As he takes pains to point out in the dedication to the Duchesse de Richelieu, though Madame Chrysanthème seems to have the longest rôle, it is certain that the three principal personages are: *'Moi, le Japon et l'Effet que ce pays m'a produit,'* 'Myself, Japan, and the Effect which that country produces in me'—the bitter perfume which a crushed chrysanthemum of Nagasaki exhales for the nostrils of a disillusioned Academician.

Essentially Synge was seeking the same thing—the perfume which the Aran Islands could yield to a disillusioned Irish-Parisian. He, too, has transferred the sentiment, which was formerly attached to the fair savage, to the land itself. Despite his apparent solicitude for realistic detail, it is the subjective soul of the islands that he is striving to capture. His book, like Loti's, is pieced together of short impressionistic sketches which are related to one another only through the mood of the author. 'It is only in the intonation of a few sentences,' he writes, 'or some fragment of melody that I catch the real spirit of the island, for in general the men sit together and talk of the tides and fish, and of the price of kelp in Connemara.' The traditional lovely savage has here suffered a further declension into a peasant girl in her teens towards whom only a friendly attachment exists. Yet this girl, like her famous predecessors, becomes the symbol of what he has come to seek: 'at one moment she is a simple peasant, at another she seems to be looking out at the world with a sense of a prehistoric disillusion and to sum up in the expression of her gray-blue eyes the whole external despondency of the clouds and sea.' And after he has talked to her of the 'men who live alone in Paris,' he notes that 'below the sympathy we feel there is still a chasm between us.' I do not wish to push this parallelism farther than it goes. In the *Aran Islands* the *Moi,* as well as the maiden, is subdued almost beyond comparison. But both men, like all the children of Chateaubriand, avail themselves of picturesque exotic scenes as a kind of sounding chamber to enlarge and reverberate the lyric cry of their own weariness in civilized life and their loneliness out of it.

IV

Synge's dramas are all sad, tragedies and comedies alike, because they are all based upon a radical and hopeless disillusion. In them the native lyrical impulse, which in the poems we found checked by the cynicism of Villon, and which in the Aran Islands expanded under the influence of Loti, is again checked and controlled by the irony of Anatole France. This is no doubt a bald and over-emphatic way of putting the case, but it may serve to indicate the general modes in which foreign forces determined his talent. Synge has been praised by many critics on the ground that he has reconciled poetry with life. In the sense that he has broken through the old 'poetic diction' and invented a new poetic dialect with a fresh savor of earth in it, this is doubtless true. But in a profounder sense it is nearer the truth to say that he has widened the rift that was between them. For the drift of all his work is to emphasize the eternal hostility between a harsh and repugnant world of facts controlled by law, and the inviting realm of a lawless imagination. In one of the longest of his plays, *The Well of the Saints,* this idea becomes perfectly explicit. Two blind beggars who have long pleased themselves with thinking of each other's beauty are, through a miracle, restored to sight. But the vision of 'things as they are' is so hideous that they fall into a violent hatred of each other. And they are both so thankful when they go blind again that they reject with scorn the holy man's offer to repeat the miracle. This is perhaps the most elaborate expression of an idea in all Synge's works, and one is not surprised to learn that four years before *The Well of the Saints* there was performed and printed in Paris a 'Chinese' play by M. Georges Clemenceau, called the *Voile du Bonheur,* which contains identically the same idea, and

which, as Mr. Howe concedes, it is 'perfectly probable' that Synge knew.

For us *The Well of the Saints* is significant only as illustrating with especial clearness that profound sense of disillusion which underlies all Synge's eccentric comedies, and constitutes, as I have said, his point of contact with Anatole France. The most France-like comedy that he ever conceived was never written, but the scenario is reported to us by Mr. Yeats. 'Two women, a Protestant and a Catholic, take refuge in a cave, and there quarrel about religion, abusing the Pope or Henry VIII, but in low voices, for the one fears to be ravished by the soldiers, the other by the rebels. At last one woman goes out because she would sooner any fate than such wicked company.' Now it is just this homeless selfishness of his mirth that distinguishes Synge from Jonson and Molière and Congreve, with whose names his has been so fearlessly coupled. In all the classical comedy of the world one is made aware of the seat whence the laughing spirit sallies forth to scourge the vices or sport with the follies and affectations of men. When the play is over, something has been accomplished towards the clarification of one's feelings and ideas; after the comic catharsis, illusions dissolve and give way to a fresh vision of what is true and permanent and reasonable. Synge's comedies end in a kind of ironical bewilderment. His, indeed, is outlaw comedy with gipsy laughter coming from somewhere in the shrubbery by the roadside, pealing out against church and state, and man and wife, and all the ordinances of civil life.

It is not that many of the *dramatis personæ* are vagrants, but that the dramatist himself is in secret heart a vagrant, and his inmost vision of felicity is a purposeless vagabondage. What are the passages in these plays that all the critics delight to quote, and that the playgoer carries home from the theater—fragments of them—singing in his memory? They are the passages in which some queen or beggar, touched with lyric ecstasy, expresses a longing to go roaming down the open road or into the wilderness. You will find this gipsy call in every one of Synge's dramas except *The Riders to the Sea*. Even to that piece built of the heroic stuff of the bards, *Deirdre of the Sorrows*, he gives the same turn: here it is wonderously fair woman scorning a share in sovereignty and the high king of Ulster to go salmon-spearing and vagabonding with the sons of Naisi. To this man in whose vision of joy we are invited to participate, life presents itself in its comic aspects as a juxtaposition and irreconcilable opposition of hideous realities and hopeless dreams, dreams like the glens of Neifin in the dews of night, realities like Old Mahon in the potato field—'He was a dirty man, God forgive him.'

What, then, shall we say of his tragedy? Those who are sealed of the tribe of Synge speak high praise of *The Riders to the Sea*, that picture of the drear old woman who has lost all her sons. As Mr. Edward O'Brien declares in the preface printed in the collective edition, this drama is set in the atmosphere of universal action; it holds the 'timeless peace' that passeth all understanding. This were vision, indeed. It is a noble phrase, this 'timeless peace.' It connotes in my imagination the serene enduring forever of victorious heroes and saints who have passed out of tribulation. It is not, at any rate, an empty euphemism for annihilation, but a state in which those of the living dwell who, like the Stoic emperor, have caught a vision of the central beauty and abiding harmony in all the works of God. It is the mood in which all high tragedy leaves us; the still elation into which we rise when blind Œdipus answers the call of the god; the 'calm of mind, all passion spent' with which we are dismissed by that superb last chorus in 'Samson Agonistes,' beginning,

> All is best, though oft we doubt
> What the unsearchable dispose
> Of Highest Wisdom brings about.

Such, they tell us, is the atmosphere of *The Riders to the Sea*. It is like *Lear*, it is like Greek tragedy; it is not, as they hasten with somewhat suspicious eagerness to say—it is not like Maeterlinck's *Home* or *The Intruder*. Synge certainly does differ from Maeterlinck in two striking respects. While the Belgian 'mystic' deprives his persons of personality and locality and confers a kind of demonic personality upon death, the naturalistic Irishman steeps his lines in personality and the reek of the gray sky and the smell of the sea, and he represents death, in spite of the premonitions of Maurya, as only the old dark way of nature. But so

far as what the Germans call the 'inner form' is concerned, Synge gives us simply an Irish transposition of Maeterlinck. Strictly speaking, *The Riders to the Sea* is not a tragedy at all, because it is not a drama. It might with more propriety be called a tragic idyl—a somber picture, impressive enough in its kind, with the fearful whispering of the young girls, whose necks have not yet bowed beneath the ancient burden, and the gray broken old mother, who looks before and after and has passed through all illusions, sitting there patiently, passively, receiving the tidings of disaster. Protagonist in the proper sense of the word there is none; no act of the will turning against destiny as a token of human participation in that divine energy into which death resumes us all. It is this turning of the will that makes just the difference between what is drama and what is not; and between the mood with which Samson in Gaza affects us when he says, 'And I shall shortly be with them that rest,' and the mood with which Maurya affects us when she says, 'No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied.' It is the difference between Milton looking into the timeless peace and Synge looking into the noisome grave. We heard him before crying aloud under the golden lights of the oaks of Glencree that in the end black boards would cover him and he should lie with worms eternally. Just that is the tragic vision and significance of *The Riders to the Sea.*

VII

MRS. WHARTON'S WORLD

ROBERT HERRICK

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The exclusive aim of literary criticism can hardly be that of drawing the mental and spiritual portrait of a creative personality, as Mr. Brownell, reaffirming the faith derived from his master Sainte-Beuve, has recently asserted. That may be a fruitful enough ideal for the professional critic reading anew the ancient monuments; but for the less exacting task of reckoning the claims of contemporary creators to our attention, there are simpler methods than an elaborate portraiture of what may very possibly prove to be lacking in salient or permanent traits. At least before undertaking any such task, criticism might well attempt to answer the question that every thoughtful contemporary must put to an imaginative effort, especially to the novel which deals with the known appearances of life: what has this hand made of my world? For it is here that the novelist touches us all most closely.

What has Mrs. Wharton done for our world—for the American scene, to use Mr. Henry James's somewhat precious phrase? The experts have told us again and again that Mrs. Wharton's touch is the deftest, the surest, of all our American manipulators in the novel form. Quite recently Mr. James has reiterated in his reverberating periods his authoritative phrase of Mrs. Wharton's accomplishment. Hers is the only American name he has found occasion to mention in his latest appraisal of contemporary English fiction. The ground for according such distinction to Mrs. Wharton is plain to one acquainted with the craftsman's side of the novelist's business. Mrs. Wharton writes well—perhaps too consciously well. Technically she has formed her method on the approved tradition of French fiction, the tradition of refinements and exclusions, of subtleties and intentions, the traditions of Flaubert and Turgenieff, on which Mr. James admiringly formed himself a generation ago, rather than on the richer if less esthetically satisfying tradition of English and Russian fiction, of Fielding and Thackeray, of Tolstoy and Dostoievsky. In this approved school triumphs are more easily won, at least more enthusiastically recognized by the expert who has served his term there, than in the other looser tradition.

Technical proficiency of any sort, according to any intelligent ideal, is commendable surely, but only in measure as it achieves the purpose of all technique, which is effective creation. No true artist can be content with a triumph of manner alone. If Mrs. Wharton were forced to remain on a solitary pedestal of technical proficiency, hers would be a lonely position in this day of unacademic freedom in all creative effort, and her admirers by dwelling too insistently on her excellent manner would do her a dubious

service, all the more as their praises seem to deny the validity of other and robuster ideals for the novel. It may well be, indeed, that the French tradition with all its reservations is already doomed in favor of that freer, more epic treatment of life so much deprecated by Mr. James in his comments on Tolstoy.

However all this may be judged by the few who are absorbed in the how rather than the what of the finished product, it is futile to deny that the what is always of first importance to that large mute audience of the uninitiated to which every creator must appeal in the last resort. And respecting Mrs. Wharton's content, it has been her misfortune that her publishers should have advertised so persistently and complacently her peculiar advantage in possessing an accurate knowledge of her material, for observing, that is, that small portion of American humanity intensively occupied with purely social ambitions. Mrs. Wharton, we have been told, has actually been part of what she presents as fiction, the inference being that the fiction must inevitably be the better for this fact. It is a naïve conviction that intimate experience is a condition of imaginative realization. The truth seems to be that the least influential factor is the observed fact, while the personality through which the fact must pass with its fundamental knowledge and power of realization is the controlling one. It scarcely needs the illustrious example of a Balzac, who constructed solidly an entire social system out of the meagerest of observed data, to suggest that Mrs. Wharton may actually have been hampered in her imaginative representations by a too exclusive and intimate acquaintance with her material. Certainly she has not done least —been least convincing—in those occasional excursions into the less familiar reaches of her field such as *Ethan Frome.*

Possibly it was an instinctive realization of this commonplace that led Mrs. Wharton in the three American novels of which I am especially thinking to choose that portion of the abundant material at her command which presumably appealed least to her own heart and soul—the shoddy part. For it is the shoddier part of rich and fashionable New York, indubitably authentic as 'society' though it be, that preponderatingly occupies the scene in *The House of Mirth* and *The Custom of the Country*—the part Mrs. Wharton has least zealously embraced, however carefully she may have studied its manifestations. *The House of Mirth,* offering that most significant of Mrs. Wharton's discoveries, the lamentable Lily Bart, contains less of obvious shoddy than *The Custom of the Country,* with its Undine Spragg and Elmer Moffatt. Indeed, so far to the extravagant verge of the social world has Mrs. Wharton moved in this latter novel that it remains fantastically unreal, with the generic unreality of the parable, betrayed even by the stage names of the heroine and of her origin, 'Apex City.' Apex City! As expert a realist as Mrs. Wharton must have been aware to what unreality of the typical she was surrendering herself with those satiric names. One feels that extremely little of this variegated chronique of marriage and divorce, of 'Wall street deals' and vulgarian millionaires, ever really entered into Mrs. Wharton's delicate perceptions. They emerge from beneath her trained hand almost as raw as from the reportorial insignificance of the newspaper to which she so often refers the reader for corroboration. The singular characteristic of imaginative presentations is that they provide their own test of their validity, whether or not the reader has happened to have similar experiences. Crusoe's island was never doubted by boy or man. But one doubts Undine Spragg, Apex City, Elmer Moffatt and their world, although the newspapers authenticate them daily with precise detail. That something human, essential for conviction, which the newspaper paragraph must perforce omit, the novelist should provide—at any rate a novelist such as Mrs. Wharton. Otherwise why piece together the shoddy chronicle of Undine Spragg's career?

In *The Fruit of the Tree* Mrs. Wharton has largely ignored the loud, the shoddy, the super-fashionable. Yet the world here displayed is scarcely more of her own hearth, I suspect, than that of the two others mentioned. The reforming, sociological hero is an emanation of the serious world that customarily revolves somewhere within hail of the more hectic orbit of 'society.' But Amherst and his philanthropic yearnings over the Westmore mills has the fatal stamp of amateurishness—the unrealized—almost as plainly as the preposterous Spragg family. With

all his earnest intention Amherst merely scratches the surface of the immense field of American social endeavor. His creator still thinks of these matters in the terms of 'doing good' and 'social settlements.' Fortunately *The Fruit of the Tree* holds much else that is better realized if not better worth realizing than social service; it contains the soft, shallow Bessie, the best done of Mrs. Wharton's many rich women, as well as Justine, the most daring of her young women. And the conflict between the rich wife and the idealistic husband, the reactions of Amherst and his venturous second wife, are all much more in Mrs. Wharton's real province—the analytic and psychological province where the subtleties of the subtly-minded are neatly unraveled.

What has Mrs. Wharton done toward painting in our national canvas? Granting the utility and significance of all elements in the scene, granting at least for *The House of Mirth* and *The Fruit of the Tree,* the authenticity of portrayal, nevertheless, beyond the single figure of Lily Bart, which is doubtless the most authoritative version ever rendered of the shallowly rooted and socially obsessed American girl, there is little of importance that remains. For one reason, Mrs. Wharton's stories are almost manless in any real conception of the sex, and in spite of the dominance of American women in our social world we have not yet reached the point where men are utterly negligible, where Selden or Marvell, Rosedale or Gus Trenor will answer for men. As for the woman side of the picture, Mrs. Wharton's chosen contribution has been quite exclusively in the realm of social passion, which she has correctly portrayed as the pathological absorption of American women. Even her skill and her special knowledge have not saved her from exaggerations, unrealities, and repetitions. The prevailing tone, the final taste of this American society is that of a marvelous thinness—tinniness, rather. Are we as a people when we evolve into 'society,' are our women, even, as mentally and spiritually anemic as Mrs. Wharton's world betrays them? Without too easy a patriotism it may be doubted whether this clever observer has 'been fair' even to our 'most fashionable circles.' Certainly she has not cared to tone her pictures by vigorous contrasts or shaded examples. Instances of these she has offered, but with little enthusiasm; they are pallid ghosts, her 'nice' people, who by right of soul as well as of blood belong to the world she has chosen to exploit. Why has Mrs. Wharton never cared to do more for them, for the Seldens, the Marvells?

The explanation may lie in the truth of which I have already hinted, that Mrs. Wharton is not primarily a social historian, that she does not use the novel for this epic purpose, although these longer American stories suggest quite naturally such a presumption. *Ethan Frome* betrays the secret of her true power. This shortened novel, this monochrome prose tragedy so exquisitely dealt with, reveals the spiritual interest with which Mrs. Wharton is innately sympathetic—this and the suppressed drama of Bessie and Amherst, the expressed drama of Amherst and Justine. These spiritual conflicts involve no necessity of picturing a civilization; they are universal. Just because, perhaps, they are not conditioned by special environment or caste, because they lie outside the hard actualities of her personal contacts, their creator's imagination seems to have been happily released, to work more freely and convincingly in them. Ethan Frome conceivingly sprang from no more intimate experience than Undine Spragg and her crew, yet his subdued and twilight tragedy of relaxed will spoke to his creator with all the fidelity of high art. This is the field of creative interest to which Mrs. Wharton has repaired more frequently in her short stories than in her novels. Her talent, a defining, analyzing, and subtilizing talent, has found little that was really congenial or suggestive in the common run of our coarsely accented national life. She has rarely caught its more significant notes or tried to peer beneath its obvious superficialities, nor has she been warmly charmed by its kaleidoscopic glitter. The larger canvas, therefore, I infer, is not her natural opportunity, competent artist that she is.

VIII

THE MOST HEROIC EFFORT

JOHN MASEFIELD

[*Manchester Guardian*, Eng., November 14, 1918. By permission.]

The Dardanelles campaign was the strangest, most difficult, and most heroic effort ever made by the men of our race. It was unlike most of the campaigns in our history in that it was conceived by genius. It was unlike all others in that its failure (redeemed, like all other British failures, by courage and endurance) was relieved by a quality or glamour which lays over all memories of it a glow of beauty. Even now, less than three years after the evacuation, those who were there in the months of exultation, misery, and despair, from April to December, 1915, think of the place and the time as things apart, consecrated forever by passion, agony, and bloody sweat, but also by another thing, difficult to define yet felt by all as the very heart of romance.

Apart from the beauty which comes with man's courage and sorrow and high resolve, this campaign, above all other campaigns, was set in beauty. Men came to it in ships across a sea glorious with beauty. The light, the mountains and the islands, the plants and flowers, the immense expanse of the Ægean decked the stage for our men as it has never been decked for any campaign in the past. Then, the campaign was not visibly successful, and a man has a tenderness for the fine things which failed. Sir Ian Hamilton may yet see the 25th of April, which some call 'Australia's Birthday,' a national holiday and day of remembrance.

This book of Mr. Nevinson's[1] is the first considered and critical history of the campaign. Mr. Nevinson is specially fitted to be the historian of such a venture. He was an eye-witness of the more tragic part of the fighting and the endurance. Beyond all living writers he is qualified by powers of sympathy and of style to understand and to tell of some such struggle as this, where right and wisdom were matched against might and power. The time is ripe for such a book by such a man. In the last three years the official passion for secrecy has been lessened, so that he may say things, and the public lust for the blood of a scapegoat has been sated, so that he may be heard. Mr. Nevinson's book comes when both official terror and public fury permit much of the truth to be known. Not all is yet revealed, nor is full justice yet done. When all the Reports of the Dardanelles Commisssion are published, if they ever are, the truth will be fully known. Meanwhile Mr. Nevinson's book gives more of the truth of that campaign than any book which has appeared. It is not likely that any other book will supersede it or upset his conclusions.

His story is well ordered, well arranged, and well balanced. His descriptions are just, terse, and full of color, his descriptions of battlefields are as precise and as perceiving as good landscape-painting. In the moving passages of that great tragical drama he is both eloquent and austere. In all his criticism he is careful and wise. His book comes not only from a great experience of the peninsula, but from a wide information. Few men, perhaps no single man, saw so much of the peninsula as he. Very few (of those who were there) landed and lived as he did at all three positions—Helles, Anzac, and Suvla, as well as at the advanced bases. Perhaps no man can have talked of the operations with so many of the soldiers and sailors who led them and took part in them. Certainly no single man there had better opportunities for seeing and knowing.

And to what conclusion does this rarely gifted, just, and most eloquent writer come, from the depth of his knowledge and fullness of observation? What caused the failure of the campaign? 'The ultimate burden of failure,' he writes, 'lies on the authorities at home.' They, 'the authorities at home,' not any soldier, flung away the certainty of success long before the troops left England. Napier says somewhere that we are 'a very warlike race, but not at all a military one.' Somewhere in that very just summary of our people may be found the reason of our failure. 'The authorities at home' were warlike but not at all military. They had no knowledge of the strength of our enemy, they showed our enemy what we intended to do, they waited till our enemy was thoroughly prepared, and then launched against them an inadequate force without support. Pres-

1 *The Dardanelles Campaign*. By H. W. Nevinson. London: Nisbet and Co. Pp. xx, 429. With Nine Maps. 18s. net.

ently they launched another inadequate force, and then stopped the campaign. Perhaps, finally, it comes down to this, that when this war began we were quite unprepared for war, so that we had neither the men nor the guns for an expedition of the kind.

Some will say: 'In that case, "the authorities at home" ought not to have sent the expedition at all.' They ought not to have sent it when and how they did send it, giving full advertisement to the enemy to prepare, and (later on) full time to recover. But the campaign was conceived by genius, and though it had no immediate effect that was not distastrous its real results were profound and beneficial. While I write this the news comes that the Kaiser has abdicated, and that the ships of the Allies are preparing to pass through the Narrows. There is general joy and thanksgiving for these things. And who, in the general joy, thinks for a moment of the part played by the Dardanelles campaign in bringing the war to an end? The campaign was an heroic feat of arms. No thinking man will withhold honor in his heart from Sir Ian Hamilton and those whom he led on that forlorn hope. But how many realize that it was Sir Ian Hamilton and his merry men who broke the power of the Turk forever? There, in the dust and scrub and stink of Gallipoli, Mesopotamia was freed, the Caucasus relieved, Egypt made safe, and Palestine ours. The Turk was not only broken by us in Gallipoli but he was there sickened of his allies, so that very much of the present happy state of the war is due to this expedition—'equal,' as Mr. Nevinson writes, 'in splendor of conception, heroism, and tragedy.'

This war has shown the world, what the poets have shown to the few, that life, destiny, or the powers which direct man work with irony but with justice. In our seeming failure, which brought in Bulgaria against us, sealed the fate of Kut, and made the collapse of Russia only a matter of time, there was still the seed of victory. Our blow in Gallipoli went home to the Turkish heart, and from that time our enemy's chief ally was a dying man. These things will some day be recognized by the world. Mr. Nevinson's book is worthy of his subject. It is by much the best and most thoughtful history that has appeared about any part of this war.

IX

THE FALLACY OF FREE VERSE

THEODORE MAYNARD

[*Yale Review*, January, 1922. Republished in *Our Best Poets* by Theodore Maynard (Holt & Co. 1922.) By permission of author and publishers.]

In view of the fact that Miss Harriet Monroe (who seems to be not only editor of *Poetry* but of poetry) has announced that the discussion of free verse is now closed, I feel a little diffident about forcibly reopening it. My apology is that most attacks upon free verse, like most defenses, have been unintelligent; and that mine, I venture with all due modesty to believe, will be intelligent.

The whole controversy, intelligent or not, has become so confused in its issues, so much entangled with personal ambitions and prejudices, that it is difficult as well as dangerous to make any attempt to reduce the matter to orderly arrangement. It can only be done by painfully clearing, at each step, the ground of its cumbering misconceptions.

To be fair to the *vers librists* we should not take the wild eccentricities of the notoriety-seekers among them as typical of the movement. It would, I think, be just to draw unfavorable conclusions from the prevalence of eccentricity among even the staider innovators who, like Miss Amy Lowell, have protested against the 'nefarious persons who endeavor to keep themselves before the public by means of a more or less clever charlatanism.' But it would not be just to hold Miss Lowell and her co-workers guilty of crimes that, in intention at least, they do not commit. This is an easy, often-used, and discreditable method for bringing free verse into contempt. I disdain to employ it.

Moreover, there is much to be said for the widely diffused notion that free verse is a better mode for expressing the emotions of our age than traditional metrical forms. I think it quite probable myself: so much the worse for the age!

A paradoxical circumstance about modernism, however, is that it is never modernism: it is invaribly futurism. And the central doctrine of futurism is that we are all poor fools—which also is a highly tenable proposition. For the modernist

is continually making violent efforts to be revolutionary, although he carries in his breast the exasperating knowledge that he must in due course appear a reactionary to his children. He is obliged, in short, to begin as a young freak merely to end up as an old fogy.

Any philosophy behind futurism is a philosophy of negation which doubts, without daring to deny, the validity of reason and the existence of all absolutes. Truth has fallen into the hands of the pragmatists; goodness into the hands of the psychoanalysts; and beauty—well, the natural result of the age's deliquescence is free verse. The one thing certain is that nothing is certain. We have fallen into the abyss of hopeless skepticism. The very title of the most characteristic of Miss Lowell's books. *Pictures of the Floating World,* is significant and appropriate.

Mr. Santayana's genius for profound criticism has noted this state of affairs and has drawn from it the correct conclusions. 'The interest abroad,' he says, to summarize him, 'in the condition of flux, in the process of becoming rather than in what has or will result, is the unmistakable mark of the barbarian.' In saying so he touches the root of modern aesthetic experimentalism.

The artist is no longer concerned with the impossible but happy task of capturing absolute beauty: he does not believe in an absolute beauty. Consequently, he is thrown back upon himself, and must use as the material of his art not reality but his personal reactions to the unsubstantial phenomena of appearances. He gives up in despair the ancient ambitions of his craft and confines himself to the narrowing circle of his own ego. It is a terrible fate; but one that has, at present, the delusive attraction of novelty. The poet is spurred on by the craving to be 'original'; and as he has nothing to reflect in the distorted mirrors of his fantastic art but his reactions, he is compelled to be as idiosyncratic as possible in order to justify himself.

It is frequently asserted that free verse is lacking in form. That is an ignorant contention and one easily demolished by the exponents of modernism. The point at issue is not whether free verse has form but whether it has poetic form; whether it is a satisfactory medium for poetry. Its advocates maintain that they are able to get out of it effects of which other literary modes are incapable. They say, with a great show of reasonableness: 'Stick to your traditional forms, if they are adapted to what you are trying to do. Free verse is adapted to what *we* are trying to do. We have not only the right to use it, but—since an artist must work in his medium—no right to use anything else.'

It may be so. It would be partially proved to be so if the *vers librists* were able to produce any example of pure poetry that could not have been written in any other way. But one does not feel the inevitability in even *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking* as one feels it in the case of the *Ode to a Nightingale.* For free verse is always more or less of a *tour de force.* It has form, but unnatural form.

The mere technique of free verse is a feat. H. D. achieves it within a small compass; few others do. Most of the so-called free verse poets write either dithyrambic prose, whose cadences they emphasize by a typographical device, or else metres mingled and broken in such a way as to be unrecognized as metres.

Far from traditional poetry concentrating on form, it is free verse that does so. The one mode accepts a convention (not perhaps, as a rule, realizing that it is more than a convention) and is in consequence at liberty to forget form. But not for an instant is free verse able to possess the carelessness of freedom. Its refusal of limitation binds it, of necessity, in the strictest of limits.

Indeed, in the latest developments of technique we have what is equivalent to an abandonment of the earlier free verse position. Imagism removes the discussion outside of the question of form to that of method; and 'polyphonic prose' is nothing more than a synthesis of every conceivable method, ranging from bald statement to frank doggerel—a haggis pie into which innumerable ingredients are thrown at hazard.

Imagism brings together, with an indulgent catholicism, those who use metre with a brilliant exactness, like Mr. T. S. Eliot, and those who use only cadence, like H. D. But they are to a man sticklers for form. And in the tenets agreed

upon among them and published in their first anthology, free verse is fought for merely as a principle of liberty. The sole rule that distinguishes them from other schools is that of the presentation of images. As Miss Lowell, their spokesman, puts it, throwing Aristotle overboard, 'Imagism is presentation not representation.'

No other of their six rules can be cavilled at by the most conservative. Poets have never abandoned the principle of using always the exact and not the nearly exact word, though they have not always been successful in finding it. (Neither are the Imagists.) Poetic diction has practically disappeared as good usage. Every poet of consequence has invented some new rhythms. Most poets have felt free in the choice of subject. Concentration is no new poetic ambition. And poetry that is 'clear and hard, never blurred nor indefinite,' existed before the Imagist manifesto appeared.

Nevertheless, a restatement of these hoary precepts is to be welcomed. Like all precepts they are frequently forgotten in practice; and to do the Imagists justice they have made an attempt to carry out their rules with meticulous conscientiousness.

Moreover, their central idea—that of rendering particulars exactly without vague generalities—is valuable when not pushed too far. But the Imagists *have* pushed their doctrine too far. They are like that group of painters whose fad it was to paint sand with real sand; hair with real hair. Like them this group of poets is out for 'presentation not representation.' They will describe sand with words that are as sandy as possible; hair with words that are as hairy as possible. It is onomatopœia ceasing to be a casual trick and stiffening into a habit with the likelihood of freezing into a ritual.

One must, nevertheless, recognize that at the bottom of Imagism lies a hunger for actuality, for close contact. This, like the other fine elements in the movement, is not novel. 'It is an odd jealousy,' said Emerson, 'but the poet finds himself not near enough to his object. The pine-tree, the river, the bank of flowers before him, does not seem to be nature. Nature is still elsewhere.' The Imagists would accept the first but not the second part of the dictum. Their hands must touch the wood of chairs, the skin of flowers—and reproduce in words the sensations of their curious fingers. So far so good. But their eyes must be pressed against the object of their love—and they will be too close to it to see it. They forget that 'Nature is still elsewhere,' that beyond the material substance is a mysterious essence—the beauty which should be the object of their search—and the closest scrutiny fails to yield the results that they had expected.

Along with this, as a corollary, goes a desire to strip life to the bare bones, which now and then achieves an austere economy of speech that is, in itself, wholly admirable. But while the Imagists are refining down their material from all alloy, making it ready for use, they generally do not remember that they have to go on and use it. The process is doubtless one that is necessary to poetry. But it is a preliminary process. And the Imagists usually stop there. As Miss Lowell herself states—

> We will scatter little words
> Upon the paper,
> Like seeds about to be planted.

Unfortunately the Imagists omit to plant them.

Wakefulness, for example, is full of the material of poetry carefully prepared for use. The preliminary process is complete. (As a matter of fact all the process should be put into operation simultaneously, and the poet refine, design, and build with the same hand at the same moment. Still, one may be glad of an embryo for purposes of biological data.) A poem and a good poem is ready to be made—but where is the poem?

> Jolt of market-carts;
> Steady drip of horses' hoofs on hard pavement;
> A black sky lacquered over with blueness,
> And the lights of Battersea Bridge
> Pricking pale in the dawn.
> The beautiful hours are passing
> And still you sleep!
> Tired heart of my joy,
> Incurved upon your dreams,
> Will the day come before you have opened to me?

If any one doubts my assertion that this

is not a poem, let him read another suggested by it, Wordsworth's sonnet on Westminister Bridge. I am sure that my point will then be clear, and will be accepted by the reader.

The majority of free verse poets, however, do not follow the Imagist example in this matter. I wish they did. Much more common faults are vast prolixity and an utterly unselective dealing with life in raw slabs.

We could not take three more representative examples of the various brands of free verse than that written by Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg, and Amy Lowell, who among them cover nearly the whole field and will provide more than enough illustrations for our purpose. Their methods differ widely, as do the subject matter and the temperament of each. To classify them roughly, let us say that Masters is a free verse poet by accident; Sandburg by fate; Amy Lowell by choice: Sandburg by natural bent; Amy Lowell by cleverness; Masters by shrewdness helped out by luck.

Edgar Lee Masters, who, oddly, is one of the most famous free verse poets, once told me that he did not call himself a free verse poet at all. It is quite true that the larger part of his work is composed in formal metres. He has an ambition to be known as a poet pure and simple; and he plods along writing bad blank verse and feeble lyrics which would never attract attention were it not for the *éclat* of the *Spoon River Anthology*. Apart from the fine *Silence* (in free verse as it happens) included in *Songs and Satires*, none of the other poems in this volume is worth a straw.

The *Domesday Book*, despite its glaring faults, has power. It is in many ways a remarkable performance. But out of its twelve thousand lines hardly twelve possess any distinction.

> An inquisition taken for the people
> Of the State of Illinois here in Le Roy,
> County aforesaid, on the 7th. of August,
> Anno Domini, nineteen hundred nineteen,
> Before me, William Merival, coroner.

That passage has no more and no less reason for being written in blank verse than the rest of a volume which may be magnificent but which is not poetry.

Even the *Spoon River Anthology* has no technical subtlety. Mr. Masters, with rare candor, has explained that he picked up his hint from the Greek Anthology. He does not hesitate to go to the length of turning one of Meleager's epigrams into verse before our eyes as an object lesson to explain his own literary method. This is certainly a striking illustration of what typographical arrangement will do:

> The holy night and thou, O Lamp, we took as witness of our vows; and before thee we swore, he that he would love me always and I that I would never leave him. We swore, and thou wert witness of our double promise. But now he says that our vows were written on the running waters. And thou, O Lamp, thou seest him in the arms of another.

This becomes:

> The holy night and thou,
> O Lamp,
> We took as witness of our vows;
> And before thee we swore,
> He that he would love me always
> And I that I would never leave him.
> We swore,
> And thou wert witness of our double promise.
> But now he says that our vows were written on the running waters.
> And thou, O Lamp,
> Thou seest him in the arms of another.

Reading this Miss Harriet Monroe declares, with a toss of her head, that Mr. Masters has more of the authentic classic note than Tennyson, Browning, and Arnold combined! But the indication of where we are to breathe cannot make anything except prose out of a prose passage. This is still truer of the *Spoon River Anthology*, for which it served as a model but to which it did not impart its beauty. We may grant, however, that, though Mr. Masters defaced his book with a morbid preoccupation with satyriasis and nymphomania, he produced a highly interesting collection of thumb-nail sketches and deserved his triumph.

To an English reader, and I suppose to many American readers as well, Mr. Carl Sandburg's three volumes, on first acquaintance, must appear to be a chaos of cacophony. The poet is at no trouble to placate his audience. He throws words as he might throw bricks at your head.

And yet, amid all this welter of verbiage, a beauty is to be discerned—a beauty often smothered by ugly jargon, but still beauty. To cite Whitman's superb

phrase, one hears 'a horn sounding through the tangle of the forest and the dying echoes.'

A great deal of Sandburg's success is, I suspect, due to the fact that he is supposed to write 'American.' He does, but not nearly so often as is generally supposed. He does get, however, a considerable amount of publicity because of a tendency current in some quarters to connect free verse with 'hundred-percent Americanism'—a tendency that can do no good either to free verse or Americanism. For metrical experiments are by no means peculiar to America. And Robert Frost and Edwin Arlington Robinson are, to say the least, as rooted in the national soil and as informed with the national spirit as Carl Sandburg. Chicago is not the world. It is not even the whole of the United States. And when Mr. Sandburg defends Chicago by bellowing: 'Come and show me another city with head lifted singing so proud to be alive and coarse and strong and cunning!' I feel like saying, with cold contempt, that if Chicago is what he says it is—which I have reason to doubt—then he ought not to be proud of Chicago. He speaks with the brutal violence of the barbarian.

Now, the barbarian, I hasten to add, may possess many splendid qualities which civilized men are inclined, during periods of decay, to neglect. But to exalt the barbarian at the expense of the civilized man is cosmic treason. And Mr. Sandburg, I regret to say, is guilty of that crime. He has many finer elements in him—tenderness, humor, gaiety; but to me he is the barbarian.

There are signs, nevertheless, that Mr. Sandburg is mellowing. The crudity of his adolescence is gradually wearing off; and as a consequence his verse is growing more delicate and nearer to the Imagist ideal. In *Smoke and Steel* he is under the disadvantage of being less sure of himself than he was in *Chicago Poems;* but, on the other hand, he was a little too sure of himself in the earlier book. He will acquire poise in time.

Probably the best way of illustrating Carl Sandburg is to set out his poem *Good Night,* and let it make its own vivid contrast with a poem bearing a similar title by Walter de la Mare, recently published in the anthology *The Enchanted Years:*

Many ways to spell good night.
Fireworks at a pier on the Fourth of July spell it with red wheels and yellow spokes.
They fizz in the air, touch the water and quit.
Rockets make a trajectory of gold-and-blue and then go out.
Railroad trains at night spell with a smoke-stack mushrooming a white pillar.
Steamboats turn a curve in the Mississippi crying in a baritone that crosses lowland cottonfields to a razor-back hill.
It is easy to spell good night.
Many ways to spell good night.

Now for Mr. de la Mare's poem, *Goodbye:*

The last of last words spoken is, Goodbye—
The last dismantled flower in the weed-grown hedge,
The last thin rumor of a feeble bell far ringing,
The last blind rat to spurn the mildewed rye;

A hardening darkness glasses the haunted eye,
Shines into nothing the Watchman's burnt-out candle,
Wreathes into scentless nothing the wasting incense,
The last of last words spoken is, Goodbye.

Love of its muted music breathes no sign,
Thought in her ivory tower gropes in her spinning,
Toss on in vain the whispering trees of Eden,
Last, of all last words spoken, is, Goodbye.

This is one of those few cases in which two poems can be fairly compared. They are equal in theme, in length, and in mood—but how unlike each other they are! Mr. Sandburg has all the originality of detail and of manner; Mr. de la Mare has all the originality of effect.

Good Night, though characteristic, is not the best of Sandburg's poems. There are other pieces which would supply more vivid examples of single points, and one poem, (which, though I cannot quote it here, I must in justice mention), *Flash Crimson* from *Smoke and Steel,* where all of Carl Sandburg's admirable qualities are gathered together, and the ultimate word he has to say—courage.

Miss Amy Lowell is much the most completely equipped and, therefore, the most satisfactory example of a *vers libriste* to be found. For Masters writes

free verse without finesse, and Sandburg without any clear understanding of his own purpose. Amy Lowell possesses both: she is dexterous and doctrinaire. Moreover, though H. D. excels all the members of her group in exquisite restraint, Amy Lowell excels H. D. in power and the width of her sweep. And though no one could accuse of mystical humility the author of a book on American poetry written in order to justify her private poetics, Miss Lowell is at least free of the fantastic egotism of Ezra Pound and the callow pedantry of John Gould Fletcher. In addition there is no 'hundred-per-cent Americanism' nonsense about her—a Lowell does not need it. She is cosmopolitan, complicated, clever, and self-conscious. All her books have prefatory explanations; and all the poems in them are obviously written to sustain a thesis.

If Miss Lowell were unable to indicate successful instances of regular verse in her later volumes, the early work of *A Dome of Many-Colored Glass* would incline the critic to conclude that she went in for revolution because she was a failure as a conservative.

When, however, *Men, Women and Ghosts* appeared, it became demonstrated beyond question that Miss Lowell is not merely an important free verse poet, but an important poet. Indeed, the finest things in the second book are cast in a strict mold—*Patterns* and *Pickthorne Manor* being written in odic form, the latter actually in elaborately constructed stanzas; and *The Cremona Violin* in the Chaucerian style affected by Mr. Masefield.

The Cremona Violin becomes a literary curiosity by being broken by brief interludes of *vers libre*. They are intended to represent—perhaps I should say 'present'—the notes of a violin. If they are read critically they will look more like the notes the poet put down, meaning but omitting to polish in stanzas. This is a thing we come upon frequently, not only in Miss Lowell but in the other poets of her school: the jottings for incomplete poetry or the jottings for incomplete prose allowed to appear before the public as finished articles. How admirably this might have been worked into a descriptive essay:

Leaves fall,
Brown leaves,
Yellow leaves streaked with brown.
They fall,
Flutter,
Fall again.
The brown leaves,
And the streaked yellow leaves,
Loosen on their branches
And drift slowly downwards.
One,
One, two, three,
One, two, five.
All Venice is a falling of Autumn leaves—
Brown,
And yellow streaked with brown.

Almost invariably the free verse poem that is successful in making its desired effect is very short and suggestive of a translation. Miss Lowell, for her part, has studied to acquire the tang of *hokku*. She will be as delicate, as deliberate, and as limited as the art of Japan—but it is an art remote from us, one alien to the texture of our souls. Whether the *vers librist* translates from the Japanese, like Miss Lowell; or from the Chinese, like Mr. Pound; or from the Greek, like Mr. Aldington, he betrays a natural bent towards translation. And this, I think, is because his original work suggests a flower plucked from the grave of a dead language.

This tendency has made Miss Lowell grow more and more metallic. Whole pages in *Legends* are covered with plates of foil. All her prints might be called, as she calls some of them, *Lacquer Prints*. Her handling of lifeless substances is significant. Where Shakespeare heard the lark singing at heaven's gate, she sees that

A goldenweather-cock flashes smartly,
His open beak "Cock-a-doodle-dooing"
Straight at the ear of heaven.

In the final analysis it will be discovered that what is wrong with the *vers librist* is not so much their technique as their conception of poetry. It would not matter even that they rebelled against one kind of vicious virtuosity to bring in another kind equally vicious, if their fundamental understanding of art were sound.

The Imagist itch to 'present' instead of represent, and the 'advanced' attitude towards the limitations of metre reveal a false view of the nature of poetry. I have already tried to show that metre is

much more than a convention; that though it is not the soul of verse there can be no verse without it—for it is the body which contains the soul. And hence to speak of bad poetry (as I, in this essay, for convenience, have done) is a contradiction in terms. Bad poetry is an impossibility: it is either poetry, and therefore good, or non-existent. Poetry is nothing less than perfect speech—and how rare that is! It is unique among the arts in that it cannot be tolerated unless it attains excellence.

The poet accordingly lays upon himself the most heart-breaking of labors—and the happiest. He is on fire with desire. He is tormented with frustration. Beauty is a constant lure—and forever eludes him. Thrice blest is he who once in a lifetime is able to consummate in himself the marriage of the genius of mortal language with the divine Logos!

The *vers librists,* so far from being daring innovators, are really shirkers of their vocation. They take the safe middle course, in which they will neither fail so badly as those who aspire to the highest nor succeed so well as those who attain the highest. They renounce the hope of perfection.

And yet they have performed an exceedingly useful service to literature—one for which we should be grateful: they have carried out the dead. The vogue of the loose and the sentimental and the decorative is over. The world may learn from the *vers librists'* fantasticality, sometimes, and from their frigidity, always, salutary lessons in technique. They are the schoolmasters to bring us back to poetry.

X

PLAYS IN VERSE[1]

EDMUND GOSSE

[*Sunday Times,* London, Eng., December 11, 1921. By permission.]

The convention of what is called 'poetic drama' belongs to the antiquity of Europe. According to Aristotle, tragedy arose from the goat-song, from the dithyramb of the Arcadian mountain-satyr, and in the oldest Greek fragments the characters invariably speak in verse. As the musical element dropped away from drama, ultimately branching into opera, it left behind it the habit of versified dialogue, and this has never died out in any civilized country. It is not probable that it ever will be wholly discarded, for though it is manifestly artificial as a means of expression, its artifice is serious and agreeable, and has been justified by the practice of the greatest poets of the world. What was good enough for Æschylus and Shakespeare and Racine is plainly good enough for their descendants today.

It is true that in unskilful hands stage-poetry is very tiresome, and Alphonse Daudet speaks somewhere of a piece that might be entertaining but that 'alas! it is in verse, and boredom stalks between the couplets.' This, however, shows clumsiness in the dramatist, not error in the ancient convention, and so long as people are thrilled by *Hamlet* and *Phèdre* there will be dramatists eager to shine in the ornament of metre.

No prominent poet of our time has been more persistent than Mr. Yeats in cultivating the drama in verse. He began with *The Countess Kathleen,* published thirty years ago in a little 'cameo' volume now much sought after by collectors. Since then he has produced more than a dozen plays, most of which, though by no means all, are written in the plaintive and delicate blank verse of which Mr. Yeats has the secret. The issue of *Countess Kathleen* was an event in the history of English poetry, so mysterious was it and subtle, so charged with a new species of electrical magic. For the first time we were confronted with the drama of reverie, with scenes which were enacted between a sleep and a sleep, in a vitreous atmosphere of refined and half-wakened sensation, and expressed in language of a marvelous felicity. Perhaps even by *Countess Kathleen,* and by its immediate successors, there might be awakened in a thoughtful observer a note of danger. There was a lack of logic, a weakness in the mental structure of the beautiful wandering drama-dreams, which gave cause for alarm, but there was every reason to hope that the intellectual qualities would be added to a playwright so young and ardent, and so determined to excel.

[1] Four Plays for Dancers. By W. B. Yeats. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

What was certain was that such pieces as *The Shadowy Waters* and *Deirdre* justified their faint and frail existence by the charm of their language and the loveliness of their vision. Would Mr. Yeats gain humanity and force? That was the question which his readers hoped to answer in the affirmative.

The *Four Plays for Dancers,* which he presents to them today, will hardly reassure them. Let us see in what these dramas consist. Only one of the four, *Calvary,* is entirely new; of the others, *At the Hawk's Well* was privately printed in 1917, *The Dreaming of the Bones* and *The Only Jealousy of Emer* in 1919. Mr. Yeats, in his notes and appendices, which are a little too self-complacent, evinces a partiality for *At the Hawk's Well,* to which I would fain do no injustice. But it is extremely difficult to give an impression of this play which will not seem a caricature. There is a hollow among stones, watched by a Girl, who does not speak but screams at intervals like a hawk; she is accompanied by an Old Man, who claims ownership in the hollow. Water on rare occasions plashes up for a moment among the stones and is gone.

> He who drinks, they say,
> Of that miraculous water lives for ever,

but the Old Man, who has watched for more than fifty years, has never caught a drop. He therefore discourages the Young Man, who arrives on the quest of immortality. That is the sole substance of the piece; there are dances, and songs, and musicians 'whose faces are made up to look like masks,' but what is the purport of it all, beyond a faint romantic melancholy, remains absolutely inscrutable. The difference between *At the Hawk's Well* and, for example, *La Mort de Tintageles,'* is that behind the symbolism of M. Maeterlinck there is a movement of intellect, whereas Mr. Yeats simply records an incoherent dream, in which romantic phantasms move, or sway about, without a purpose, without a meaning, supported entirely on the ornament of beautiful diction.

A heresy of the present age, pushed by Mr. Yeats to a further excess than by any other living writer of merit, is the belief that artistic creation is independent of thought. The play called *Calvary,* which is supposed to be a study of the finite character of the power of Christ—who, it is represented, cannot save a heron and a swan, infuriates Lazarus by the gift of life when he longs for death, is unable to redeem the soul of Judas, and is a vain sacrifice to the insolence of the Roman soldiers—treats a terrible subject with a levity which is not intentional, but arises from a want of basal reflection.

This drama is odd, in a sense it is picturesque, but it has no meaning. Mr. Yeats has never realized the fact that creative activity depends on intellectual energy; that it is not enough to appeal to color and melody, or, as in *The Dreaming of the Bones,* almost entirely to landscape, but that an intelligent completion of the central idea must exist in the brain of the artist, however he may choose to disguise it with metaphor and fantasy. The dramatist who is satisfied to move his characters about in an oracular vapor, 'without a course, without a star, by the instinct of sweet music driven,' can build nothing but a house of cloud. The authors of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Witch of Atlas* indulged imagination in forms of extreme caprice, but their procedure was not, like that of Mr. Yeats, purely arbitrary. Behind their visions there was the solid force of an intelligible system of experience.

It has been the misfortune of Mr. Yeats that he has never been subjected to the discipline of criticism. He made his appearance as a radiant child, and his literary attitude was so charming that it met, from the first, with nothing but indulgence. A result of this has been that, like a child, he has continued to devote himself to childish things, to prefer the pose of life to life itself. Quite early in his career, he began to think it amusing to dabble in necromancy and magic, to submit his senses to non-natural experiment, and to speculate vaguely about 'fairies,' and 'mahatmas.' He found that all this entertained his readers, and he sank further into the marish of theosophies and mysteries of the Rosy Cross. These ghosts of knowledge have a fascination for some romantic characters, but a robust mind casts them aside as soon as it discovers that they are to the intellect what choral or veronal is to the

body—solvents which disintegrate and destroy.

Unhappily, as the notes in the plays before me only too plainly show, Mr. Yeats has yielded more and more passively to all this paralyzing stimulus. He is encouraged in his error by the applause of those from whom he should most dread encouragement. He should read the marvelous story in Lucian of how the prophet Peregrinus-Proteus was driven by a horde of fanatic women and idolatrous disciples to prove his immortality by plunging into the crater of Etna. Let Mr. Yeats beware.

H. ARTICLES ON DRAMA, MUSIC, AND ART

The purpose of dramatic criticism is to do for a play or a playwright very much what literary criticism does for a book or its author. There is, however, in dramatic criticism a less general agreement of critical opinion and, owing to the changing character of modern drama, a less definitely organized body of critical theory for the guidance of individual judgment. It must also be remembered that the time limitations under which the average first night notice is produced, while they no doubt tend to preserve freshness and vividness of impression, at the same time do not allow for that slow process of maturing thought which gives to good writing the smoothness and flavor of old wine.

Careful distinction should be made between the conscientiously written, independently formed judgment of a play and the commonplace and valueless press-agent kind of notice so common in the newspapers, a notice usually as lacking in literary skill as it is in critical discrimination. While the technique of the dramatic review has fortunately not yet become so stereotyped as that of the news-story, some of the topics which are ordinarily included may be mentioned: the name of the play, the author, the theater, the occasion (first performance, anniversary, revival, or benefit), the star or chief actors (sometimes the whole cast), a summary of the action, and some statement as to the character of the production, the quality of the acting, and the general impression made by the play. The hybrid nature of many of the recent theatrical productions makes it impossible to predict in any given case how much space should be given to any of the factors enumerated above, but it is safe for the young critic to remember that 'the play 's the thing,' and that its importance should not be overshadowed by actors or scenery or audience.

As to musical criticism, if one may quote the opening phrase of Professor Daniel Gregory Mason, editor-in-chief of *The Art of Music*, 'So many and varied are the paths of musical enjoyment and profit, so difficult and sometimes so conflicting are the types of music presented, that the timid or inexperienced writer may well pause at the threshold, afraid of wholly losing his way in such a labyrinth.' The timidity of the inexperienced critic is a wholesome fear, especially if he is not acquainted with the technique and history of the form of musical art he undertakes to discuss. It may fall to the lot of a young journalist to be sent, much against his will, to report a concert, and if this happens, he will doubtless do his best in the way of judicious, or, at least, inoffensive praise, describing, with such variety of phraseology as he can command, the pleasure derived by the audience from the efforts of the performers. Such notices can hardly be called musical criticism, which has to do not merely with the effect upon the audience, but with the merits of the compositions rendered, as well as the way in which they are interpreted. Obviously for such a responsible task, musical knowledge and artistic sympathy of a high order are necessary if the judgment of the critic is to carry weight. In addition to these qualifications he must have the power of presentation; there are many skilled musicians who would make poor critics, because they have not the power of expressing themselves in writing.

Good art criticism is as difficult and as rare as adequate musical criticism. The ground covered by this form of writing is so extensive and the processes involved are, from the layman's point of view, so technical that it is unusual to find in any but the specially trained writer that thorough acquaintance with the materials and the methods of art without which esthetic criticism remains but the perfunctory notice of an outsider. Though painting and sculpture are the main objects of art collections, each year brings to public attention exhibits of etchings, pastels, pencil sketches, miniatures, textiles, tapestries, jewelry, metal work, ceramics, furniture, and architectural drawings, including landscape gardening and city planning. To master the history and technical vocabulary of any one of these is no light task. The student should therefore make the most of every opportunity not merely to familiarize himself with the aims and possibilities of these various branches of art, but also actually to see how their products are planned and executed in studio and workshop before they reach the art gallery or the exhibition room. If he is so fortunate as himself to have some skill, however slight, in one of these arts, his understanding and appreciation of all will be the clearer and more intimate. When he comes to write, however, he should remember his reader, and, especially as a beginner, shun that too prevalent artistic pose which delights in parading a newly acquired vocabulary. There is nothing esoteric or obscure about great art, and criticism ought to cast light and not shadow upon the object which it asks the reader to contemplate.

I

PLAYWRIGHTS AND PROFESSORS

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

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It is quite possible for the writer in the practical theater—and by practical theater, we mean the theater which offers entertainment at a price and thus supports its workers—to underestimate the debt the theater owes to its theorists, even to those men who are professors, a term less honored on Broadway than Brattle Street. Yet it would be rather difficult, we fancy, to name any two men in America who have inspired an understanding love of dramatic art in more young men (and young women) than Professor George P. Baker of Harvard and Professor Brander Matthews of Columbia. The wit at the Players Club who remarked that the Columbia group of dramatists were all Brandered with the same Matthews was paying a perhaps unintended compliment to the professor's influence, an influence so strong that it has sent man after man out of Columbia filled with a desire to work in the theater.

The recent success of the two volumes of one-act plays written at Harvard and Radcliffe under Professor Baker's influence—a success not only among readers but in the test of scores of amateur performances—is alone sufficient vindication of the academic study of dramatic composition. Did it have no immediate effect at all upon the professional theater, so pronounced an effect in the amateur theater would be worth all the effort.

In the light of the influence of these two men, who have given us from their classrooms playwrights, critics, scene designers, actors, etc., it is interesting to turn to their most recent books, and to see, if possible, how far the 'academic' attitude toward the theater, the theorizing attitude, holds a value for us to have, presumably, advanced beyond the pupil stage (though, to be sure, no man worthy of attention ever ceases to be a pupil to experience).

Professor Matthews' latest book is called 'The Principles of Playmaking,' but if any hopeful aspirant to the mantle of Shakespeare or Fitch hopes to learn his trade by a perusal of these pages, he will be doomed to disappointment. In a series of more or less unrelated papers, the author ranges from a discussion of the theories of Aristotle, Lessing and Sarcey to memories of Edwin Booth and an essay on Matthew Arnold and the Theater. But he nowhere tells anybody how to write a play. Rather he discusses the plays which have been written, and sets forth what seem to him certain laws deducible from them, as opposed to the mere rules or fashions of this or that period. He is the teacher of architecture who discourses on proportion, on the uses of detail, on the underlying principles of structure, not the teacher who supplies the draftsman technique, the mathematics, the planning.

Professor Matthews' point of view toward the drama is too well known by now to require exposition. Like Walkley in England, he rests on Aristotle and runs with Brunetière. Some of us may think that he overtresses the part an audience plays—that is, he gives an audience too little credit for individual judgments, pushing the theory of 'mob psychology' beyond a reasonable point, and also makes the 'success' of a play too dependent upon its immediate effect in the playhouse. There was a long period, for instance, when Shakespeare could not succeed in the theater, yet his plays remained great drama. For a long time American audiences did not accept Ibsen. They were forced to accept him—by Ibsen. In other words, Professor Matthews' advice to playwrights to go to the theater constantly and study the successes, to see what makes them succeed, is possibly dangerous doctrine, and certainly unnecessary. We find, too, a shade of amusement in his theory of the need of music-drama to stick to the romantic, the far away, illustrated by *Madame Butterfly* and the drink of whiskey; for is not Madame Butterfly the most popular opera on the stage to-day? However, theories quite aside (and the Brunetière theory of drama as a clash of wills so constantly urged by Professor Matthews, particularly annoys us at times), it is this

author's deep knowledge of plays and players and playhouses, his devotion to the task of speculating endlessly about them, his vast sympathy for them and his unfailing interest in everything which concerns them, that makes us understand how he has influenced young men, of keen minds and alert curiosity, winning their sympathies and their enthusiasms, also, for the theater. If the stage does not owe much to Professor Matthews, and if the playwrights do not owe much because of awakened interest in critical speculation about their art, there is no such thing as debt. When shall we realize that until theory does enter into our work, until intellect is awakened in the young, we can have no real criticism and no reasoned progress?

Professor Baker's book is of a totally different stamp. It is not a collection of essays on the theater, but the ordered study of the practical task of putting a play together, so far as this study can be embodied in a book and divorced from the personal equation. It deals in theory not at all, except as a preliminary. Yet Professor Baker's preliminary theories are interesting. First, of course, since he is to teach the pupil how to write a drama, he must needs define drama. That is dramatic, he says, 'which by representation of imaginary personages interests, through its emotions, an average audience assembled in a theater.' He does not deny that drama is most frequently a contest, a clash of wills, but it certainly is not always that. He would, practically, define drama as something creating emotional response; and further, he defines 'theatric' as the dramatic made fit for practical presentation in a theater. To make a dramatic idea theatric, in this good sense of the word, is, he says, the mission of technique—and to show the way is the mission of his book.

He does not pretend to tell any writer how to express himself in an individual idiom; if that could be done differently in each individual case. But he, like Professor Matthews, finds certain technical laws of the drama eternal, as opposed to tricks and rules, and by pointing them out in detailed studies, he shows the way to master the basic, essential steps every dramatist must take in shaping a play for the theater.

The first value of Professor Baker's book, one is inclined to say, is its thoroughness, its painstaking search for apt and illuminating illustration. Page after page, often in parallel columns, of examples are cited, showing how dramatists of the past and present have met the various problems of exposition, suspense, character revelation, natural and revealing dialogue, and so on. Often two versions of the same scene are presented. Nothing whatever, in the practical part of the book, is left to theory. It is all stuff from the workshop. Yet, paradoxically, theory is never quite absent. The critical instinct is probing for the reason of every step and illuminating the process. Nowhere is this clearer than in his chapters on characterization. He agrees largely with Galsworthy 'that character is plot,' and by parallel illustrations he shows how the same 'situation,' tame or ineffective in one version, becomes tinglingly alive when the dramatist lets his characters take it in hand. 'When in doubt, when your transition scenes don't work out, when your act becomes clogged, stop and become better acquainted with your characters,' is the gist of his advice. Because drama is emotion, the deepest and surest drama must inevitably result from character.

It is practical advice, which not a few of our practising playwrights would do well to heed, that every dramatist, facing the further development of his story, should not at once cast about for further situations, but should first see whether he has extracted all he can of complication and revelation out of the character clashes naturally incident to the existing situation. An act of a dozen situations may very well be less absorbing and rich than one of a single situation worked out to the full. 'Intimate knowledge of his characters is the only safe foundation for the ambitious playwright,' Professor Baker says, to which we cry Amen! And never was this truth more disregarded than in the American theater today where we are still under the spell of the trick drama, the search for novelty of theme and fresh twist of plot.

In his chapters on Dialogue the teacher holds no less firmly to the basic need of understanding the characters. In these chapters, also, he has something to say —but too little—about the actors. It is

a fault of this book, as of all books on playwriting, that the perpetual consciousness of the actor in the dramatist's mind as he works cannot be expounded. No doubt it was to fill this very want, primarily, that Professor Baker started his workshop theater in conjunction with his classes in composition. A dramatist must not only feel what words can best be spoken by an actor. He must know what effects the actor can secure by gesture, by facial expression, more potently than by words. (Professor Baker's remarks on Pantomime are shrewd and sensible, but he cannot teach a novice to know how expressive his players can be. Only the instinct which comes from practice in the theater will teach him that. It is interesting to observe how Barrie, for example, has advanced in pantomime understanding.) Similarly it might be urged that Professor Baker neglects the possibilities of lighting, grouping, setting, in the creation of that total emotional effect which is acted drama. But doubtless he would urge that this, too, can only be taught in the school of experience.

Not the least valuable part of the book is a concluding chapter on scenarios, which contains the complete author's scenario of *Kismet*, with notes on subsequent changes. This chapter helps to drive home the common-sense lesson of the entire book—the lesson of clearness, coherence, the need of so definite a knowledge of the characters, so well-realized a purpose, that the action may, in summary, tell a good story, with emphasis in the proper places and the guiding idea held like a beacon.

Frankly a book of technical instruction for beginning playwrights, to aid them in mastering those first principles which, under self-instruction, are often so painfully mastered, or never quite grasped, this volume at the same time by its theory of the first principles, and by its copious illustrations of them from fine examples, becomes of interest to all students and lovers of the theater, making for a better understanding of dramatic art and a richer background of judgment and enjoyment.

In all departments of American life, and particularly, perhaps, in the theater, the absurd pose of contempt for the 'highbrow' by the 'lowbrow' (and sometimes the equally absurd patronage of the 'lowbrow' by the 'highbrow' has worked much evil, opening the gap between enjoyment and critical contemplation which makes enjoyment unthinking and criticism dull. There should, of course, be no such gap, and when men like Brander Matthews and George P. Baker are filling young minds with enthusiasm as well as critical curiosity, we, on our part, hail the enthusiasm and refuse to quarrel much with any of the critical theory.

II

SOME PLATITUDES CONCERNING DRAMA

JOHN GALSWORTHY

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A Drama must be shaped so as to have a spire of meaning. Every grouping of life and character has its inherent moral; and the business of the dramatist is so to pose the group as to bring that moral poignantly to the light of day. Such is the moral that exhales from plays like *Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth*. But such is not the moral to be found in the great bulk of contemporary Drama. The moral of the average play is now, and probably has always been, the triumph at all costs of a supposed immediate ethical good over a supposed immediate ethical evil.

The vice of drawing these distorted morals has permeated the Drama to its spine; discolored its art, humanity, and significance; infected its creators, actors, audience, critics; too often turned it from a picture into a caricature. A Drama which lives under the shadow of the distorted moral forgets how to be free, fair, and fine—forgets so completely that it often prides itself on having forgotten.

Now, in writing plays, there are, in this matter of the moral, three courses open to the serious dramatist. The first is: To definitely set before the public that which it wishes to have set before it, the views and codes of life by which the public lives and in which it believes. This way is the most common, successful, and popular. It makes the dramatist's position sure, and not too obviously authoritative.

The second course is: To definitely set before the public those views and codes of life by which the dramatist himself lives, those theories in which he himself believes, the more effectively if they are the opposite of what the public wishes to have placed before it, presenting them so that the audience may swallow them like powder in a spoonful of jam.

There is a third course: To set before the public no cut-and-dried codes, but the phenomena of life and character, selected and combined, *but not distorted*, by the dramatist's outlook, set down without fear, favor, or prejudice, leaving the public to draw such poor moral as nature may afford. This third method requires a certain detachment; it requires a sympathy with, a love of, and a curiosity as to, things for their own sake; it requires a far view, together with patient industry, for no immediately practical result.

It was once said of Shakespeare that he had never done any good to any one, and never would. This, unfortunately, could not, in the sense in which the word 'good' was then meant, be said of most modern dramatists. In truth, the good that Shakespeare did to humanity was of a remote, and, shall we say, eternal nature; something of the good that men get from having the sky and the sea to look at. And this partly because he was, in his greater plays at all events, free from the habit of drawing a distorted moral. Now, the playwright who supplies to the public the facts of life distorted by the moral which it expects, does so that he may do the public what he considers an immediate good, by fortifying its prejudices; and the dramatist who supplies to the public facts distorted by his own advanced morality, does so because he considers that he will at once benefit the public by substituting for its worn-out ethics, his own. In both cases the advantage the dramatist hopes to confer on the public is immediate and practical.

But matters change, and morals change; men remain—and to set men, and the facts about them, down faithfully, so that they draw for us the moral of their natural actions, may also possibly be of benefit to the community. It is, at all events, harder than to set men and facts down, as they ought, or ought not to be. This, however, is not to say that a dramatist should, or indeed can, keep himself and his temperamental philosophy out of his work. As a man lives and thinks, so will he write. But it is certain, that to the making of good drama, as to the practice of every other art, there must be brought an almost passionate love of discipline, a white-heat of self-respect, a desire to make the truest, fairest, best thing in one's power; and that to these must be added an eye that does not flinch. Such qualities alone will bring to a drama the selfless character which soaks it with inevitability.

The word 'pessimist' is frequently applied to the few dramatists who have been content to work in this way. It has been applied, among others, to Euripides, to Shakespeare, to Ibsen; it will be applied to many in the future. Nothing, however, is more dubious than the way in which these two words 'pessimist' and 'optimist' are used; for the optimist appears to be he who cannot bear the world as it is, and is forced by his nature to picture it as it ought to be, and the pessimist one who cannot only bear the world as it is, but loves it well enough to draw it faithfully. The true lover of the human race is surely he who can put up with it in all its forms, in vice as well as in virtue, in defeat no less than in victory; the true seer he who sees not only joy but sorrow, the true painter of human life one who blinks nothing. It may be that he is also, incidentally, its true benefactor.

In the whole range of the social fabric there are only two impartial persons, the scientist and the artist, and under the latter heading such dramatists as desire to write not only for today, but for tomorrow, must strive to come.

But dramatists being as they are made —past remedy—it is perhaps more profitable to examine the various points at which their qualities and defects are shown.

The plot! A good plot is that sure edifice which slowly rises out of the interplay of circumstance on temperament, and temperament on circumstance, within the enclosing atmosphere of an idea. A human being is the best plot there is; it may be impossible to see why he is a good plot, because the idea within which he was brought forth cannot be fully grasped; but it is plain that *he is a good plot*. He is organic. And so it must be with a good play. Reason alone produces no good

plots; they come by original sin, sure conception, and instinctive after-power of selecting what benefits the germ. A bad plot, on the other hand, is simply a row of stakes, with a character impaled on each —characters who would have liked to live, but came to untimely grief; who started bravely, but fell on these stakes, placed beforehand in a row, and were transfixed one by one, while their ghosts stride on, squeaking and gibbering, through the play. Whether these stakes are made of facts or of ideas, according to the nature of the dramatist who planted them, their effect on the unfortunate characters is the same; the creatures were begotten to be staked, and staked they are! The demand for a good plot, not infrequently heard, commonly signifies: 'Tickle my sensations by stuffing the play with arbitrary adventures, so that I need not be troubled to take the characters seriously. Set the persons of the play to action, regardless of time, sequence, atmosphere, and probability!'

Now, true dramatic action is what characters do, at once contrary, as it were, to expectation, and yet because they have already done other things. No dramatist should let his audience know what is coming; but neither should he suffer his characters to act without making his audience feel that those actions are in harmony with temperament, and arise from previous known actions, together with the temperaments and previous known actions of the other characters in the play. The dramatist who hangs his characters to his plot, instead of hanging his plot to his characters, is guilty of cardinal sin.

The dialogue! Good dialogue again is character, marshaled so as continually to stimulate interest or excitement. The reason good dialogue is seldom found in plays is merely that it is hard to write, for it requires not only a knowledge of what interests or excites, but such a feeling for character as brings misery to the dramatist's heart when his creations speak as they should not speak—ashes to his mouth when they say things for the sake of saying them—disgust when they are 'smart.'

The art of writing true dramatic dialogue is an austere art, denying itself all license, grudging every sentence devoted to the mere machinery of the play, suppressing all jokes and epigrams severed from character, relying for fun and pathos on the fun and tears of life. From start to finish good dialogue is hand-made, like good lace; clear, of fine texture, furthering with each thread the harmony and strength of a design to which all must be subordinated.

But good dialogue is also spiritual action. In so far as the dramatist divorces his dialogue from spiritual action—that is to say, from progress of events, or toward events which are significant of character—he is stultifying τὸ δραμα the thing done; he may make pleasing disquisitions, he is not making drama. And in so far as he twists character to suit his moral or his plot, he is neglecting a first principle, that truth to Nature which alone invests art with hand-made quality.

The dramatist's license, in fact, ends with his design. In conception alone he is free. He may take what character or group of characters he chooses, see them with what eyes, knit them with what idea, within the limits of his temperament; but once taken, seen, and knitted, he is bound to treat them like a gentleman, with the tenderest consideration of their mainsprings. Take care of character; action and dialogue will take care of themselves! The true dramatist gives full rein to his temperament in the scope and nature of his subject; having once selected subject and characters, he is just, gentle, restrained, neither gratifying his lust for praise at the expense of his offspring, nor using them as puppets to flout his audience. Being himself the nature that brought them forth, he guides them in the course predestined at their conception. So only have they a chance of defying Time, which is always lying in wait to destroy the false, topical, or fashionable, all—in a word—that is not based on the permanent elements of human nature. The perfect dramatist rounds up his characters and facts within the ring-fence of a dominant idea which fulfils the craving of his spirit; having got them there, he suffers them to live their own lives.

Plot, action, character, dialogue! But there is yet another subject for a platitude. Flavor! An impalpable quality, less easily captured than the scent of a flower, the peculiar and most essential

attribute of any work of art! It is the thin, poignant spirit which hovers up out of a play, and is as much its differentiating essence as is caffeine of coffee. Flavor, in fine, is the spirit of the dramatist projected into his work in a state of volatility, so that no one can exactly lay hands on it, here, there, or anywhere. This distinctive essence of a play, marking its brand, is the one thing at which the dramatist cannot work, for it is outside his consciousness. A man may have many moods, he has but one spirit; and this spirit he communicates in some subtle, unconscious way to all his work. It waxes and wanes with the currents of his vitality, but no more alters than a chestnut changes into an oak.

For, in truth, dramas are very like unto trees, springing from seedlings, shaping themselves inevitably in accordance with the laws fast hidden within themselves, drinking sustenance from the earth and air, and in conflict with the natural forces round them. So they slowly come to full growth, until warped, stunted, or risen to fair and gracious height, they stand open to all the winds. And the trees that spring from each dramatist are of different race; he is the spirit of his own sacred grove, into which no stray tree can by any chance enter.

One more platitude. It is not unfashionable to pit one form of drama against another—holding up the naturalistic to the disadvantage of the epic; the epic to the belittlement of the fantastic; the fantastic to the detriment of the naturalistic. Little purpose is thus served. The essential meaning, truth, beauty, and irony of things may be revealed under all these forms. Vision over life and human nature can be as keen and just, the revelation as true, inspiring, delight-giving, and thought-provoking, whatever fashion be employed—it is simply a question of doing it well enough to uncover the kernel of the nut. Whether the violet come from Russia, from Parma, or from England, matters little. Close by the Greek temples at Paestum there are violets that seem redder, and sweeter, than any ever seen—as though they have sprung up out of the footprints of some pagan goddess; but under the April sun, in a Devonshire lane, the little blue scentless violets capture every bit as much of the spring. And so it is with drama—no matter what its form—it need only be the 'real thing,' need only have caught some of the precious fluids, revelation, or delight, and imprisoned them within a chalice to which we may put our lips and continually drink.

And yet, starting from this last platitude, one may perhaps be suffered to speculate as to the particular forms that our renascent drama is likely to assume. For our drama is renascent, and nothing will stop its growth. It is not renascent because this or that man is writing, but because of a new spirit. A spirit that is no doubt in part the gradual outcome of the impact on our home-grown art, of Russian, French, and Scandinavian influences, but which in the main rises from an awakened humanity in the conscience of our time.

What, then, are to be the main channels down which the renascent English drama will float in the coming years? It is more than possible that these main channels will come to be two in number and situate far apart.

The one will be the broad and clear-cut channel of naturalism, down which will course a drama poignantly shaped, and inspired with high intention, but faithful to the seething and multiple life around us, drama such as some are inclined to term photographic, deceived by a seeming simplicity into forgetfulness of the old proverb, *'Ars est celare artem,'* and oblivious of the fact that, to be vital, to grip, such drama is in every respect as dependent on imagination, construction, selection, and elimination—the main laws of artistry—as ever was the romantic or rhapsodic play. The question of naturalistic technique will bear, indeed, much more study than has yet been given to it. The aim of the dramatist employing it is obviously to create such an illusion of actual life passing on the stage as to compel the spectator to pass through an experience of his own, to think, and talk, and move with the people he sees thinking, talking, and moving in front of him. A false phrase, a single word out of tune or time, will destroy that illusion and spoil the surface as surely as a stone heaved into a still pool shatters the image seen there. But this is only the beginning of the reason why the naturalistic is the most exacting and difficult of all tech-

niques. It is easy enough to *reproduce* the exact conversation and movements of persons in a room; it is desperately hard to *produce* the perfectly natural conversation and movements of those persons, when each natural phrase spoken and each natural movement made has not only to contribute toward the growth and perfection of a drama's soul, but also to be a revelation, phrase by phrase, movement by movement, of essential traits of character. To put it another way, naturalistic art, when alive, indeed to be alive at all, is simply the art of manipulating a procession of most delicate symbols. Its service is the swaying and focussing of men's feelings and thoughts in the various departments of human life. It will be like a steady lamp, held up from time to time, in whose light things will be seen for a space clearly and in due proportion, freed from the mists of prejudice and partizanship.

And the other of these two main channels will, I think, be a twisting and delicious stream, which will bear on its breast new barques of poetry, shaped, it may be, like prose, but a prose incarnating through its fantasy and symbolism all the deeper aspirations, yearnings, doubts, and mysterious stirrings of the human spirit; a poetic prose-drama, emotionalizing us by its diversity and purity of form and invention, and whose province will be to disclose the elemental soul of man and the forces of Nature, not perhaps as the old tragedies disclosed them, not necessarily in the epic mood, but always with beauty and in the spirit of discovery.

Such will, I think, be the two vital forms of our drama in the coming generation. And between these two forms there must be no crude unions; they are too far apart, the cross is too violent. For, where there is a seeming blend of lyricism and naturalism, it will on examination be found, I think, to exist only in plays whose subjects or settings —as in Synge's *Playboy of the Western World,* or in Mr. Masefield's *Nan*—are so removed from our ken that we cannot really tell, and therefore do not care, whether an absolute illusion is maintained. The poetry which may and should exist in naturalistic drama, can only be that of perfect rightness of proportion, rhythm, shape—the poetry, in fact, that lies in all vital things. It is the ill-mating of forms that has killed a thousand plays. We want no more bastard drama; no more attempts to dress out the simple dignity of everyday life in the peacock's feathers of false lyricism; no more straw-stuffed heroes or heroines; no more rabbits and goldfish from the conjurer's pockets, nor any limelight. Let us have starlight, moonlight, sunlight, and the light of our own self-respects.

III

WRITING PLAYS

ARNOLD BENNETT

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There is an idea abroad, assiduously fostered as a rule by critics who happen to have written neither novels nor plays, that it is more difficult to write a play than a novel. I do not think so. I have written or collaborated in about twenty novels and about twenty plays, and I am convinced that it is easier to write a play than a novel. Personally, I would sooner *write* two plays than one novel—less expenditure of nervous force and mere brains would be required for two plays than for one novel. (I emphasize the word 'write' because if the whole weariness between the first conception and the first performance of a play is compared with the whole weariness between the first conception and the first publication of a novel, then the play has it. I would sooner get seventy and seven novels produced than one play. But my immediate object is to compare only writing with writing.) It seems to me that the sole persons entitled to judge of the comparative difficulty of writing plays and writing novels are those authors who have succeeded or failed equally well in both departments. And in this limited band I imagine that the differences of opinion on the point could not be marked. I would like to note in passing, for the support of my proposition, that whereas established novelists not infrequently venture into the theater with audacity, established dramatists are very cautious indeed about quitting the theater. An established dramatist usually takes good care to write plays

and naught else; he will not affront the risks of coming out into the open; and therein his instinct is quite properly that of self-preservation. Of many established dramatists all over the world it may be affirmed that if they were so indiscreet as to publish a novel the result would be a great shattering and a great awakening.

An enormous amount of vague reverential nonsense is talked about the technique of the stage, the assumption being that in difficulty it far surpasses any other literary technique, and that until it is acquired a respectable play cannot be written. One hears also that it can only be acquired behind the scenes. A famous actor-manager once kindly gave me the benefits of his experience, and what he said was that a dramatist who wished to learn his business must live behind the scenes—and study the works of Dion Boucicault! The truth is that no technique is so crude and so simple as the technique of the stage, and that the proper place to learn it is not behind the scenes, but in the pit. Managers, being the most conservative people on earth, except compositors, will honestly try to convince the naïve dramatist that effects can only be obtained in the precise way in which effects have always been obtained, and that this and that rule must not be broken on pain of outraging the public. And indeed it is natural that managers should talk thus, seeing the low state of the drama, because in any art rules and reaction always flourish when creative energy is sick. The mandarins have ever said and will ever say that a technique which does not correspond with their own is not technique, but simply clumsiness. There are some seven situations in the customary drama, and a play which does not contain at least one of those situations in each act will be condemned as 'undramatic' or 'thin,' or as being 'all talk.' It may contain half a hundred other situations, but for the mandarin a situation which is not one of the seven is not a situation. Similarly there are some dozen character types in the customary drama, and all original—that is, truthful—characterization will be dismissed as a total absence of characterization because it does not reproduce any of these dozen types. Thus every truly original play is bound to be indicted for bad technique. The author is bound to be told that what he has written may be marvelously clever, but that it is not a play. I remember the day—and it is not long ago—when even so experienced and sincere a critic as William Archer used to argue that if the 'intellectual' drama did not succeed with the general public, it was because its technique was not up to the level of the technique of the commercial drama! Perhaps he has changed his opinion since then. Heaven knows that the so-called 'intellectual' drama is amateurish enough, but nearly all literary art is amateurish, and assuredly no intellectual drama could hope to compete in clumsiness with some of the most successful commercial plays of modern times. I tremble to think what the mandarins and William Archer would say to the technique of *Hamlet* could it by some miracle be brought forward as a new piece by a Mr. Shakespeare. They would probably recommend Mr. Shakespeare to consider the ways of Sardou, Henri Bernstein and Sir Herbert Tree, and be wise. Most positively they would assert that *Hamlet* was not a play. And their pupils of the daily press would point out—what surely Mr. Shakespeare ought to have perceived for himself—that the second, third, or fourth act might be cut wholesale without the slightest loss to the piece.

In the sense in which mandarins understand the word technique, there is no technique special to the stage except that which concerns the moving of solid human bodies to and fro, and the limitations of the human senses. The dramatist must not expect his audience to be able to see or hear two things at once, nor to be incapable of fatigue. And he must not expect his interpreters to stroll round or come on or go off in a satisfactory manner unless he provides them with satisfactory reasons for strolling round, coming in, or going off. Lastly, he must not expect his interpreters to achieve physical impossibilities. The dramatist who sends a pretty woman off in street attire and seeks to bring her on again in thirty seconds fully dressed for a court ball may fail in stage technique, but he has not proved that stage technique is tremendously difficult; he has proved something quite else.

One reason why a play is easier to write than a novel is that a play is shorter than a novel. On the average one may say

that it takes six plays to make the matter of a novel. Other things being equal, a short work of art presents fewer difficulties than a longer one. The contrary is held true by the majority, but then the majority, having never attempted to produce a long work of art, are unqualified to offer an opinion. It is said that the most difficult form of poetry is the sonnet. But the most difficult form of poetry is the epic. The proof that the sonnet is the most difficult form is alleged to be in the fewness of perfect sonnets. There are, however, few more perfect sonnets than perfect epics. A perfect sonnet may be a heavenly accident. But such accidents can never happen to writers of epics. Some years ago we had an enormous palaver about the 'art of the short story,' which numerous persons who had omitted to write novels pronounced to be more difficult than the novel. But the fact remains that there are scores of perfect short stories, whereas it is doubtful whether anybody but Turgenieff ever did write a perfect novel. A short form is easier to manipulate than a long form because its construction is less complicated, because the balance of its proportions can be more easily corrected by means of a rapid survey, because it is lawful and even necessary in it to leave undone many things which are very hard to do, and because the emotional strain is less prolonged. The most difficult thing in all art is to maintain the imaginative tension unslackened throughout a considerable period.

Then, not only does a play contain less matter than a novel—it is further simplified by the fact that it contains fewer kinds of matter, and less subtle kinds of matter. There are numerous delicate and difficult affairs of craft that the dramatist need not think about at all. If he attempts to go beyond a certain very mild degree of subtlety he is merely wasting his time. What passes for subtlety on the stage would have a very obvious air in a novel, as some dramatists have unhappily discovered. Thus whole continents of danger may be shunned by the dramatist, and instead of being scorned for his cowardice he will be very rightly applauded for his artistic discretion. Fortunate predicament! Again, he need not—indeed he must not—save in a primitive and hinting manner, concern himself with 'atmosphere.' He may roughly suggest one, but if he begins on the feat of 'creating' an atmosphere (as it is called), the last suburban train will have departed before he has reached the crisis of the play. The last suburban train is the best friend of the dramatist, though the fellow seldom has the sense to see it. Further he is saved all descriptive work. See a novelist harassing himself into his grave over the description of a landscape, a room, a gesture—while the dramatist grins. The dramatist may have to imagine a landscape, a room, or a gesture; but he has not got to write it—and it is the writing which hastens death. If a dramatist and a novelist set out to portray a clever woman, they are almost equally matched, because each has to make the creature say things and do things. But if they set out to portray a charming woman, the dramatist can recline in an easy-chair and smoke while the novelist is ruining temper, digestion and eyesight, and spreading terror in his household by his moodiness and unapproachability. The electric light burns in the novelist's study at 3 A. M.—the novelist is still endeavoring to convey by means of words the extraordinary fascination that his heroine could exercise over mankind by the mere act of walking into a room; and he never has really succeeded and never will. The dramatist writes curtly, 'Enter Millicent.' All are anxious to do the dramatist's job for him. Is the play being read at home—the reader eagerly and with brilliant success puts his imagination to work and completes a charming Millicent after his own secret desires. (Whereas he would coldly decline to add one touch to Millicent were she the heroine of a novel.) Is the play being performed on the stage—an experienced, conscientious and perhaps lovely actress will strive her hardest to prove that the dramatist was right about Millicent's astounding fascination. And if she fails nobody will blame the dramatist; the dramatist will receive naught but sympathy.

And there is still another region of superlative difficulty which is narrowly circumscribed for the spoiled dramatist—I mean the whole business of persuading the public that the improbable is probable. Every work of art is and must be

crammed with improbabilities and artifice; and the greater portion of the artifice is employed in just this trickery of persuasion. Only, the public of the dramatist needs far less persuading than the public of the novelist. The novelist announces that Millicent accepted the hand of the wrong man, and in spite of all the novelist's corroborative and exegetical detail the insulted reader declines to credit the statement and condemns the incident as unconvincing. The dramatist decides that Millicent must accept the hand of the wrong man, and there she is on the stage in flesh and blood, veritably doing it! Not easy for even the critical beholder to maintain that Millicent could not and did not do such a silly thing when he has actually with his eyes seen her in the very act! The dramatist, as usual, having done less, is more richly rewarded by results.

Of course, it will be argued, as it has always been argued, by those who have not written novels, that it is precisely the 'doing less'—the leaving out—that constitutes the unique and fearful difficulty of dramatic art. 'The skill to leave out'—lo! the master faculty of the dramatist! But, in the first place, I do not believe that, having regard to the relative scope of the play and of the novel, the necessity for leaving out is more acute in the one than in the other. The adjective 'photographic' is as absurd applied to the novel as to the play. And, in the second place, other factors being equal, it is less exhausting, and it requires less skill, to refrain from doing than to do. To know when to refrain from doing may be hard, but positively to do is even harder. Sometimes, listening to partizans of the drama, I have been moved to suggest that, if the art of omission is so wondrously difficult, a dramatist who practised the habit of omitting to write anything whatever ought to be hailed as the supreme craftsman.

Whether in a play or in a novel, the creative artist has to tell a story—using the word story in a very wide sense. Just as a novel is divided into chapters, and for a similar reason, a play is divided into acts. But neither chapters nor acts are necessary. Some of Balzac's chief novels have no chapter-divisions, and it has been proved that a theater audience can and will listen for two hours to 'talk,' and even recitative singing, on the stage, without a pause. Indeed audiences, under the compulsion of an artist strong and imperious enough, could, I am sure, be trained to marvelous feats of prolonged receptivity. However, chapters and acts are usual, and they involve the same constructional processes on the part of the artist. The entire play or novel must tell a complete story—that is, arouse a curiosity and reasonably satisfy it, raise a main question and then settle it. And each act or other chief division must tell a definite portion of the story, satisfy part of the curiosity, settle part of the question. And each scene or other minor division must do the same according to its scale. Everything basic that applies to the technique of the novel applies equally to the technique of the play.

In particular I would urge that a play, any more than a novel, need not be dramatic, employing the term as it is usually employed. In so far as it suspends the listener's interest every tale, however told, may be said to be dramatic. In this sense *The Golden Bowl* is dramatic; so are *Dominique* and *Persuasion*. A play need not be more dramatic than that. Very emphatically a play need not be dramatic in the stage sense. It need never induce interest to the degree of excitement. It need have nothing that resembles what would be recognizable in the theater as a situation. It may amble on—and it will still be a play, and it may succeed in pleasing either the fastidious hundreds or the unfastidious hundreds of thousands, according to the talent of the author. Without doubt mandarins will continue for about a century yet to excommunicate certain plays from the category of plays. But nobody will be any the worse. And dramatists will go on proving that whatever else divides a play from a book 'dramatic quality' does not. Some archmandarin may launch at me one of those mandarinic epigrammatic questions which are supposed to overthrow the adversary at one dart. 'Do you seriously mean to argue, sir, that drama need not be dramatic?' I do, if the word dramatic is to be used in the mandarinic signification. I mean to state that some of the finest plays of the modern age differ from a psychological novel

in nothing but the superficial form of telling. Example, Henri Becque's *La Parisienne,* than which there is no better. If I am asked to give my own definition of the adjective 'dramatic,' I would say that that story is dramatic which is told in dialogue imagined to be spoken by actors and actresses on the stage, and that any narrower definition is bound to exclude some genuine plays universally accepted as such—even by mandarins. For be it noted that the mandarin is never consistent.

My definition brings me to the sole technical difference between a play and a novel —in the play the story is told by means of dialogue. It is a difference less important than it seems, and not invariably even a sure point of distinction between the two kinds of narrative. For a novel may consist exclusively of dialogue. And plays may contain other matter than dialogue. The classic chorus is not dialogue. But nowadays we should consider the device of the chorus to be clumsy, as, nowadays, it indeed would be. We have grown very ingenious and clever at the trickery of making characters talk to the audience and explain themselves and their past history while seemingly innocent of any such intention. And here, I admit, the dramatist has to face a difficulty special to himself, which the novelist can avoid. I believe it to be the sole difficulty which is peculiar to the drama, and that it is not acute is proved by the ease with which third-rate dramatists have generally vanquished it. Mandarins are wont to assert that the dramatist is also handicapped by the necessity for rigid economy in the use of material. This is not so. Rigid economy in the use of material is equally advisable in every form of art. If it is a necessity it is a necessity which all artists flout from time to time, and occasionally with gorgeous results, and the successful dramatist has hitherto not been less guilty of flouting it than the novelist or any other artist.

And now having shown that some alleged differences between the play and the novel are illusory, and that a certain technical difference, though possibly real, is superficial and slight, I come to the fundamental difference between them—a difference which the laity does not suspect, which is seldom insisted upon and never sufficiently, but which nobody who is well versed in the making of both plays and novels can fail to feel profoundly. The emotional strain of writing a play is not merely less prolonged than that of writing a novel—it is less severe even, while it lasts, lower in degree and of a less purely creative character. And herein is the chief of all the reasons why a play is easier to write than a novel. The drama does not belong exclusively to literature, because its effect depends on something more than the composition of words. The dramatist is the sole author of the play, but he is not the sole creator of it. Without him nothing can be done, but, on the other hand, he cannot do everything himself. He begins the work of creation, which is finished either by creative interpreters on the stage or by the creative imagination of the reader in the study. It is as if he carried an immense weight to the landing at the turn of a flight of stairs, and that thence upward the lifting had to be done by other people. Consider the affair as a pyramidal structure and the dramatist is the base—but he is not the apex. A play is a collaboration of creative faculties. The egotism of the dramatist resents this uncomfortable fact, but the fact exists. And further, the creative faculties are not only those of the author, the stage-director (producer) and the actors—the audience itself is unconsciously part of the collaboration.

Hence a dramatist who attempts to do the whole work of creation before the acting begins is an inartistic usurper of the functions of others, and will fail of proper accomplishment at the end. The dramatist must deliberately, in performing his share of the work, leave scope for a multitude of alien faculties whose operations he can neither precisely foresee nor completely control. The point is not that in the writing of a play there are various sorts of matters—as we have already seen—which the dramatist must ignore; the point is that even in the region proper to him he must not push the creative act to its final limit. He must ever remember those who are to come after him.

When the play is 'finished,' the processes of collaboration have yet to begin. The serious work of the dramatist is over, but the most desolating part of his toil

awaits him. I do not refer to the business of arranging with a theatrical manager for the production of the play. For, though that generally partakes of the nature of tragedy, it also partakes of the nature of amusing burlesque, owing to the fact that theatrical managers are—no doubt inevitably—theatrical. Nevertheless, even the theatrical manager, while disclaiming the slightest interest in anything more vital to the stage than the box-office, is himself in some degree a collaborator, and is the first to show to the dramatist that a play is not a play till it is performed. The manager reads the play, and, to the dramatist's astonishment, reads quite a different play from that which the dramatist imagines he wrote. In particular the manager reads a play which can scarcely hope to succeed—indeed a play against whose chances of success ten thousand powerful reasons can be adduced.

It is remarkable that a manager nearly always foresees failure in a manuscript, and very seldom success. The manager's profoundest instinct—self-preservation again—is to refuse a play; if he accepts, it is against the grain, against his judgment—and out of a mad spirit of adventure. Some of the most glittering successes have been rehearsed in an atmosphere of settled despair. The dramatist naturally feels an immense contempt for the opinions, artistic and otherwise, of the manager, and he is therein justified. The manager's vocation is not to write plays, nor (let us hope) to act in them, nor to direct the rehearsals of them, and even his knowledge of the vagaries of his own box-office has often proved to be pitiably delusive. The manager's true and only vocation is to refrain from producing plays. Despite all this, however, the manager has already collaborated in the play. The dramatist sees it differently now. All sorts of new considerations have been presented to him. Not a word has been altered; but it is noticeably another play. Which is merely to say that the creative work on it which still remains to be done has been more accurately envisaged. This experience could not happen to a novel, because when a novel is written it is finished.

And when the director of rehearsals, or producer, has been chosen, and this priceless and mysterious person has his first serious confabulation with the author, then at once the play begins to assume new shapes—contours undreamed of by the author till that startling moment. And even if the author has the temerity to conduct his own rehearsals, similar disconcerting phenomena will occur; for the author as a producer is a different fellow from the author as author. The producer is up against realities. He, first, renders the play concrete, gradually condenses its filmy vapors into a solid element. . . . He suggests the casting. 'What do you think of X for the old man?' asked the producer. The author is staggered. Is it conceivable that so renowned a producer can have so misread and misunderstood the play? X would be preposterous as the old man. But the producer goes on talking. And suddenly the author sees possibilities in X. But at the same time he sees a different play from what he wrote. And quite probably he sees a more glorious play. Quite probably he had not suspected how great a dramatist he is. . . . Before the first rehearsal is called, the play, still without a word altered, has gone through astounding creative transmutations; the author recognizes in it some likeness to his beloved child, but it is the likeness of a first cousin.

At the first rehearsal, and for many rehearsals, to an extent perhaps increasing, perhaps decreasing, the dramatist is forced into an apologetic and self-conscious mood; and his mien is something between that of a criminal who has committed a horrid offense and that of a father over the crude body of a new-born child. Now in truth he deeply realizes that a play is a collaboration. In extreme cases he may be brought to see that he himself is one of the less important factors in the collaboration. The first preoccupation of the interpreters is not with his play at all, but—quite rightly—with their own careers; if they were not honestly convinced that their own careers were the chief genuine excuse for the existence of the theater and the play they would not act very well. But more than that, they do not regard his play as a sufficient vehicle for the furtherance of their careers. At the most favorable what they secretly think is that if they are permitted to exercise their talents on his play there is

chance that they may be able to turn it into a sufficient vehicle for the furtherance of their careers. The attitude of every actor toward his part is: 'My part is not much of a part as it stands, but if my individuality is allowed to get into free contact with it, I may make something brilliant out of it.' Which attitude is a proper attitude, and an attitude, in my opinion, justified by the facts of the case. The actor's phrase is that he *creates* a part, and he is right. He completes the labor of creation begun by the author and continued by the producer, and if liberty is not accorded to him—if either the author or the producer attempts to do much of the creative work—the result cannot be satisfactory.

As the rehearsals proceed the play changes from day to day. However autocratic the producer, however obstinate the dramatist, the play will vary at each rehearsal like a large cloud in a gentle wind. It is never the same play for two days together. Nor is this surprising, seeing that every day and night a dozen, or it may be two dozen, human beings endowed with the creative gift are creatively working on it. Every dramatist who is candid with himself well knows that, though his play is often worsened by his collaborators, it is often improved—and improved in the most mysterious and dazzling manner—without a word being altered. Producer and actors do not merely suggest possibilities, they execute them. And the author is confronted by artistic phenomena for which lawfully he may not claim credit. On the other hand, he may be confronted by inartistic phenomena in respect to which lawfully he is blameless, but which he cannot prevent; a rehearsal is like a battle—certain persons are theoretically in control, but in fact the thing principally fights itself. And thus the creation goes on until the dress rehearsal, when it seems to have come to a stop. And the dramatist, lying awake in the night, reflects stoically, fatalistically: 'Well, that is the play that they have made of *my play!*' And he may be pleased or he may be disgusted. But if he attends the first performance he cannot fail to notice, after the first few minutes of it, that he was quite mistaken, and that what the actors are performing is still another play. The audience is collaborating.

IV

THE IRISH DRAMA

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

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I will not criticize the contemporary theater as a whole. If you were satisfied with it you would not have formed yourselves into a Drama League. If I were satisfied with it I should not have spent so much time over our Irish players. We all know, owing to the commercial conditions of the times, contemporary drama, as a whole, does not take its place beside the best painting, the best music, and the best books of our times; the contemporary theater makes a pretense of representing reality—of showing us people no more exciting than we are ourselves, no more eloquent than we are ourselves, no more picturesquely dressed than we are ourselves, and it is right that it should do so. Reformers of the theater, for the most part, accept the same idea. And they, at least, do give you reality, and they make it interesting to you, as Mr. Galsworthy does in his *Strife* and in his *Justice*, by showing the great hidden forces of the modern world—the strife between capital and labor, the contest of men against theological institutions, against the accepted social code, etc. There is another way to change the stage, and that is to show there a life, whether ideal or real, that is exciting and picturesque in itself. Italy, where they have made the verse drama once more a really popular thing, is doing that in one way. In Sicily, where Grasso is creating a wonderful school of players, and in Ireland, it is being done in a different way. We are puting upon the stage a real life where men talk picturesque and musical words, and where men have often strange and picturesque characters; that is to say, the life of faraway villages where an old leisurely habit of life still remains.

From the first start of our intellectual movement in Ireland, our faith in success has come from our knowledge of the life of the country places, and the imaginative beauty of their speech. One discovers

thoughts there not very much unlike those of Homer, not very unlike those of the Greek dramatists. Of course there is a great deal that is crude, but there are songs and stories, showing an attitude of mind that seems the very root of art.

Close to the house where I spend every summer there is the little picturesque village of Ballylee, two or three houses gathered about an old castle, a very old bridge, and beside the bridge great stones that helped the traveler when the stream was flooded, probably for centuries before the bridge was built. Seventy years ago there died in that village Mary Hynes, a beautiful peasant girl, and the poet Rafftery put her into a song. A few years ago I heard old men and women describe her beauty after all these years with wonder and excitement in their voices. 'The sun and the moon,' said one, 'never shone upon anybody so lovely.' 'I tremble all over when I think of her,' said another. Nor was the poet's praise that made her so famous unworthy praise. 'Mary Hynes, the calm and easy woman, has beauty in her mind and beauty in her body.' That 's what Rafftery said of her. It is like hearing the old men on the walls of Troy speak of Helen.

In Ireland the country life has for us the further fascination that it is the only thoroughly Irish life that is left. Everywhere else English influence has made a conquest more thorough than any that the sword could make. All our patriotic movements go back to the peasant, just as similar movements have done in Norway. We try to re-create Ireland in an Irish way by mastering what he knows, and by using it to understand what the old manuscripts contain. To understand the peasant by the Saga, the Saga by the peasant —that was the Norwegian formula. If you keep this in mind it will show you that our theater of folk art is no artificial creation of a literary clique, but an expression of the Irish mind of today. It will explain to you also how our players, who are not peasants, but young men and women taken from various businesses in Dublin, have come to understand the peasant so well. We took them at the start from different patriotic societies, where everything encouraged them to study the country life. In 1902 a group of young men and women were playing old-fashioned farces at a coffee palace in Dublin, and when they gave up their farces and took to our plays instead, they did it in the first instance more from patriotism than anything else. Many of them belonged to the Gaelic League; some of them knew Irish, and living Irish is a peasant speech. But if politics helped us, politics injured us also. We did not realize when we began that we should have to fight and conquer conventional conceptions of Irish character. And yet we should have foreseen it.

All Irish thought has been artificial for years. In the earlier parts of the nineteenth century England had met the Irish national demand by slandering our characters. She did not wish to give us self-government and so she said we were unworthy of it. The Irish peasant, for instance, was caricatured in *Punch*, in speeches and in newspapers. He was represented as half animal, or as all but a savage. To meet this, beginning, I think, with O'Connell, who said that the Irish peasantry were the finest peasantry upon earth, Ireland created a whole literature of national glorification. We repeated to one another the real or supposed virtues of our people. We had them always ready to meet the foreign slander. This attitude of mind lasted long after the need for it had gone by. Every kind of enthusiast, political, religious, social, had endowed some section of Irishmen with the virtues he most admired, and national song and national novel—we used the word nation constantly—were expected to show Ireland in the best possible light. We were not a people curious about life, looking at it with disinterested contemplation, but a kind of army organized for offense and defense. We understood nothing but propaganda.

The first play of country life that we set upon the stage was in Irish. Our own players had not then come together and we got players from a branch of the Gaelic League. At the last moment one player refused to go upon the stage because the cottage he was to play in was too shabby to do credit to his country, and another demanded the banishing of a pack of cards that had been given to a group of young men who were to sit playing in the corner. He admitted that he spent most of his own evenings play-

ing cards, but he did not think it right that the Irish should be represented as playing them upon the stage.

The history of imaginative thought is generally a history of violent reactions. Synge came to destroy all that unreality. I met Synge in 1897, in a students' hotel in Paris. He had learned Irish from a Gaelic professor at Trinity College, Dublin, and had spent some years wandering through Europe. Nothing interested him but the life of the poor, not because they were poor, for he was nothing of a philanthropist, an artist merely, but because there was something in their way of thinking that excited him. He was very poor himself, though of an old family, and a fine scholar. He had lived with German peasants in the Black Forest and with a chairmaker in Paris, and brought his fiddle everywhere that he would be more welcome. I got him to come back to Ireland, and there in the Arran and Blasket Islands he found a life after his own heart. There he escaped the squalor of the poor and the nobility of the rich. He had nothing of the modern humanitarian; he had no interest in economics, no interest in social forces, and he had little of the Irish politician. He was a Nationalist, but he never spoke of politics; nothing interested him but the individual man: in fact I think his own ill health and poverty had made individual destiny momentous to him. All the things that we forget in the excitements of newspapers and crowds and business, were always present to him. In one of his early poems he asks on his twenty-fifth birthday if the twenty-five years to come are to be as evil as the twenty-five gone by. But gradually he attained happiness through his art, coming to see in his individual infirmities but a sort of burning glass that gathered for his study the general lot of men. All became but a subject for artistic creation and an occasion for the creative joy.

It was inevitable that a man like this, who seemed ignorant of the mere existence of all these Irish controversies, should outrage the feelings of the crowds. Just as he felt in his own life continual struggle between his ideal purpose and his infirmity and his poverty, so did he see in the world about him an ideal dream and a grotesque reality. He knew the country places as no Irish writer for fifty years had known them, but he selected from them strange, passionate and grotesque types, to set beside his dream. It was no malice, no love of mischief, that made him imagine instead of colleens of the old sort, and the good young men of Boucicault, blind Martin and his wife in *The Well of the Saints*, the erring wife in *The Shadow of the Glen*, the fantastic, mistaken hero-worship of the people in his *Playboy of the Western World*. He took his types from reality indeed, but exaggerated them and arranged them according to his fancy. until he had created something as strange as the wandering knight and the Sancho Panza of Cervantes. I can imagine some patriotic Spaniard saying to Cervantes, 'Do you really pretend that this fat, cowardly peasant, and this crack-brained knight are typical of the peasants and the gentlemen of Spain?' I can imagine others even without any patriotic bias asking why he gave them such strange types. He, too, took from life the violent and incomplete that through its symbolism he might reveal a heroic dream. When we have filled our minds with the work of Synge, we remember, even more vividly than the strange persons he has created, blind Martin's dream of the splendid life that might be, Nora Bourke's preoccupation with the fine men she fancied, the Playboy's poetical reveries of far-off exciting things. Dublin for a time saw but one-half his meaning and rejected him, rioting for a week after the first performance of his greatest play, rejecting him as most countries have rejected their greatest poets. But Dublin has repented sooner than most countries have repented, and to-day the *Playboy* is played constantly in Dublin to good houses, drawn from all political and social sections. The six days' rioting was his laurel wreath.

Lady Gregory's plays were accepted from the first, for she is attracted, not by the harsh, but the gracious elements in life. She has no sarcasm. It was sarcasm, aimed at the whole of life, that made Synge his worst enemies. There is no bitterness in her laughter, in her vision no delight in the grotesque things. Some of her plays, those that touch upon some patriotic emotion, are so well loved that men passing the Abbey Theater door

and seeing some favorite name upon the bill will pay their sixpence, and having seen, say *The Rising of the Moon,* for perhaps the fortieth time, will come out after twenty minutes of emotion and go upon their way. No new play can mean as much to them, and so they only stay for the old one. Our other dramatists, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Murray, Mr. Boyle, Mr. Irving, are less full of the folk life; probably they may be half conscious of some reaction against us older writers, because at moments they seem almost as much interested in economic problems as a Galsworthy or a Shaw; but what interests me most in their work is that by their means we are setting upon the stage the life of most classes in Ireland that have anything Irish about them. We have begun to go beyond the peasant to find themes in the workhouse parlor, the house of the strong farmer, in the seminary and the shop.

V

'THE MERCHANT OF VENICE'

AT THE OLD VIC.

ST. JOHN ERVINE

[*Observer,* London, Eng., January 15, 1922. By permission.]

Shakespeare, in my belief, wrote this play in a mood of exceptional arrogance. There was some argument among his friends, and suddenly he announced that he would take the silliest plot in the world, and so enrich it with his verse and skill that it would never fail to draw and hold an audience. There never was a theme so utterly fatuous as the theme of *The Merchant of Venice,* yet few plays contrive to keep the attention of diverse people as it does. I doubt whether it will ever cease to interest mankind. And how lovingly Shakespeare wrought it! One feels in listening to its lovely lines that he lavished them upon it as compensation for its imbecility! He even put into the mouth of that insufferable fortune-hunter and hopeless ingrate, Bassanio, such words as these, to describe Portia:

> . . . and her sunny locks
> Hang on her temples like a golden fleece.

and made an exquisite scene, at the risk of an anti-climax, for that base little creature, Jessica, who was so devoid of decent feeling that she sold her mother's ring for a monkey! The play is curious for the fact that the principal figures in it, Shylock and Portia, do not meet, except in the Trial Scene, and that Shylock never discovers, so far as we know, the identity of his 'wise young judge.' He could hardly be blamed for not realizing that 'Dr. Balthasar' was a woman when her own husband, but newly parted from her, was so completely deluded by a lawyer's gown that he could not see his wife inside it! But then Bassanio was the Supreme Ass!

Mr. Ernest Milton, shortly to leave the Old Vic., was the Shylock. He played it better than any other part in which I have seen him. He is always intelligent, and in this instance imaginative. He lacks virility, and is inclined to confuse fretfulness with anger. He still draws his words out to an excessive length, and is altogether too fond of the vowel sound *ee.* For example, he invariably pronounces the article *the* as if it were the personal pronoun *thee.* His exit from the Court was admirable. I am sorry to learn of his departure from the Old Vic., for this young actor, in spite of many defects in his acting, has quality and potentialities. Miss Florence Buckton's Portia was a spiritless performance. I cannot quite fathom Miss Buckton. She ought to be able to play Portia very well. I have seen signs of high spirit in her and certainly of a sense of comedy; but she seemed totally to misunderstand the character of the lady of Belmont—a fault in production, perhaps, for the whole play was rather flatly done. Mr. Austen Trevor as Antonio, and Mr. Wilfred Walter as the Prince of Morocco were pretty good, though Mr. Walter (an excellent comedian) delivered his lines rather like that awful person who, at parties, *will* volunteer to entertain the company with a recitation of 'The Village Blacksmith.' The rest of the acting, on the male side, was worthy.

A large audience, which on Friday evening included Sir Arthur Pinero, received the play with that closeness which is characteristic of those who attend the

Old Vic. It was done in its entirety, except for the negligible cuts demanded by contemporary decency, and went through in three hours, thus establishing once more beyond contest that Shakespeare knew more about his job than the gentlemen who adapt his work to the exigencies of their damnable scenery or their still more questionable personalities.

VI

WORLD PREMIÈRE OF 'MADAME SANS-GÊNE'

W. J. HENDERSON

[*Sun*, New York, January 26, 1915. By permission.]

'MADAME SANS-GÊNE'—METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Caterina Hubscher.....Geraldine Farrar
Lefebvre.....Giovanni Martinelli
Napoleon.....Pasquale Amato
Fouque.....Andrea de Segurola
Count de Neipperg.....Paul Althouse
Queen Carolina.....Vera Curtis
Princess Elisa.....Minnie Eggener
Despreaux.....Angelo Bada
Gelsonimo.....Riccardo Tegani
Leroy.....Robert Leonhardt

Madame Sans-Gêne, opera in four acts, the book by Renato Simoni after the comedy by Victorien Sardou and E. Moreau, the music by Umberto Giordano, was performed last night at the Metropolitan Opera House for the first time on any stage. The comedy should be remembered by local theatergoers from its interesting representations with Kathryn Kidder in the title rôle and from the production in which Mme. Rejane was the principal actor. Umberto Giordano is the composer of *Andrea Chenier,* an opera produced at the Academy of Music by the late Colonel Mapleson on November 13, 1896; *Fedora,* produced by Heinrich Conried at the Metropolitan on December 5, 1906, and *Siberia,* produced at the Manhattan Opera House by Oscar Hammerstein on February 5, 1907. Not one of these three operas made any serious impression or effected a lasting occupation of the local stage.

Last evening's production was witnessed by a large and eager audience. The brilliancy of the stage pictures, the swift movement of Sardou's skilfully planned action, the disclosure of Geraldine Farrar's gifts in a new investiture and the new demonstration of a pleasing skill within a limited field of impersonation on the part of Mr. Amato, for which he has few opportunities, all served to hold the interest of the assembly and furnished food for much animated discussion in the entr'actes.

But there was no ground for belief that the opera had made any deeper conviction of creative power than its predecessors from the same pen. If the work obtains any vogue it will be entirely due to the achievements of the principal impersonators. And it must be kept in mind that this can confidently be said in spite of the fact that Arturo Toscanini, the foremost opera conductor of the world, has devoted to the interpretation of the work his unique endowments and his inexhaustible energy.

Of the liberties taken with history by Sardou and Moreau in their comedy nothing need now be said. Mr. Simoni has made as good an opera book out of the play as could be expected. He has kept close to his original, and his labor has naturally been chiefly that of omission and condensation in order that the piece might be reduced to practicable proportions. If the libretto is not a great one, it can hardly be called the fault of Mr. Simoni.

It is too crowded with incident and action. An ideal opera book would seldom be able to stand performance without the music, because it would be too 'talky.' The numerous sustained lyric utterances which are the life of an opera are the death of a play. On the other hand a composer cannot work to advantage when he is encumbered with a mass of details of stage business. What he requires for his purposes is a few grand dramatic situations in which the elemental emotions are to be expressed not by doing but by speech which he is to translate into song.

The first opera makers tried to construct this type of poetic drama by carrying on their explanatory dialogue in recitative and publishing their emotional states in arias. Their purpose was de-

feated by the decadence of their method into a mere stereotyped formula. Later masters sought to reconstruct the form by modifying the large difference between the recitation and the air. Still later composers abolished the conventions of the recitative entirely and wrote their dialogue in a continuous melos, known technically as arioso. When they needed the larger lyric utterance they gave it, but not in any conventional pattern such as that of the eighteenth century aria.

But no great operatic masterpiece has ever been created which contains no moments of rapturous melodic song, of pure lyric utterance. Without pausing to search the archives of the mind any opera goer will think of the great third act of *Aïda,* of Otello's farewell to 'the pomp, the pride and circumstance of war,' of the dialogue of *Pelleas and Melisande* beside the fountain, of 'O sink' hernieder' and 'Mild und leise' in *Tristan,* of Wotan's farewell, of *Bruennhilde's* immolation. These things are music, great music, and an opera book to be a good one must not only make room for great music but must inspire it.

If the objection be raised that Giordano's work is comedy and we are quoting tragedies, it is necessary only to recall the frequent and beautiful instances of lyric utterance in a baker's dozen of works, among them Rossini's *Barber of Seville,* Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro,* Wolf-Ferrari's *Le Donne Curiose,* Smetana's *Bartered Bride,* Wagner's *Die Meistersinger* and Verdi's *Falstaff.* Surely Comedy with her smile and her rod of satiric castigation has done as much for music as Tragedy with her grim portents and her agonies.

The book of *Madame Sans-Gêne* supplies only a few dramatic points for strong and vital music. The point at which the development of this vivacious comedy calls for the most moving emotional utterance is in the second act, when Lefebvre repeats to his wife the Emperor's suggestion of divorce. For the rest there are some delightful bits of comedy in the book and some of them clamor for that style of delicate and fanciful music with which Massenet has delighted our ears and our taste in his *Manon,* music which wears the powdered wig, the exaggerated gallantry and the pirouette of Paris of the close of the eighteenth century.

That Giordano has written his score in a workmanlike manner goes almost without saying. The routine of operatic composition is well known to Italian composers. In fact they know more about this than about anything else, and much of the lyric art which emanates from the land of the 'drama per musica' discloses its inheritance of the blood of a generation in which one who could write an effective opera finale was called a skilful contrapuntist. Giordano is a competent routinier; he knows how to put an opera score together.

His method has no new features. It is that of the contemporaneous Italian stage. His dialogue is carried on in continuous melody, with rare excursions into the modern type of recitative. His larger dramatic situations he seeks to embody in broader lyric form, but as already said he is too frequently hampered by the nature of the situations themselves.

The melodic flights which do occur disclose no lofty flight of musical invention. They are pretty and pleasing, but they lack the directness, the individuality, the incisiveness essential to the excitement of enthusiasm. Thematic representation is not employed at all in the manner of Wagner or even Puccini's *Tosca,* but the older device of fixed ideas and reminiscences is utilized rather baldly and ineffectively. The repetitions of the love melodies are of course obvious; all such repetitions are. The crashing chords of brass which herald Napoleon are mere noise without musical design.

The composer has said that his thought centralized on the Little Corporal. Although he does not appear till the third act everything portends him, foreshadows him, is prologue to him. It is always interesting and instructive to know what are the purposes of an artist; but to measure his achievements by them is frequently disappointing. In the score of Giordano Napoleon is an ante-climax. The composer unwittingly shot his bolt in the second act, and when the third brings the figure of the first Emperor the stage is still dominated by the wilful Sans-Gêne.

The orchestration is on the whole workmanlike. But there are some pages in which it is much overdone, and in the third act at times even the powerful tones of Mr. Amato were inaudible. Musical tricks of the time are not numerous. There are some harp sweeps along the whole tone scale. Stopped trumpets inevitably impart a nasal twang to certain passages. The bass drum wearies itself in futile struggles to indicate the tumult of a troubled historical period.

So much for a swift review of the music in its more immediate revelations, But certain problems larger than those indicated in this examination confronted Giordano. In common with every other writer of opera he had to face the difficulties of characterization. These presented themselves to him in two general phases, of which the more familiar may be discussed first. In *Madame Sans-Gêne* as in any other lyric drama, there is an imperative demand for definition of the characters of the protagonists as well as for that broader characterization which creates a style perfectly adapted to the emotional movement of the play.

Both of these requirements Giordano has met but feebly. His assertion that the musical thought of his composition revolves around Napoleon may be true, but there is no individuality in the music of the Emperor. He speaks precisely the same lyric language as the other persons of the comedy, and he speaks it with less directness than Sans-Gêne. Nor can it be said that the general emotional scheme of the play has given the composer any larger inspiration than this historical figure which he believed to occupy his mind. The music of the whole opera is lamentably deficient in power of characterization.

We are not therefore disappointed when we consider the other phase of characterization which was placed before this musician. He was called upon to make a deeply significant contrast between his first and his second act. The accomplishment of the task would have been a veritable tour de force for even a master, and it was quite beyond the powers of Giordano.

In his first act he was asked to find a musical expression for the spirit of the revolution, a historical event portentous even in its outward and pictorial aspects, which the composer tried to seize, and still more momentous in its profounder significance which was not to be published to us merely by echoes of the *Marseillaise,* the *Carmagnole* and the *Ça ira.* In the second act the composer was invited to embody the unhealthy, overdrawn and even apprehensive ceremonials of a mushroom aristocracy striving to inspire itself with confidence by the exercise of sheer audacity. Into this had to be projected the outspoken thought and untrammeled feelings of a woman of the people rebelling against a society of pretenders. It was a formidable task indeed and it proved to be far beyond the abilities of the composer of *Fedora* and *Siberia.*

Having examined the broader requirements of the score, we may now proceed to pass in review some of its salient details as they appear in the several acts. The first act bristles with incidents. The composer has endeavored to give some musical coherence to it by entrusting the principal figuration and movement to the orchestra, which thus provides a well tinted background for animated dialogue. The first real success of the method is found in the scene between Caterina and Fouque, in which old French melody of rustic type, well suited to suggest Caterina's Alsatian origin, is worked up into an extended scherzando which is quite pleasing.

There is a light touch in the music accompanying the entrance of Lefebvre and his soldier companions, and the tenor has a respectable bit of semi-declamatory melody beginning with 'Ah, perdio fu un travaglio rude.' After that all is rapid dialogue, as was most of that which went before, together with the bustle of action, crowds rushing on and off the stage, passing the windows at the rear and battering at the door. The last crowd which passes at the rear just before the curtain falls sings the *Marseillaise,* which always was a good tune and still is. At an opportune moment, too, the composer finds a happy use for the *Carmagnole,* for its thought resounds through the action:

'Le canon vient de resonner:
Guerriers, soyez prêts de marcher.'

In like manner one hears echoes of the

Ça ira. The composer is quite right in introducing those melodies of the period. They belong to the story, and as all good and true theatergoers know, we must have local color. Any composer who knows his business can get it from the native color shop, and it is not hard to remember that the best tune in Giordano's *Siberia* was 'Ay ouchnem,' made in Russia.

The second act opens delightfully. It is perhaps one of the curiosities of the lyric drama that three minor characters, a tailor, a dancing master and a valet, have a trio, which is almost the best bit of music in the entire score. The fact that it is woefully wanting in originality affects the matter not in the least, for unoriginal composition is often the happiest product of mediocrity. This trio has grace, charm and elegance of style and aptly expresses the mood of three servants trained under the old nobility and now waiting upon the upstart creations of the Corsican.

The scene between Caterina and the dancing master is well written, but there is nothing in the music which discloses more than the familiar technical skill of a professional composer of Italian opera. It is the work of a man who knows his business, but has nothing to demand particular consideration. In the next scene, that between Caterina and her husband, the composer has the largest opportunity of the entire book, and it is here that he most strikingly reveals the weakness of his invention.

This is the scene in which Lefebvre, returning from the Emperor, tells Caterina that his Majesty is wearied of her manners and her language and has suggested that her husband divorce her. When she asks him what he answered he says: 'What would you have said?' Then the woman pours out her soul in the words with which she would have spurned the royal suggestion and ends with: 'So would you have said, if you had a bit of heart.'

One can imagine a Verdi voicing in poignant phrases a splendid emotion like this, or a Montemezzi letting it flame through a clear medium of pure melody. Giordano has done fairly well with it, but it never rises to a thrill. It commands respectful admiration and that is . Lefebvre quietly remarks, 'Well, that's what I said to him.' Caterina runs into his arms, and then it is his turn with, 'Questa bocca tua perfumata e pure'—'this, thy mouth, perfumed and pure'—and again the composer writes commendably and without inspiration. A musician scrutinizing these two lyric passages will see that their technical weakness lies in the want of organic relation in their phrases. The development of a melodic climax is thus rendered impossible, and the whole scene is without cohesion.

A little further on in this act there is a well written bit of ensemble for Caterina, Lefebvre and Neipperg, but it is marred by thick orchestration. The entrance of the court ladies gives opportunity for some more music of grace and elegance, sung by the women who surround Fouque. But this music, charming as it is, has no more distinction than that of the trio at the beginning of the act. It sounds like Bizet waking from a *Carmen* dream in a Massenet entourage. The rest of the act is action and dialogue, some of the latter heated in character, as in the defiance of the Queen of Naples by Caterina. There is little room for great music. What Giordano has made exposes its mechanism plainly and one sees the ancient wheels going around.

In the third act Caterina visits the Emperor in obedience to his command, and we see Napoleon for the first time. But, as has already been noted, the composer could find no expression for this remarkable personality save a noise of trumpets and trombones. It would be futile to attempt a description of the music of this act. Here indeed and hence to the finish 'the play's the thing.' No one has anything to sing except declamation, which is frequently shouting rather than speech.

There is one well made passage, to wit, that in which Caterina reminds Napoleon of a long past visit to his room and how he neglected her proffered love for the study of a war map. This speech, 'Che in quel tempo io pensavo,' might have given us something movingly tender in its musical expression, but Giordano contrived to miss his opportunity once again through his inability to write firmly organized melody.

From this point to the end of the opera little could be done by such a writer as this and indeed not much even by a master. Yet the observant hearer feels that a musician with ability to create an orchestral utterance would have accompanied with music of delineative force the tense action of Neipperg's stolen visit and capture, and of Napoleon's attempt to trap his Empress. In the present case one may reasonably doubt that an audience will take note of this music or even be insensibly affected by it.

Of the production at the Metropolitan little can be said that is not commendatory. Miss Farrar was the chief offender against probability and against good taste, for her Caterina was too rude, too vulgar and suddenly too rid of her awkwardness. There was much cleverness in her acting and much that was astonishingly pointless. She sang the music well enough. If there were anything calling for great delicacy of treatment or for an art of deep resource there might be much more to say. But vocally Caterina is simple. In the combination of song and action which constitutes an operatic impersonation Miss Farrar made a lively impression on the audience, but just what the various members of that audience will think about it all when at home and not under the immediate influence of the young soprano's magnetic personality may be another matter. However, Miss Farrar usually makes progress in her rôles, and may in this one.

Mr. Amato achieved a genuine success with his Napoleon. His makeup was good, his rapid walk and energetic action well fitted into the moods of his scenes and his delivery of the lines was intelligent. He presented a well composed character of a type different from anything he has given us before, clearly and firmly drawn and full of interesting personality.

Mr. Martinelli sang the music of Lefebvre well and made a manly figure of him. Mr. de Segurola showed his customary histrionic skill in the comparatively small rôle of Fouque. Mr. Bada commanded the warmest possible praise for his admirable character sketch of the dancing master and Mr. Tegani must be mentioned for his neat singing of the music of Gelsonimo. Mr. Althouse was very vigorous as Neipperg, but praise can follow him no further. The scenery was of course all new and excellent, and the costuming of the opera such as Mr. Gatti-Casazza has customarily given us.

VII

MISS HINKLE WITH THE BOSTON SYMPHONY

PHILIP HALE

[*Boston Herald*, December 19, 1914.]

The eighth Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Miss Florence Hinkle, soprano, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

A Faust Overture.....Wagner
'Voi che Sapete'.....Mozart
Five pieces for orchestra:
Presentiments, The Past, The Changing Chord, Peripeteia, The Obbligato Recitative .....Schoenberg
First time in Boston
'Ave Maria' from 'The Cross of Fire'
Bruch
Symphony in G (The Surprise)....Haydn

Bill Nye said, many years ago, that the music of Wagner was better than it sounded. Arnold Schoenberg says today that his own music is better than it sounds.

The pieces played yesterday are extraordinary. It is easy to say that the composer is a maniac or a poseur. Neither statement would be accurate. Those who have read his treatise on harmony know that he is a man of unusual knowledge, force, originality. Those who heard his quartette last season know that he can write music of uncommon beauty and towering imagination in a more familiar form.

It would also be easy to say that when Strauss's *Til Eulenspiegel* was first performed in Boston, the majority in the audience thought the music chaotic, incomprehensible and the composer mad. Today, in comparison with Schoenberg's pieces, this symphonic poem is as clear

as music by Haydn. Remember, too, that when Debussy's *Nocturnes* were played twice in succession at Chickering Hall they were thought to be incomprehensible.

These instances will not answer the objectors to Schoenberg. What is to be said of his five pieces? Personal impressions are interesting chiefly to the person impressed. No two persons hear music in the same way. I could make little out of the first and the fifth pieces. There are fine moments in *The Past* and *The Changing Chord;* beautiful suggestions of moods; strangely beautiful effects of color. Nor is the fourth piece wholly inexplicable. To argue for or against this music, which might be of another planet, after even several hearings, would be presumptuous and foolish. It took many Bostonians, well acquainted with orchestral and chamber compositions, a long time to familiarize themselves with the idiom of César Franck, and later with that of Debussy. These composers, however, are not so fundamentally radical, anarchistic, as Schoenberg.

Thomas Hardy in that noble prose epic, the description of Egdon Heath, asks if the exclusive reign of orthodox beauty is not approaching its last quarter. 'The new vale of Tempe may be ~ gaunt waste in Thule; human souls may find themselves in closer and closer harmony with external things wearing a somberness distasteful to our race when it was young. . . . The time seems near, if it has not actually arrived, when the mournful sublimity of a moor, a sea, or a mountain, will be all of nature that is absolutely consonant with the moods of the more thinking among mankind. And ultimately, to the commonest tourist spots like Iceland may become what the vineyards and myrtle gardens of South Europe are to him now, and Heidelberg and Baden be passed unheeded as he hastens from the Alps to the sand dunes of Scheveningen.'

When Schoenberg's *Five Pieces* were performed for the first time in London, and in Chicago, there were scenes of outspoken disapproval. Yesterday the behavior of the audience was highly creditable to Boston. There was smiling; there was giggling at times; there was applause. Nobody rose to remonstrate. Nothing was thrown at Dr. Muck and the orchestra. There was no perturbation of Nature to show that Schoenberg's pieces were playing; the sun did not hasten its descent; there was no earthquake shock. It was as it should have been in Boston.

Miss Florence Hinkle has a beautiful voice which she uses with rare skill. The *Canzona* of Cherubino, sensuous in its suppressed passion, should be sung by a darker voice to gain full effect. It served yesterday to display the art of Miss Hinkle in sustained and flawless song.

The lyric measures of Bruch's *Ave Maria,* conventionally suave, were sung with unexaggerated emotion, and the singer gave dramatic importance to the agitated passages that in themselves are of a perfunctory and meaningless nature. It has been said by some that Miss Hinkle is a cool, impassive singer. They probably mean by this that she is not spasmodic and hysterical. Seldom at Symphony concerts of late years has there been such a delightful display of pure vocal art as that of yesterday.

Dr. Muck gave an eloquent reading of the *Faust* overture in which there are hints of the Wagner to come. The symphony of Haydn, admirably performed, is not among his most interesting.

VIII

MR. COATES AND THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY

RICHARD ALDRICH

[*New York Times,* January 2, 1922. By permission.]

Albert Coates conducted the Sunday concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall, and, appearing before this set of subscribers for the first time, was given another warm greeting. His program comprised Mozart's overture to *The Marriage of Figaro;* a symphonic cycle, *Potpourri,* by John Gerrard Williams; a ballet suite, *La Boutique Fantasque,* on themes of Rossini, arranged by Respighi, and Rimsky-Korsakoff's symphonic suite, *Scheherazade.*

The *Potpourri* and the *Boutique Fantasque* were played for the first time in

America. The English composition made no such demands upon the attention and the receptive capacities of the audience as that other English composition, *The Planets,* which Mr. Coates played the other day at his first concert. *Potpourri* refers to that old-fashioned faint perfumery that women make by putting different kinds of flowers and sweet-smelling herbs into a jar and letting them dry there. There are nine movements, all short, and two or three of them very short, each entitled with the name of a constituent herb —lavender, thyme, pinks, cassia, roses, musk, rosemary and rue, lilies of the valley; and there is an epilogue.

The music is not so old-fashioned as the herbs, but its new fashion is delicate and restrained, gently imaginative, transparently and subtly colored, intimate in its appeal. The epilogue is made on a quaint little tune for the oboe, suggestive of the old style.

The effect is of a succession of miniatures, and is pleasing. One trouble with the 'cycle' is the lack of contrast in the successive movements, which illustrate moods very similar and of the same sort of amiability. But musical amiabilty, in these days, is something not to be lightly undervalued.

The second new piece was equally harmless. Rossini, it appears, left at his death a scrapbook filled with various odds and ends of tentative and unfinished compositions, on the cover of which he had scrawled 'rien.' Mr. Diaghileff, who obtained possession of the volume, seemed to think this meant something, and got Respighi, the Italian composer, to arrange from its contents a ballet suite. The orchestration, according to the program note, was made by Howard Carr.

There are seven movements, bearing the titles, 'Danse Cosaque,' 'Nocturne,' 'Mazourka,' 'Tarentelle,' 'Valse Lente,' 'Cancan' and 'Galop.' The most that can be said of these is that they are bright, gay, melodious, vivacious, and that they do not seem to show any very pointed reminders of Rossini's style as it has been delivered to us in his operas and his very few other compositions that are remembered.

Mr. Coates has not yet got the orchestra absolutely in hand so far as regards finish of detail and perfection of coördination; and in the two new compositions there was playing that verged on raggedness. The old idea that time is needed for a new conductor to get an orchestra wholly in hand did not seem on this occasion to be thoroughly exploded.

Mr. Coates's authority in the music of Russia comes from his heritage as half a Russian himself. It was evident that he had a clear and cogent conception of Rimsky-Korsakoff's sumptuous fantasy, and he played the *Scheherazade* with a multitude of imaginative and picturesque details, with rhythmic sweep, force and rich tonal color. And it may be said that in this concert Mr. Coates did not find occasion to assault the ears of his listeners so violently as he did in Carnegie Hall the other day; and that in any case, apparently, he wisely took the size of the smaller hall into consideration in arranging his scale of dynamics.

IX

MISS MYRA HESS'S PIANO RECITAL

RICHARD ALDRICH

[*New York Times,* January 18, 1922. By permission.]

An extraordinary artist made her appearance in New York yesterday afternoon in Aeolian Hall without preliminary heralding; one whose achievements gave all the more pleasure for their unexpectedness: Miss Myra Hess, a young English pianist. Miss Hess is a strongly individual artistic personality, self-possessed, reposeful; but she is one who is devoted wholly to expounding the music she plays and who takes no thought of injecting her personality into it, or of making a display of her powers as a performer.

She is a true interpreter: and makes her interpretations deeply engrossing through their vitality, their finesse and subtle qualities, their intensity and glowing warmth. Her technique is of a high development, and is wholly under her control. It is, indeed, of an uncommon brilliancy and security, even in these days of brilliant and secure technique; but it does not shine as such, because it is so wholly devoted to the true uses of a technique as a means of interpretation.

Her tone is clear, pure, delicately and warmly colored; her touch has variety of quality, power and force, and in its lighter manifestations is delightful in its crispness. In rhythmic power and in the point and finish of her phrasing there is much in her playing to admire.

Miss Hess's program showed in itself the operations of an individual point of view as well as a wide sympathy. She began with three of Domenico Scarlatti's 'sonatas'—three of the 445 that are not hackneyed by the repeated attentions of pianists: she played the B flat prelude and fugue from the first book of Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavier;* César Franck's *Prelude, Aria and Finale,* generally neglected in favor of his other triptych for the piano; Schumann's *Papillons,* which seldom see daylight on a pianist's program; five of Debussy's pieces, and Chopin's nocturne in C minor and his A flat Polonaise. At the end she added one of his études.

It may truly be said that there was an aristocratic distinction in her playing of all this music, as well as a rich gusto and a singular power of identifying herself with the many different styles involved, and setting forth each piece in its own distinctive and essential spirit. Perhaps the most fascinating of all her playing was that of Schumann's *Papillons,* those preliminary studies for the *Carnaval,* as they have been called; yet this is perhaps to undervalue their own charm and musical significance. They glowed and glittered under her hands. Their graphic picturesqueness, their varying moods, their gaiety, tenderness, yearning boisterousness, are a genuine expression of the flood of Schumann's earliest romantic spirit poured out in the music; and, as they are in the music, they were delightfully reproduced in Miss Hess's playing.

There were grace and spirit in Scarlatti's 'sonatas'—a name that does not connect them with sonatas of the classical period—and the prelude and fugue by Bach she played not as contrapuntal exercises but as living pieces of deeply felt music. Miss Hess showed an equal sympathy of the five pieces by Debussy, to each of which she gave characteristic physiognomy. And in Chopin's nocturne there was a poetical tenderness, while the polonaise was made something more than a thunderous procession.

Miss Hess's calibre as an artist is such that she ought to be heard from again, and then again, before the season is closed. She will add to it something to delight music lovers.

X

FALLACIES OF THE FUTURISTS AND NEW THINKING

G. K. CHESTERTON

[*New York Morning American,* March 14, 1915. By permission.]

The other day, when I opened an advanced magazine which I always read with interest, there fell out of it a large, shiny piece of paper on which there was reproduced a Work, a product of the human will—a thing done on purpose anyhow, if one could scarcely call it a design. If you ask me what it represented, you have formed no conception of the very nature of this fair thing. It is quite inadequate to say that it represents nothing. I should not be content with saying even that it does not suggest anything.

I affirm, with entire and untroubled certainty, that it is nothing; so far as is possible when some space is occupied, the thing is not there. There is something a little like a dilapidated railing at the bottom of the picture, and something a little like Chinese lettering at the top of the picture: all the rest is exactly like used-up blotting paper—which perhaps it is. I infer which is supposed to be the right way up merely by the position of the printed title, which says, 'Supplement of the New Age. A Study by Picasso.'

In another place there is an explanation that Picasso is the first important artist that this planet has produced, and that the sodden blotting paper opposite represents, not indeed a Table, a Wineglass, and a Mandoline, but the 'souls' of a Table, a Wineglass, and a Mandoline.

Now, as the Frenchman said at Mugby Junction, 'Heavens! how arrives it?' How does human dignity descend to these monkey antics? How does the human brain sink back into this bestial darkness? Let us see if we can roughly trace the

ı and operation of the process. e are running about England today thousands of a certain sort of people. are, of course, a small minority of ıation; but they are a large minority e middle class; and if one's life moves ı certain ways, the world may well to be full of them.

ey are in revolt against something have forgotten in favor of something which (by their own account) they not yet found. They are always al- g to Thought of various kinds—Free ıght and Higher Thought and Ad- ed Thought. As a matter of fact, never, under any circumstances, think l; but they do lots of other things h are much jollier than thinking: they ı to music and look at sunsets and ı tea parties, and are kind to children .r as they know how.

'ell,' you will say, 'a good and happy Why should they be bothered with ing? What would become of their rack cottages in the country and their ıgated iron ethical societies if they n to think? They live artistically, as ıe lower animals—by a general sense ıitability to the senses and the habits, esthete knows another esthete by :olor and the smell—the color of his and the smell of his favorite flower. spirit in revolt knows another spirit volt, just as one dandy knows another y—by the necktie.

he ordinary artistic Socialist throws ıignals to his own kind, and naturally itates to his own environment. He not in the least know what Socialism ıd he does not need to: he does know he gets on with the kind of men who themselves Socialists. He knows the r man's extravagances will be of his and not of another sort. He knows ıcialist can be trusted to call another alist's wife 'comrade' without taking ɔn a gin-crawl. He knows that a So- st can be trusted at tea-time to de- r the whole morality of mankind with- ısing a word that could bring a blush ıe cheek of a young person. In short, nows that there are a sort of people himself in the world, and certain so- ıgical conjectures (about which he r thinks seriously at all) are among ɔutward tests for detecting them.'

saying all this you speak with your .l noble delicacy and unerring wit. But there is a further complication, which I can no longer conceal from you. The tragedy is this: that these happy, thoughtless people did once really have a Thought. This one isolated thought has stuck in their heads ever since. Nobody can get it out of their heads; and nobody can get any other thought into their heads.

It is a thought which, uncorrected by other thoughts, is quite foolish and dangerous; but it is a connected string of concepts, intelligible and even true in itself: it is the only one they have; and it gives them a dickens of a time. The one only and original connected Thought that ever penetrated these people's heads runs as follows: My grandfather thought wires were necessary for telegrams: I know now that he was wrong; therefore, whatever I think is right my grandson will probably think wrong.

Upon that one mental process the whole of our 'progress' is conducted; and, very naturally, it ends in a smash—or, rather, in a splash, by Picasso. That there is some truth in the Thought is not to be denied. Some things do alter; different generations do have different standpoints; truth should be kept reasonably flexible to fit fashions which are often genuine human moods. But the worshipers of the Thought think it idolatry to have any other thoughts but that.

They insist that on every subject all the things we understand must be wrong, and consequently all the things that nobody could conceivably understand (like poor old Picasso) must be right. Their fallacy, one would suppose, was simple enough even for the modern mind to follow; the distinction is quite obvious. If there exist plausible reasons for supposing that an innovation is an improvement, then, of course, it is a valid argument to say that many real improvements have been denounced as innovations.

If I think a man honest, and it is answered that he has been in prison, then it is rational for me to reply that St. Paul or Cervantes was in prison. But it is not rational of me to say that all the people in prison must be like Cervantes or St. Paul. There must be a *prima facie* case for the new thing; otherwise it is obvious that nothing is being asked of it but newness. Now the number of new things that are possible is at any given mo-

ment by its nature infinite. When we do anything we deny ourselves a thousand other things. When we go to Tunbridge Wells we may be said to be avoiding a million other places from China to Peru.

Whenever a man puts on his hat he is refusing to put on an infinite number of other things, from the flower-pot to the waste-paper basket. If, therefore, you have no other test of a new idea except its newness, you will only be able to say: 'Well, I, at my present stage of evolution, do not see the good of wearing a flower-pot for a hat. But I must not offend my great-grandson, who is so very particular, and for all I know (since he does not exist yet), may absolutely insist on this uniform for all his ancestors.'

Perhaps you think this is an improbable example and an unlikely way of talking. Perhaps, in some rural seclusion, you have failed to meet any people who talk like that. Turn, then, to the subsequent issue of the advanced paper to which I have referred, and you will find a gentleman talking exactly like my imaginary ancestor, with his flower-pot hat.

An art critic of conspicuous intelligence sits in front of my absurd piece of blotting paper, dazed but submissive. He does actually say, in so many words, that he can make neither head nor tail of it, but that the Future will. He does, with a really beautiful humility, prostrate himself in the dust, not only before Picasso, but before a totally imaginary great-grandchild, who will profess to see some sense in Picasso. This condition is plainly intolerable: we cannot go about thinking that all our thoughts are wrong without having even any notion of what thoughts are right. Shall we try to get that Thought out of these people's heads? Or shall we try to get some others in? Either will involve the most horrible mental torture.

XI

WHAT AUGUSTE RODIN MEANT IN SCULPTURE

ROYAL CORTISSOZ

[*New York Tribune*, November 25, 1917. By permission.]

There are works of art in the world which assert themselves with so intense a singularity, with so strange a power of beauty, that they dwell in a perpetual isolation. They are like the poem in which some man has wielded the only inspiration vouchsafed to him in a lifetime. Nobody cares to know what relations James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, may have had with the literary movements of his time. All that matters is that just once he 'carved with his sword' the twenty-four lines which make his name immortal. In the Louvre, where the great Victory of Samothrace spreads her divine wings, only the anxious professor, dutifully pondering the lectures for his next semester, gives any effort to fixing her place in the development of Hellenistic art. Botticelli had his imitators, but they never cross our minds in the presence of his works. Before Michael Angelo, on the other hand, we cannot but recall his influence, contemporary and posthumous. He is the archetype of that special kind of genius which interests us not only in itself, but in its effect upon others. It is a kind to be distinguished with some care from that represented by the professional revolutionist. The important point to remember about it is that it does not imply propaganda, but the unconscious pressure of personality. 'They say? What say they? Let them say.' Michael Angelo was too busy to bother about his influence. As the event showed, little men got into bad habits through emulation of his bigness. Incidentally they showed how inimitable he was. Where does Rodin stand, in a situation recalling that of the Italian master? The influence he has exerted makes an indispensable part of this story. Has it been precious or pernicious? And, in either case, what does it reveal in the artist himself? To these questions one is bound to recur, after the first emotions of sentiment and regret inspired by the recent news of his death. In his work there is embodied a challenge.

Take up any life of Rodin—and Whistler is probably the only other artist of his period who has so large a bibliography—and you are certain to find him quoted on his point of view. 'They will not understand my realism,' he says of his critics in one of these fragments,

'For them sculpture should not endeavor to represent flesh and blood and bone, since marble and bronze do not possess the colors which in painting create the illusion of life. I, on the contrary, claim that the sculptor can reach the same result if he will produce with fidelity and intensity the model he has before him. It is with his eyes fixed on life that he must work; and his art will be able to represent it entire when he has observed sufficiently and has sufficiently trained his fingers.' The point of view, we know, is everything in art. By it, in the long run, the artist must stand or fall. We need not pause here upon the point which is debatable in the foregoing statement, the indictment of Rodin's critics, be they writers or sculptors. The essential detail is his exposition of his own conception of plastic art. Observation of life, fidelity to life, expert fingers. It is the simplest of programs, and undeniably one of the strongest ever stated in any of the schools. Indeed, all the great schools have embraced it within their scheme of principles. It is as old as Greek antiquity, the masters of the Renaissance revived it, and it has had many exemplars in modern times. Rodin's exploitation of it was powerful, brilliant, so successful that it filled the world with his fame. He had the piercing eye, the resourceful hand, and in the great mass of his work there is nothing more impressive than what we can only describe as the manifestation of life itself in the vibrant lines of drawings and etchings, in the palpitating surfaces of marble and bronze.

The student who would grasp the fundamental traits of Rodin's realism would do well to begin his researches among the portraits in divers mediums. This sculptor was on intimate terms with the artists and authors of his day. His etchings of Victor Hugo and Henri Becque, his busts of Barbey d'Aurevilly, Berthelot, Dalou, Laurens, Rochefort and others constitute by themselves an amazing little gallery. The earlier examples especially, done before mannerisms had overwhelmed him, are moving in their directness, their energy, their bold seizure of the tangible elements in the structure of a head. Later, when he modeled a bust of Puvis de Chavannes, that austere master thought the result a caricature. His criticism foreshadowed much that Rodin was to encounter as he grafted a kind of esoteric impressionism upon his realistic habit, yielding to the fantasticality which culminated in his celebrated Balzac. But it is upon the basis of his art in truth, accurately and forcefully expressed, that emphasis should first be placed. In the best of the portraits you see only that fidelity to life upon which he laid such stress in his talk. The statues, almost always of the nude, carry on his affirmation of this central principle. And to that extent his influence was only such as could contribute to the good of French sculpture. Why, then, was there ever any argument about his work? The answer is very simple. The Academy was in possession of the field—which is to say of the Salon—and Rodin's ebullient vitality, the ruthlessness of his realism, gave mortal offense to the Academy. It was useless to cite his phenomenal manual facility to the leaders of a school whose taste, whose ingrained sense of measure, was so grossly violated by his point of view. There it is customary, among the followers of the Rodin cult, to leave the matter, assuming that the victory remained with their master as a matter of course. But the case cannot be thus summarily closed.

Rodin had in him, indubitably, some of the elements of a permanent triumph. His realism offered to French sculpture a needed tonic. Yet, as we have pointed out more than once in these columns, it is hardly reasonable to make that need the measure of his greatness. He came in a mediocre time. In an era richer in clearly marked talents his salience would have been slighter. It is doubtless exhilarating for the devotee to conceive of him as suddenly overshadowing with his aggressive style the numerous contemporaries who had next to no style with which to bless themselves. But it is more profitable to consider him side by side with the one really superior artist then in the French school, Paul Dubois. With Rodin's work in mind, consider the two small figures with which Dubois opened his career in the sixties, his 'Youthful St. John' and the 'Florentine Singer.' Pass then to the symbolical figures guarding the tomb of General Lamoriciere, at Nantes, and go from them to the

'Jeanne d'Arc,' at Rheims. Remember, finally, the noblest of his portraits, the bust of Paul Baudry. You find, presently, that you are not so sure of Rodin as you were, and the first impulse set in motion by the discovery is one directed at that question of the point of view which we brought up in the beginning. Is it possible that there was something lacking in Rodin's point of view? It bears heavily, as stated above, on observation of life and trained fingers. These alone are not enough to make great sculpture, nor are they sufficient for the exercise of a truly beneficent influence. Dubois had them, in as rich measure as Rodin. Amongst all of the latter's busts there is not one to surpass the Baudry. But Dubois had something else, too, and that is why he wakes no doubts at all. It is because in the supreme matter of style he is so simple, so strong, so true, so instantly convincing. His observation and his skill are tinctured with a very fine, very elevating, quality. That it is that lifts him above the Academy to which he belonged and allies him with the great schools of the past. And that it is which stirs us to a reëxamination of Rodin's point of view. We are content with it so long as we are content with his two solid principles. We grow restless when we begin to test the qualities that tinctures them.

Beneath the surface traits of every authentic school of sculpture you feel working certain elements of immense importance, like the determining factors in the solution of a chemical problem. The Greek master, secure in an exhaustive knowledge and form and in a consummate technique, simplifies and generalizes his material in the light of a pure and lofty ideal of beauty. He is nothing if not a type of intellectual and esthetic distinction. The drop from him to the Roman sculptor is like the drop from Athens to the Empire, from refinement and the things of the mind to grossness and brute force. When sculpture was renewed by the men of genius in the Renaissance, by men of the stamp of Verrocchio, Donatello and Michael Angelo, it failed to recapture the serene perfection of the Greeks, but it escaped the meretricious qualities of the Roman epoch. They kept close to the racy substance of life. And in their sincerity, in their freedom from Roman rhetoric, they developed a simple force worthy of the ancient Greek. They, too, served a fine ideal. Their modeling has beauty, it has style. Also, it is profoundly personal. The lesson of the Renaissance is peculiarly the lesson of the man of genius, whose individual accent supplies the last and most potent ingredient to the point of view, the little personal spark which decides an artist's rank in the world, whether he is to take us captive forever or is to leave us cold or doubtful. Character is the issue. It is difficult for some artists to admit it, but, after all, the quality bestowed upon them by the Creator is what decides their fate. A master is triumphant or not according as God made him. We talk about his ideas, his technique, but what we want first and last to know about is his soul, as the philosopher would put it, his quality, as we say in the jargon of criticism.

It is on that rock that the case of Rodin must ultimately be wrecked or saved. It is the question of his quality that sooner or later is bound to assert itself. We want to know not simply what he did with his abilities, but what subtler traits were implicit in them. From the expertness of his hand, which is to be taken for granted, we turn inevitably to the nature of his mind. The problem is not as simple as it might seem. There is a Rodin legend, which is confusing. He was, as has been indicated, a willing talker, and from the records made by his acolytes it would appear that his range of interests was wide. He wrote himself, giving some confirmation to this judgment. He analyzed Greek art and Gothic. He was sympathetic to both. In the course of his long career the portraiture which so frequently occupied him, both in busts and in monuments, nevertheless left him free to treat mythological and historical subjects. He read poetry and illustrated it in marble. He knew the classics and went to them for themes. Altogether, one would say, a type of intellect and imagination. Yet that is not the type his art actually suggests. It would seem to present, instead, simply the modeler in excelsis, the man of observation rejoicing in the exercise of his well trained fingers. For a long time in the history of his ca-

reer he leaves us hardly distrustful of his fundamental character as an artist. The portraits are so good. The nudes are so graceful, such lovely incarnations of sensuous youth. Rodin, for years, seems a veritable poet, dedicated to the evocation of images of tender beauty. Under the spell of his picturesque manner you are really unconcerned with the probable depth of his emotion. Paul Leroi, the editor of *L'Art* of whom I used to see a good deal in Paris in old days, was wont to declaim to me for fifteen minutes on a stretch about what he termed Rodin's passion for *réclame,* and about the sculptor's weakness in the very classics upon which he presumed to draw for his motives. They had had a long talk when the 'Danaid' was being modeled, and Leroi was furious because he did not believe that Rodin had any idea of what the subject really meant. Yet even if Leroi was right, his point did not seem to me exactly relevant. Suppose Rodin's culture, like his emotion, had no deeps? A delicate charm unquestionably remained. The statue was there, exciting only admiration for its exquisite modulations of form. But Leroi refused to believe that sculpture could live by modulations alone, and the shrewdness of his criticism is the better perceived as we survey Rodin's career from beginning to end. It is then that the spell fades. The later works overdo the craftsmanship of the earlier, monotony supervenes, we tire of what once appeared so graciously beguiling, and in the reaction we see the old charm in a new light. We sigh for a quality that is not there.

I remember a visit to Rodin in his studio in the Rue de l'Université, years ago, when the charm was still compelling. I had been with Dalou the day before and it was interesting to bring my impression of his atmosphere into that of his colleague. The difference was very like that which I have always observed as existing between Dalou as I knew him, and Rodin's bust of him. Dalou was a tense, nervous personality, tingling with energy, everything that was going on in his studio seeming to be concentrated and summed up in himself. In the bust he takes on a sort of monumental weight and dignity, a sort of monumental calm. This struck me as characteristic of Rodin. A quiet, almost grave, bearded personage—unmistakably a personage—he had a very friendly touch in conversation, a most engaging way of moving about among his works and saying little sympathetic things about them, but he seemed then, as he seemed when I met him long afterward at the great exposition in 1900, something of the assured impresario. After Dalou's workshop, which one thought of as existing only as the sculptor breathed, Rodin's suggested an official establishment. Industry hummed in room after room, where workmen carried out in marble the statues he had modeled. He had the authority and the detachment of a powerful director. I had at that time an interesting illustration of the doubling of the director with the creative artist. He gave me a figurine about twelve inches high, a nude woman standing erect with arms akimbo, the head no more than a swift indication of what it was to be in the statue that might or might not be developed from the sketch. It is the merest note, a casual memorandum, made probably for the pose alone. But it lives. There in a nutshell was one answer, at all events, to Leroi's impatience. And on the occasion of this visit another episode brought home to me the almost hypnotic power which Rodin could exercise. He summoned one of his chiselers from his task, saying that he was a countryman of mine and that therefore I should make his acquaintance. The story of that young man is apposite here. He called upon me a few days later with an old cigar box held mysteriously under his arm for some time after we had settled in our chairs. At last he opened it and exposed a number of photographs of soldiers' monuments, works in the familiar style of the old-fashioned American stoneyard. The connection between them and Rodin's studio was a little more than obscure, but he soon enlightened me. He was from a Western state, where his father manufactured these memorials, with his help. He, my interlocutor, did not know what ailed him in his dissatisfaction with his own productions until one day he opened a magazine containing reproductions of some of Rodin's

works. Then, in a flash, he knew, knew what was the matter with his education and what he wanted to do. Forthwith he made his preparation, got to Paris, and applied to Rodin for the kind of mechanical work for which he knew he was fitted. The great-hearted sculptor gave it to him, and every day he was absorbing priceless lessons in the art which had engaged his ambition, living in an atmosphere which was alone an inspiration to him, preparing him for progress and new ventures of his own. Now, that disciple was typical. I do not know how many others have made such a pilgrimage as he made. I do know, for exhibitions ad nauseam have shown it, that the younger generation has been bitten with the Rodin idea of things plastic as by fever. In the case of the pilgrim aforesaid, moved by the recital of his devotion, kindled by the old spell, I remember thinking only of the good that that idea was doing. The exhibitions have put the matter in another perspective.

Rodin has done his followers some good, inciting them to a freer sense of form, a more supple mode of modeling. But he has done them an immense amount of harm through exalting into a false eminence those 'modulations' which roused Leroi's wrath. The most obvious of the 'tricks of the trade' which Rodin practised was a supersubtle caressing of the marble, especially in the soft surfaces of the female nude. Like Swinburne's 'Hosannas of the flesh' his statues get the last shiver of sensuous sensation out of the subject. In his hands the process has frequently been productive of marvelously lovely effects. But in the hands of his imitators it more often suggests the transactions of some ardent pastry cook doing incredible things for the center of the table with a bowl of sugar paste; nay, with a bowl of whipped cream. Nothing could be softer, sweeter, suaver than these pretty improvisations in the current shows, and often they are miraculously clever. But nothing could be more inimical to the true genius of sculpture. That genius rests eternally upon an honest searching analysis of form. It develops, as it were, from the inside, the figure in clay that is to be put into marble or bronze. It implies knowledge, not merely *flair*. Sculpture is an art of construction, if ever there was one. It involves the manipulation of surface only as that is expressive of the form under the skin. That personal touch which we have mentioned as so important, that spark of individuality which is as the very life-giving principle, makes itself felt in no easy adroitness of technique, but in the whole grain and character of the work. For the stimulation of such a touch only the severest of taskmasters is adequate. With the recognition of that fact we come back to Rodin's responsibility for an unhealthy fashion.

Surely he is not to blame, we say, for the ineptitudes of his disciples. Is it his fault that they go on dealing in whipped cream? But what if the example he sets does actually savor of the same frivolous material? We have spoken of quality. It is Rodin's quality that turns out, in the long run, to be the stumbling block in appreciation of what he did. It is the quality of an inspired soldier, of a virtuoso in technique, not of a great creative sculptor. The story which Gsell tells of the 'Pygmalion and Galatea' we have reproduced before, but must reproduce again. The sketch for it represented the embrace of a nymph and a faun! He had not been intrigued by an idea, he had been playing with form and clay. Not imagination, but observation, had ruled him. The group was a product of the fingers, exclusively, not of the mind. It is the tone of his mind that rescues Dubois from the dullness of the Academy. It is the tone of Rodin's mind that kept him from mounting to the heights he tried to scale, and left him in a sphere of bewitching but shallow picturesqueness. If his art shrivels beside Greek art and that of the Renaissance it is not because he wanted a share of Greek or Renaissance craftmanship; it is because he had his artistic being on a lower level. If he is inferior to Michael Angelo it is because his *daemon* is not so interesting. If he has failed to discredit Dubois it is because when you compare them, quality for quality, Dubois proves the finer type.

In that matter of fineness lies the crux of the whole business. There is a certain theatricality in Rodin's characteristic de-

sign; there is a certain speciousness in the very beauty of his modeling. The dark side of his influence has its source in a weakness which he shared with his imitators, the weakness of preferring a transitory 'effect' to the solid virtues of great sculpture. One thinks, for a moment (out of all the men of genius who have loved, and created, beauty!), of John Keats. There was a swooning sensuousness about him which is betrayed even in the last tragic line he wrote, on the eve of death. But the essential Keats was concerned with nobler things. He never pretended to live to any excessive extent of his honeyed sweetness. Rodin made that mistake. He banked too heavily on the melting delicacy of his contours and planes, until he lost touch with the sterner stuff of his art. When Michael Angelo hewed a figure out of a block of Carrara and left portions of the latter in the rough, his conception seemed to be struggling out of the marble like an organic growth. The unchiseled parts affect you as accidental. In many of the numerous works by Rodin which show how the thing attracted him an air of premeditation tinges his idea with an unfortunate artificiality. Witness the popular head known as 'La Pensée.' It is a charming thing, but there is nothing really haunting about it.

To the sworn disciple of Rodin the foregoing observations must doubtless seem very much beside the point. Have not the master's works, he would ask, been fixed forever in the great body of French sculpture? Was he not, after his first years of rebuff, made the recipient of innumerable public commissions? Of course he was. One of the most interesting things about Rodin's career has long been his prodigious success. The action of the French government in starting him upon his famous 'Porte de l'Enfer' in 1880 prefigured the final generosity which established him in the Hotel de Biron for life, and set apart that building to be a Musée Rodin after his death. All the nations likewise have honored him. In London, for example, there has been as keen an enthusiasm for him as in Paris. When there was a monument to Whistler to be erected there was but one sculptor to get it from —Rodin. The books about him, as we have already indicated, make a little library. We have even *Le Vrai Rodin*, by M. Coquiot, to make sure that the legend should not go wrong. Rodin had the artist's passionate desire to avoid being misunderstood. He was as jealous of the correct expression of his ideas as he was of the proper treatment of his works in an exhibition or in the pages of an illustrated book. Once when I wanted to reproduce some of his sculptures he would not let me rely upon the skill of my own photographer. He sent me instead a collection of the plates made by Druet, the photographer he had trained in his own way and could trust in the important matter of light and shade. He was anxious always that the secret of his art should be made plain to mankind. It is not, as we have shown, hopelessly inaccessible. If it is all at clouded to the view, it is the fault, indeed, of the busy biographers aforesaid.

'He has commentators,' said Voltaire of Dante, 'which is one reason why he is never understood.' And the crucial error of Rodin's commentators has been their inability to see how variable he was, how his earlier strength was sapped by the steadily growing artifical traits to which we have referred. They have lumped all his productions in one portentous mass, before which they have flung themselves prostrate. The sentimental balderdash written about Rodin has probably exceeded in quantity that written about any other artist of his time, with the exception of Whistler. When he was employed at Sevres he made some magnificent pen drawings. In his old age he produced a lot of scrawls, of interest, save in comparatively few cases, to no one but himself. In the ordinary course they ought to have been swept out by the boy in the mornings, along with other studio rubbish. But these late drawings are hailed in some quarters as though they were jewels, like the souvenirs of Sevres. That way lies complete obfuscation for the student who would apprehend the characteristics of Rodin. There is no occasion for our worrying about the question as to whether his works are in very truth fixed forever in the body of French sculpture. We do not know. Time alone can tell. But there is

occasion for our trying to apprehend him for what he is, not for what the delirious hierophants say he is. And to that end what the student needs is discrimination. No other modern sculptor of his eminence so imperatively demands the exercise of that faculty.

XII

MAX BEERBOHM'S DRAWINGS.

[*New York Times*, March 12, 1922. By permission.]

The scene is a barren stretch of land with the gloomiest of seas beyond. Joseph Conrad stands, legs apart, hands in coat pockets, monocle screwed in eye, observing a bleached skull through the hollow eye of which crawls a large green snake. With relish he declares, 'What a delightful coast!' One catches an illusion that one might forever be almost gay here.' The whole thing is delicious. It is criticism and it is caricature. It is Max Beerbohm at his best. And it is the frontispiece to Max's new volume of drawings, *A Survey*.[1]

In this book is an amusing drawing of Philip Guedalla being drawn one way by Law and the other by Literature. One might well picture Max in the same perdicament, substituting Caricature for Law. He is dominated by two urges, that of delightfully whimsical prose essays and that of clever, cutting caricature. One might well throw up one's hands in helplessness upon being asked to render a verdict regarding the field in which Max excels. He excels in both fields. Rumor has it that he draws easier and with more pleasure than he writes, but this fact would be hard to discern from his published work. Ease and assurance mark both his essays and his drawings.

In order to place Max Beerbohm as a caricaturist it is, perhaps, proper to explain the precise meaning of the word in this connection. The Encyclopedia Americana declares that there are three kinds of caricature. First, the strong, powerful, almost brutal; second, the humorous, the one instantly compelling laughter; and the last, the pathetic, the picture capable of causing people to weep. The work of Max belongs to none of these groups except in so far as he is generally humorous. But his humor is not the type that instantly compels laughter. It is in a more satiric vein, a higher form of wit applied to the picture. One doubts if the writer in the Americana is quite correct in his definition of caricature. The accepted meaning and the one that sounds most correct is that which declares that events and thoughts in pictorial burlesque are cartoons, while only individual figures in pictorial exaggeration are caricatures. If one might coin the phrase, Max is a purist in caricature. It is but incidental that he makes a cartoon. The individual figures are the material from which Max works.

No face or form is perfect. There is always some suggestion of nature overdoing the thing a bit or underdoing it. It it this bit of nature that is out of plumb, so to speak, with which the caricaturist is concerned. He exaggerates it to its natural conclusion. Thus in Max's work we have the huge chin on Rudyard Kipling and the prominent eyebrows of Sir Arthur Pinero. One of the pictures in *A Survey* depicts Logan Pearsall Smith delivering one of his latest compositions to J. C. Squire of the *London Mercury*. All lovers of literature know what extremely short, although extremely good, things Logan Persall Smith does. Therefore the knowing reader will be convulsed at this picture of an extremely lank gentleman handing to an exceedingly worried editor a bit of paper no bigger than a postage stamp. Then there is that effective picture of Paderewski and d'Annunzio meeting upon a starry night. 'Ah, read me one of the poems of your youth!' cries the Polish pianist to the Italian writer. 'Ah, play me one of your adorable sonatas!' answers d'Annunzio. That is all, but for those who know how politics have swept both these men from their creative fields, the pictures will carry them in a wistful glance back to days more carefree and more concerned with art.

These two pictures reveal the fact that the fifty-one caricatures in *A Survey* are concerned with both politics and letters. Indeed, of late years Max, in his drawings at least, seems to be more concerned with what is going in on in the political world

[1] *A SURVEY. By Max Beerbohm. Doubleday, Page & Co. $4.*

than in the world of letters. He has always been a sort of bad boy at home, and while Britannia takes enough pride in his brilliance there have yet been times when his pictures bit too deep for the comfort of the victims. There is a hint of this in the amusing Epistle Dedicatory which Max has set at the head of his book. Because this bit of prose gives an excellent picture of England's attitude toward caricaturists and because it also has something to say about Max's own drawings the larger part of this one bit of prose in the volume is herewith set down:

"You (Britannia) have never, since you came to woman's estate, smiled much on caricaturists or on satirists in general. During the eighteenth century you were indulgent enough to them: but then you were still a headstrong girl; there was still a strain of brutality in your nature, to which caricature and satire were agreeable. That strain worked itself out of you long ago. You had become mild and buxom long before I had the honor to behold you. And the recent war has left you as mild as ever; though less buxom.

"That is the kind of remark which in my childhood on your shores I was taught, very rightly, not to make about any one. It is the kind of remark which, so soon as I was grown up, I began to make about everyone. For, after all, what is a caricaturist but a man who says, 'A, your 're too fat; B, you 're too thin; C, your nose is too large'—and so on! Such a man, alas, am I. And what is a satirist but one who says, 'D, you 're a fool; E, your character and motives won't bear looking into; I see through you; F'—and, very jarringly, so forth? Such an one am I. I jar even on myself. I hold no high opinion of the satiric temperament. I despise Thersites and the whole lot, of which I happen to be one. I have to go on being rude, because that is (a part of) my nature. But, O Britannia, whenever I sail from my home in Italy, across your neatly ruled waves, and step with a new sheaf of drawings on to those yellow sands where you sit enthroned, I do feel all the more guilty because your eyes are invariably so benign to me from beneath the brim of your lovely golden helmet.

"You say that you have always frowned on some of my drawings? True, madam; and thank you for reminding me. Over some in every batch you have frowned, murmuring a fine and a favorite phrase of yours; 'Not in the very best of taste.' And I seem to find in all the drawings at which you have gently drawn the line a common denominator. In my youth, and, indeed, until quite recent years, the Court was a very dominant factor in your life. A satirist instinctively goes for what is very strong: the weaker things he derides with less gusto or not at all. But you, madam, have a great respect for strength, and it is the weaker things that are aptest to tickle your sense of humor. I myself have a respect for strength, but also I am inclined, in my fallen nature, to look for the weak points that all strength has, and to point them rudely out. I used to laugh at the Court and at the persons around it; and this distressed you rather. I never laughed with you at Labor. Labor didn't seem to me quite important enough yet. But Labor is very important now, very strong indeed; as you have found. And I gathered, this year, from a certain mild downward curve of your lips when I laid out for you on the yellow sands those of my new drawings which referred to Labor, that you thought me guilty of not the very best of taste in failing to bow my knee to your new Baal.

"Perhaps I ought to exclude these few drawings from a book dedicated to you. Do I compromise you by their inclusion? I hope not. I think not. You have but to say to Labor: 'O honored and darling and terrifying Sir, I know you're perfect. Don't blame me for some drawings done by an utterly absurd man who lives ever so far away in a country shaped like a jackboot.' But if such words avail not, and you deem it expedient to reject the dedication, then reject it, dear Britannia. I shall not thereby be the less affectionately your servant."

Beneath the apparent lightness of this dedication there runs a vein of seriousness that should be apparent to all readers. Max is an admitted humorist, but his humor is based upon serious convictions. He feels strongly about certain things, and in order to adequately express himself he employs the most ferocious of all weapons—wit. More fool-

ish things have been demolished by wit than by all the pulpit-thumping denunciation ever roared.

For instance, it is well enough to hurl vigorous speeches at Sir Edward Carson and his junker policies, but it is hardly conceivable that they awaken the same sense of ridiculous qualities in the reader that does Max's caricature in this book of a much-perplexed Sir Edward Carson listening to John Bull's declaration. 'I wonder if you quite realize how utterly sick and tired of you I am,' and answering, 'I wonder if you quite realize how utterly sick and tired I am of meself.' And how delightful is the picture of Walter Long, holding his chin in bewilderment, while Clio the Muse asks: 'But how comes it that at a time of grave stress in the story of the great old nation you are one of the leading men?' Mr. Long, in true Parliamentary form, replies: 'Well—er—really, you know—feller has a sense o' duty and all that—besides, not without plenty of official experience, quite apart from Quarter Sessions—same time—since you put it that way—come to think of it—'pon my word, should like notice of that question!' Mr. Long's exceedingly safe and British reply brings to mind another caricature, one of a Secretary for Foreign Affairs, when Labor rules, holding his first weekly reception. In welcoming the French Ambassador he says: 'Glad to see you, Moosoo! You'll find I'm pretty up in all the main points already. Capital o' France, Paris, pronounced Paree. Republican form o' government, founded 1792. Principal exports: wines, silks and woolen goods. Battle o' Waterloo, 1814. The great war, 1914 to 1918. Take a chair.'

The number of literary caricatures in *A Survey* is not as many as might be desired, but what there are assuredly are amusing. There is an extremely laughable drawing of Hilaire Belloc having audience with the Pope, and there is a delightfully exaggerated sketch of Maurice Hewlett posing with a spade. Not to be forgotten either is the study of Georg Brandes as an old clothes dealer to whom George Bernard Shaw is trying to sell his old garments. 'What 'll you take for the lot?' asks Brandes. 'Immortality,' Shaw replies. 'Come,' says Brandes, 'I 've handled these goods before! Coat, Mr. Schopenhauer's; waistcoat, Mr. Ibsen's; Mr. Nietzsche's trousers'— 'Ah,' breaks in Shaw, 'but look at the patches.'

Nothing has been said about Max's draftsmanship. He has made this peculiarly his own, although it has been stated that when first he started drawing he was under the influence of Pellegrini. If he was, the influence has been dissipated during the intervening years. The pictures are now marked by a method of drawing that is essentially individual. No one could mistake a Beerbohm drawing for anything else. Whether it is in the line, and Max can now do beautiful line work, or whether it is in the shading, the secret is hard to perceive.

A Survey is a welcome addition to the several volumes of Max's drawings which have been published before. He has now reached a position of sufficient importance in contemporary English letters to render anything by him one of the larger events of the season wherein it appears. And this is amusing when we realize that it was not so many years ago that Max was rather dismissed by the staid portion of English society as a flippant young dilettante. Like most men of genuine talent, however, he has outlived the animadversions of those people who will see the virtues of no new thing under the sun, and though he stated, somewhat prematurely, years ago that he was outmoded and belonged to the Beardsley period, he has established an entire movement in himself alone.

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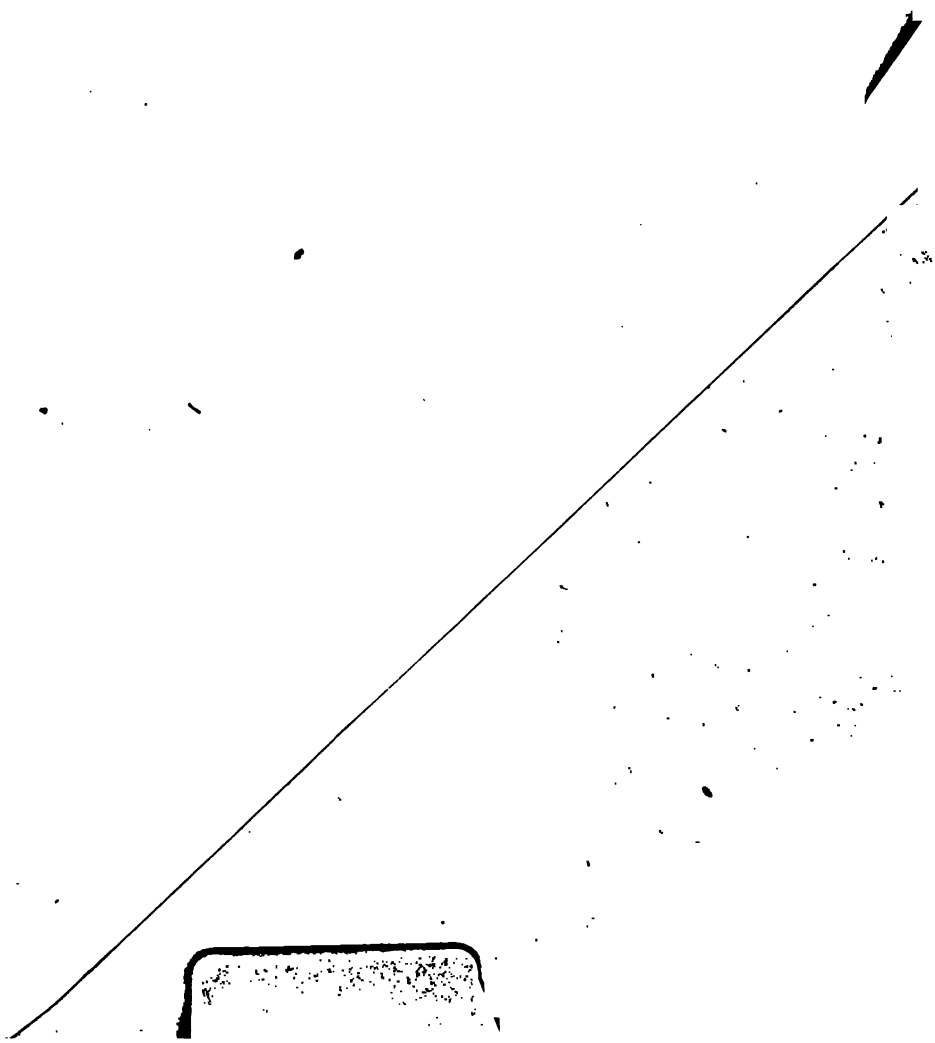
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